

The Australian

# Women's Weekly

September 4, 1968

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Is Twiggy really engaged?

...pages 2, 3

16-page lift-out

**LOW CALORIE COOK BOOK**

Helping children choose careers

★ pages 42, 43

Wool fashions in the Arctic

★ page 73

Two spring handbags to crochet

★ page 45



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SEPTEMBER 4, 1968

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# OUR COVER

● Famous English teenage model Twiggy with her boyfriend/manager Justin de Villeneuve, who is — or perhaps isn't — her fiancé. (See story on these pages.)

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# What, engaged? Twiggy and Justin? Who knows? (They don't)



● Despite the recent Press reports of her engagement, the six rings Twiggy likes wearing at once include no engagement ring. "I wear rings just 'cos I like 'em," she said, artlessly flapping her slender hands. "An engagement ring? Gawd, what for?"

**BEING** officially engaged, Twiggy thinks, is an "old-fashioned" idea. And where fashion is concerned the cockney top model must know what she's talking about.

But, sure as hats are hats, she will one day marry her 29-year-old manager, Justin de Villeneuve, who discovered her three years ago, renamed her Twiggy, and turned her into a \$5000-a-week model.

They don't like blarney — there's none of the "just good friends" yarn. They are as natural and unaffected as they were the day Justin met Twiggy in a hairdresser's where she worked Saturdays for pocket-money.

But they can't see their engagement in black and white. It is very confusing — even to them:

"I think we're engaged," said Justin, trying to be helpful. "We're not really," said Twiggy. "No, not really," agreed Justin. And then they both relaxed, apparently mesmerised by the moving kinetics on the walls of Justin's ultra-modern London flat, and contemplated what they had just said.

The question of their marrying arose last July, when Justin was divorced by his 31-year-old wife, Pamela, by whom he has a daughter aged seven.

At the time, Twiggy said she didn't want to marry for another two years, until she was 21. Perhaps she was worried at the prospect of becoming a very young stepmother.

Twiggy found her voice first. "I mean — being engaged, and being a girlfriend and boyfriend — what's the difference?"

"Yes," Justin added. "Twiggy and I haven't changed at all. We're just very happy."

"We're not saying we'll get married in two years at all. I mean, if we feel like it, we'll suddenly get married, but we don't visualise it at the moment."

"We've got a great life. Twiggy lives with her parents in Twickenham. And we do what we want to do."

Justin is more than manager and boyfriend. He is Twiggy's adviser, partner,

guide, and trouble-shooter. He guards against scandal by stressing that she lives with her mum and dad; he picks up difficult questions as well as her bills, and carries her torch.

Besides, he is far more friendly, and fun, than his rather sophisticated name might suggest. And he pokes fun at the name he was born with: Nigel Davies.

"Nigels are usually big dopes. I think you should be able to pick your own name. I mean, you don't like your name, either, do

you?" he said, turning toward Twiggy. Her real name is Lesley Hornby.

"Gawd, no," she said, wrinkling her nose.

"I always dug the name Justin, though," he said. "And de Villeneuve — 'new town' in English — it's not quite aristocratic, but it's got a nice *savoir faire* touch."

Happily, Twiggy likes it, too. After all, that's the name she'll have stamped on her passport one day.

Recently Justin took on the additional role of being Twiggy's exclusive photographer. And while she cuddled her Tibetan Lhasa

gotta do other things like make films, or make special records."

Excluded from their list of "specials" are the Paris collections. They both have acquired a contempt for French fashions. And that explains why 6st. 6lb. Twiggy did not lend herself as a top-class coathanger to the collections this summer.

"We were asked, but we shan't do 'em," she said. "I don't want to do 'em any more. They have terrible clothes, and the whole Paris collection is just a big drag."

"The fashions were so

joky. I mean, what were those iron things meant to mean? Those metal pants and bras?" Her voice reached an incredulous G-sharp. "Just imagine what those things'd be like to wear."

Justin agreed wholeheartedly. "Paris is like a carnival now — and it isn't even in good taste. But at last the British journalists are putting it down as a joke."

"The clothes don't represent fashion, and I think it would be a deceit for us to photograph them."

Rita Hayworth, Greta Garbo, Theda Bara, and Ginger Rogers.)

The backdrop for the new series will be Beatle George Harrison's house in Surrey. It is on the market, and Twiggy will advertise this by standing on the diving-board dressed as, say, a lion, holding a "For Sale" sign.

The Beatles crop up frequently in their conversation. They are close friends.

And Twiggy chatted about the film she was signed to appear in that was to be made by Apple, the Beatles' company.

"It's still on the shelf," she said. "But every time I see Paul he says, 'Hey, I've got a great idea for the film . . .'" But Twiggy thinks she may back out. (The film story is based on William Faulkner's "The Wishing Tree.")

"It's OK with the Beatles," Justin intervened. "But we've sort of gone cold on it. And, anyway, there's a legal tie-up at the moment."

Ringo once said he doesn't want to be a 40-year-old Beatle. And Twiggy doesn't want to be a 40-year-old model.

"Gawd!" she said, her eyes widening like saucers. "I wonder what'll happen when I'm 40 and people start saying, 'This is Twiggy.' I'll feel a right twit."

"I'll probably be all fat." She hooted with laughter.

What about in ten years' time? How does she see herself then? "Oh, Gawd," she said. "Crikey, I'll be 29."

"You'll be an old-timer," Justin teased, and they collapsed laughing again. So Twiggy just contends



**HOUSE** at Twickenham, on the Thames, where Twiggy moved last month with her mum and dad, dog Brett Maverick, and 15-year-old cat Binkie — leaving the small home in another London suburb where their view was a council depot yard. Twiggy and Justin have bought the Twickenham house together for around \$50,000. At right, Twiggy in the garden.



By  
CAMILLA BEACH,  
of our London  
staff

with herself as she is today. And, as Britain's top model, that's no hardship. But she doesn't rate herself the world's top.

"I don't think you can say there's a No. 1 model, 'cos I think there's about ten really fantastic models. Like Verushka — she's fantastic. And Jean Shrimpton."

"Yeah, Verushka," chipped in Justin. "She's what we think of as a top high-fashion model. And I think Twiggy represents something different."

"Twiggy is the identification of all the kids. They can identify with her backgrounds. And the kids can't identify with Verushka. She's like six-foot-two, and a baroness, and no one can identify with her, although she is really a fantastic model."

"But Twigs is completely different. Which is great. She's sort of tied up into the pop world, and the fashion world, and the art world."

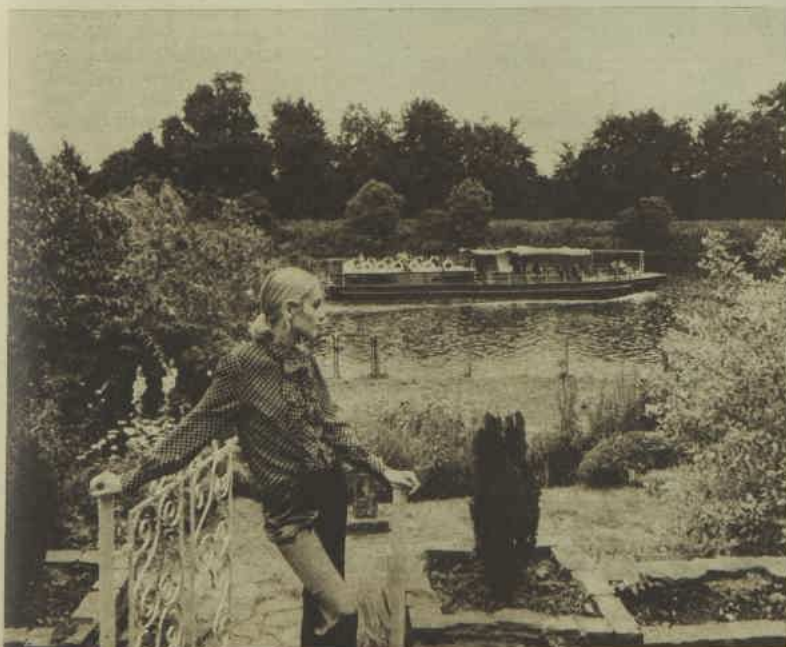
She is also tied in with one Justin de Villeneuve, and this, when they go into marital partnership, could be her most successful career of all.

But Twiggy is non-committal about when and where they will draw up their contract. All she will say is: "I'm Virgo—and he's Pisces. A bit fishy."



TWIGGY and her boyfriend/manager, Justin de Villeneuve, in his London flat near the Portobello Road market. The walls are hung with many kinetics, paintings that can be set in motion. Below right: With Dougal, their rare Tibetan dog (Liz Taylor owns two).

COLOR PICTURES BY DAVID GRAVES.





## NEXT WEEK

● A leading Australian psychiatrist presents a revolutionary new way to overcome the stresses and strains of life in our 16-page lift-out:

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★ Gay hats and baskets to make easily for a children's party.

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and...

● Would you make a good match-maker? You'll find out in our special quiz.

and...



Eight extra pages in color are a pattern parade of HIT DESIGNS IN SUMMER FASHION — and very pretty!

# THE TOWN THAT WAS

● "We need a doctor!" The cry comes from many an Australian country town. State Governments are offering various inducements to lure young doctors to the country—and finding few takers. This is the story of one town, Dorrigo, in northern New South Wales, which was determined to find a doctor — and how it succeeded in its quest.

By KAY KEAVNEY



BESIDE the signpost of their town, Councillor Ray Cork, Shire president at the time of the crisis, and Mr. Gordon Rowe, who was president of the Chamber of Commerce when Dorrigo was faced with closing its hospital.



THIS is the house—the former doctor's home—bought by the shire and district people as an inducement to Dr. Walsh to come to Dorrigo. From left, Mrs. Worrall, Mrs. Walsh's mother, on a visit from England, Philip, 3, and Dr. and Mrs. Walsh with Honey.

"THE doctor's leaving!"

The news went round Dorrigo like thunder. It went up and down the main street, into the pubs and timber mills, out to the dairy farms and potato fields.

It was August, 1966.

By late September, beautiful Dorrigo, on the high plateau of northern New South Wales, would join the

ranks of country towns without a doctor.

For 2500 men, women, and children the nearest doctor would be in Bellingen, miles the other side of formidable Dorrigo Mountain.

But the people of Dorrigo are a sturdy, independent lot, with a strong community spirit. They got together at once, as a community.

Meetings were called, committees were formed, ways and means were explored. Everyone was in it.

Big Councillor Ray Cork, whose forebears literally

hacked their way up Dorrigo Mountain, summed up for all:

"We can't let it happen. To start with, the hospital will have to close. And with the timber mills the accident rate is high round here. And what about the children?"

### Loved the place

Genial Gordon Rowe spoke up. Gordon was president of the Chamber of Commerce, only eight years in Dorrigo, but loving the place like a native.

"People drift away from a doctorless town," he said.

The committee swung into action. It tried everything.

It wrote to the Hospitals Commission, it advertised, it followed up clues, it got names of doctors as far away as South Africa and Ireland, and bombarded them with letters.

Time quickly ticked by.

"We knew," Councillor Cork told me later, "that a town which actually lost its doctor found it almost impossible to get one. Somehow we had to solve our



# DETERMINED TO FIND A DOCTOR



DR. WALSH with Matron Beth Spencer and a patient at Dorrigo District Hospital. The hospital caters for a very widespread country area.

problem before Dr. Campbell left for his new job."

But time almost ran out.

Then Mrs. Claude Purser, wife of the electrical contractor, took a holiday. That doesn't sound much of a miracle-worker, but it was.

For her holiday, Mrs. Purser chose Austinmer, a lovely little seaside town on the south coast of N.S.W.

And there Mrs. Purser happened to hear about Dr. Nigel Walsh.

Dr. Nigel himself took up the story. We sat by a blazing wood fire in the charming living-room of the house that is a part of the story. His pretty wife, Anne, is as fair as he is dark. Both speak in beautiful, unaffected English voices.

From the big backyard I could hear their children laughing and calling, romping with Honey, the golden retriever. A huge picture window framed the lush and rolling Dorrigo hills.

Said Dr. Nigel, "I had ten years in a London practice, and I was pretty fed-up with the National Health Scheme. Because everything's free, you seem to face a succession of trivial ailments."

"I wanted the challenge of a new country. And I wanted to get out of the rat-race, and get my family out."

"In England," cut in vivacious Anne, "doctors WANT a country practice and can't find one! There really isn't much open country left."

Nigel (it quickly seemed natural to call him that, like everybody else in Dorrigo) had two doctor brothers who had migrated, one to the United States, the other to Australia — to Austinmer.

Nigel and his family had been three weeks in Australia, staying with his brother. He had a "locum" to tide him over while he looked for a country practice.

Then Mrs. Purser met his brother, and things happened fast.

Nigel rang Dr. Campbell in Dorrigo, and the word spread round the town:

"We've got a chance!"

But more time had to pass. Nigel's locum prevented his getting up to Dorrigo to take a look. The town kept its fingers crossed.

Nigel and Anne flew up for a weekend and liked what they saw. But it was taking an awful chance, Nigel felt, to invest his all in the practice without some sort of trial run.

The deadline was close. Once again the town acted.

Somehow, they decided, they must buy the house and surgery and equipment. They approached the Shire Council (Councillor Cork was then president). The shire made an offer, but it fell well short of what Dr. Campbell was asking.

"All right," said the townsfolk and the farmers and their wives, "we'll find the difference ourselves."

So people went out into the highways and byways collecting donations.

## Rallied round

Bob Jury, Lebanese-born mercer, who was treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce at that time, had dropped in to sit with me by the Walshs' fire.

"Everyone rallied round," he said. "We reached the target long before we ran out of offers."

With only a week to go, Nigel agreed to lease the practice. He spent the week learning the ropes with Dr. Campbell.

Anne and the children came up and stayed at a beach resort 30 miles away.

"The town was on edge," said Bob Jury, "in case these city people wouldn't like us — English people, too."

Then the Campbells moved out, with their furniture, and the Walshs moved in, without their furniture, as it was still on the high seas.

Said Anne, "We'd have had to sit on our trunks, but the town wouldn't allow that. People started knocking at the door, bringing everything from tables to beds. These people are marvellous."

The ice was broken. The



THE WALSH FAMILY soon felt very much at home in Dorrigo. In front, from left, are Rosamund, 7, Philip, 3, Dr. Walsh, and Elizabeth, 5, with Victoria, 11, and Mrs. Walsh behind them. Honey, the labrador, is the family pet. Dr. Walsh has two doctor brothers.

Walshs had no chance to feel like strangers, and the people found in the Walshs a warmth to match their own.

"This is as near as you can get to a classless society," Nigel told me. "This is a place where you can breathe."

The three girls were soon at an excellent school, and making friends.

## Attractions

"They get practically individual tuition," said Anne, "in classes averaging ten. And the town has a full high school."

Dorrigo has many attractions apart from its beauty — tennis, golf, trout-fishing, polo, a dramatic society, even beaches within reasonable distance.

Its butter, bacon, and pork

are famous, and frequent Royal Show award-winners.

It has a fine little hospital, which Nigel virtually uses as an adjunct to his practice, and a first-rate ambulance service. The town recently combined to buy its ambulance officer a new home.

The community spirit shows itself in many ways. The school-bus driver, for instance, takes medicines to outlying farms.

Anne and Nigel have long since become absorbed into the community life — Nigel in Rotary, Anne in the drama club, and much more.

"One disadvantage," said Nigel, "is being isolated professionally. But if I'm worried, there are doctors in Bellingen and Grafton who are very helpful. And you can always use the telephone."

"I receive tapes from the

University of New South Wales every fortnight on some aspect of medicine, which helps me to keep up to-date professionally. And, of course, I read every chance I get."

"Yes, I'm on call all the time, but people around here don't bother you with trivial ailments. If active treatment is required, I generally get them into the hospital."

"I organise my day round the hospital and my surgery, keeping home visits to a minimum, which is the only way to cover the huge radius."

## Major cases

"I do minor surgery myself, but there's no other doctor to give an anaesthetic, so major cases I send away, often to Bellingen or Coffs Harbor. The splendid ambulance service makes

that possible. And with the Aerial Ambulance, I can have patients in bed in a Sydney hospital within four hours."

The children came flocking in with Honey, the labrador. Their eyes are bright, and they have developed slight Australian accents, which Anne and Nigel think is fine.

"Of course we'll stay here," Nigel said. "We've got what we came so far to find. We've been lucky."

And all over the place, in town and on the farms, the people told me that they were the lucky ones.

As he has a knack of doing, big Councillor Ray Cork summed up for all: "We needed a doctor, any doctor. It was just like a bonus to get the one we've got."



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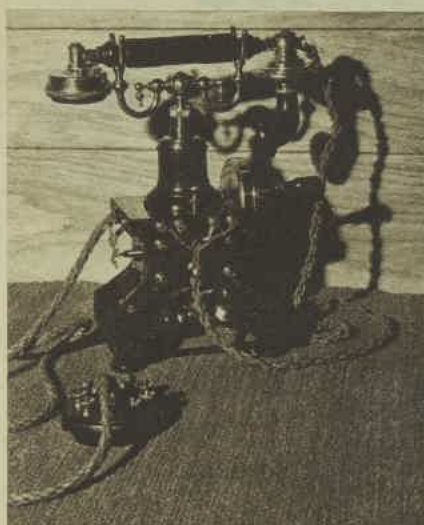
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# Unfussable Bri-Nylon.

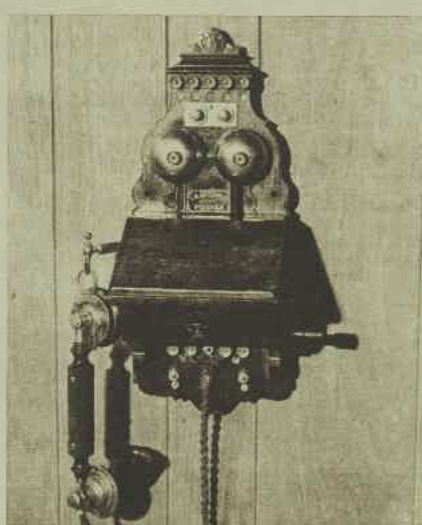


# HUSBAND HAS 200 ANTIQUE TELEPHONES

—They're in the garage and  
the car's in the driveway



DAINTY phone, rather like a sewing machine, was made in Sweden in 1892.



SWEDISH model, made in 1901, was used by Dame Nellie Melba in Ballarat.



PMG ENGINEER Bruce Whitehead surrounded by some of the 200 antique telephones in his collection. All work.

● And when you ask him what you call a collector of telephones, he replies engagingly, "A nut." Still, he doesn't want to sell any.

MELBOURNE housewife Mrs. Val Whitehead couldn't be blamed for wishing that her husband, Bruce, collected stamps, or matchboxes, or even butterflies.

Anything, so long as it was SMALL.

But no, he chose antique telephones.

His collection of 200 or more, packed neatly in cardboard boxes, takes up so much space in the garage of their Burwood (Vic.) home that the family car is parked permanently in the driveway.

At weekends, Mr. Whitehead takes his wife and four young children on telephone-hunting trips to the country — bringing back more for his collection.

Val Whitehead good-naturedly calls her husband "a hoarder."

Of the weekend telephone-hunting trips she says with a smile, "Well, we get out of the house."

I asked Mr. Whitehead: "What do you call a person who collects telephones?"

He replied engagingly: "A nut."

"But I met one fellow who collected horse-drawn vehicles — he had 42 of them."

"My wife would really draw the line at that," he said.

Not surprisingly, Mr. Whitehead has worked with the Postmaster General's Department for the past 20 years, first as a draughtsman and now as an engineer.

He helped to design the familiar colored telephone which people now use every day.

"This one, which was introduced about eight years

By  
BEVERLEY COOPER

ago, is all-Australian made," he said.

"Before that we used modified or reconditioned imported phones."

All the telephones in his vast collection are in working order — "I can get any phone to work," he said.

Many of them date back to 1879, when the Consolidated telephone went into use in London.

This very early instrument — Alexander Graham Bell's historic first words over a telephone, "Mr. Watson, come here: I want you!" were spoken in 1876 — is part of Mr. Whitehead's collection.

Another is the Berthon, a French telephone which was

the first to be used commercially in Australia — in 1882.

His favorite phone is a Swedish wall model, made in 1901, and used by Dame Nellie Melba at a house in Ballarat, Vic.

"This is one I'd like to have in the house," he said, and his wife nodded.

"It's the prettiest of them all."

There's also a mine telephone from Bendigo, dating back to 1883, and several of the first "candlestick" or "daffodil" design, which originated in America in 1895.

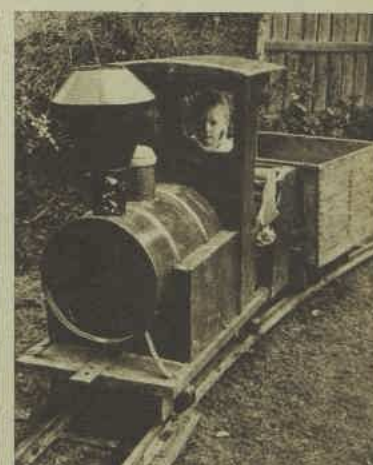
Mr. Whitehead has roughly catalogued his collection, but has difficulty keeping the phones in their boxes, because people are always dragging them out to look at them.

"Strangers arrive at the front door — friends of friends — and ask to see my collection," he said.

"Often they want to buy one of the phones — the daffodil style and the one that looks a little like a sewing machine are very popular — but I don't want to sell, even though they are quite valuable."

Cleaning them is quite an occasion.

Then they all come out of their boxes so that Mr. Whitehead can spray them



MINIATURE train which Mr. Whitehead built from scrap, including a 22-gallon drum. It is chain driven, easily pedalled, and runs on 120 feet of narrow-gauge carnival track. Tony Whitehead, 18 months (in both pictures), is an enthusiastic passenger. All the family love the train.

with a hose full of compressed air.

"They're the dirtiest things," he said.

"I'd like to have a studio with shelves everywhere to display the telephones properly." He cast an exploratory eye around the rumpus-room at the back of his house.

## Switchboard

"But until I do they'll have to stay in the garage."

His collection has taken a few sidetracks — it includes a Swedish switchboard dating back to 1895, antique phonographs, the original bell from the Windsor (Vic.)

telephone exchange, and he has been promised a very early sewing machine.

Of all the 200 antique phones, his children's favorites are the two World War I field telephones.

They use them as mobile boxes at either end of the 120ft. train track which Mr. Whitehead installed in the garden of their house.

The track once belonged to a carnival, and along it runs the kind of miniature train that most youngsters dream about.

Mr. Whitehead built it for his three elder children, Jeffrey, 7½, Denise, 5½, and 18-month-old Antony, from a

variety of materials, including a 22-gallon drum for the "engine" and the top of an old refrigerator for part of the driver's cabin.

(The fourth child is Angela Jane, born on August 8 — a very new baby.)

The train is chain driven — like those expensive three-wheel bicycles — and can be pedalled so easily that even a three-year-old can take his turn as "driver."

"The children and their friends play with it for hours on end," said Mrs. Whitehead.

"The field telephones are a great diversion for those waiting for a ride."



# The Arts Centre opens its doors

● With the official opening of the art galleries and Great Hall, stage one of Melbourne's magnificent Arts Centre project has been completed, right on target and within the estimated budget. It is an impressive achievement, of which Melburnians are justly proud.



MEMBERS of the 7000-strong National Gallery Society swarmed through the Arts Centre for a preview several days before the official opening, when these pictures were taken. Above, they mingle in the entrance foyer, which is curtained from St. Kilda Road by a water-wall. Escalators carry visitors to the first floor.



THE BUILDING, flanked by a long moat, is entered from St. Kilda Road through the enormous bluestone archway seen in the distance and, at right, close up. The arch is adorned by sculptor Norma Redpath's \$20,000 bronze bas relief of the Victorian Coat-of-Arms. This \$14-million building was opened in a glittering week of functions attended by leading Australian art patrons and some from overseas. The whole project is hoped to be completed by 1973.



Pictures by Les Gorrie





UNDOUBTEDLY the most spectacular feature in the Arts Centre so far is Leonard French's stained-glass mosaic ceiling for the Great Hall. Picture above shows neck-craning visitors — and a whimsical horizontal admirer. The inch-thick pieces of Belgian glass, set in a steel frame supported by tapering pillars rising 45ft. above the floor, took the artist four years to assemble. RIGHT: Australian art is displayed in this finely lit gallery. LEFT: The Sculpture Courtyard contains some of the Arts Centre's best large works, including figures by Rodin and Henry Moore.





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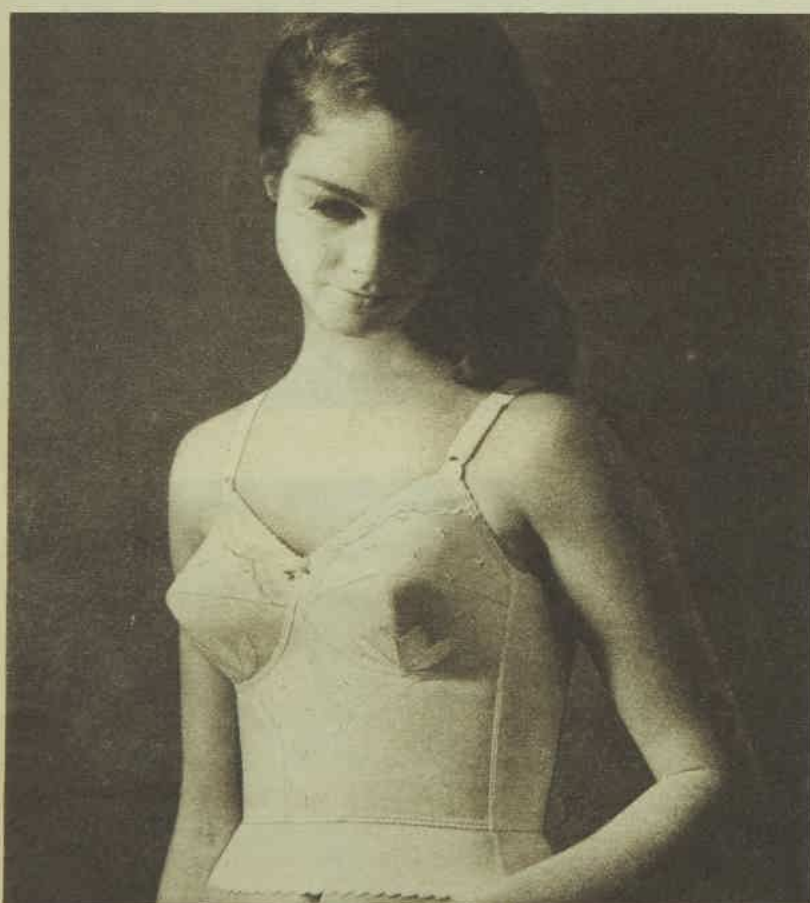
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# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

LETTER received this week by Mary Ann Arnott from her mother, Mrs. Keith Arnott, was written just before Mrs. Arnott and her son, Christopher, left London for America on their way home after a stay in Paris, London, and Scotland. While in Scotland they visited the Isle of Skye, where they spent a day with Dame Flora McLeod and met the 80-year-old chieftain McNab of McNab. They'll travel home via Canada, where they'll stay with Mary Ann's god-mother, Mrs. Charles Waters.

AT one of Sydney's best-dressed charity parties of the year—the Pied Piper luncheon—Mrs. Kenneth Hutcherson stood out in a wonderful Hartnell-inspired pale pink silk and wool jacket and dress. The sleeveless dress had a flattering ranch-mink collar, the collarless jacket buttoned up at the back, and her cloche hat, in exactly the same color as her suit, had a self-trim at one side. Her accessories were in dark brown.

TWO-WEEK holiday in New Zealand for Mr. and Mrs. Robert Minter and their daughter, Cecilia, who plan to sightsee for five days on the South Island and then go on up to the North Island to spend the rest of the fortnight skiing. Cecilia will then fly home while her parents go on to Fiji to The Fijian for a further week in the sunshine before returning to Sydney.

IT amazed me to hear just how much the Bruce McWilliams managed to fit into their ten weeks abroad and some of the unusual places they visited. They travelled via Singapore, Tehran, and Rome, and spent a week in Dubrovnik, on the Dalmatian Coast of Yugoslavia, which Mrs. McWilliams describes as "the most beautiful place she has ever seen." At Belgrade they boarded the Amur, a small motorboat decorated almost entirely inside in red. "We even had red caviar for breakfast every morning," she recalled. They travelled up the Danube and finally disembarked at Vienna. From there they visited friends in Lausanne, in Switzerland (the Tom Jacksons, formerly of Sydney), staying with them in their home overlooking Lake Geneva. In London they were reunited with their son, Bruce, who has been living in London, and after two weeks in a flat in Mayfair, finally travelled to Australia via Spain and Portugal.

DATE for your diary . . . September 12, when the premiere of the film "The High Commissioner" will be held at the State Theatre. The gala evening has been arranged by the ladies' committee of the Australian Kidney Foundation in association with the Institute of Urology.

AND a second one, on September 4, when The Undercover Girls, who work for the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association, are having a luncheon and spring fashion parade at the Royal Motor Yacht Club at Point Piper.

JUST engaged . . . Neryl Marshall, of Mosman, and Stewart Robinson, of Brighton, Victoria. Neryl and Stewart plan to be married early next year.

WHAT an unusual holiday the Donald Hipsleys have planned for themselves and four of their six children. In their large self-contained caravan they'll make for Surfers Paradise, and after a short stay there will go on to Inverell, where they will pan for sapphires. However, it's not their first attempt—with them they'll be taking a 6½-carat sapphire, which they found in the May holidays, to have cut and polished by local experts.

INCIDENTALLY, last week the Hipsleys farewelled four of their friends—the Joe Sextons, who are off to Karachi to live, and the John Bakers, who are moving to Bombay. The Sextons and the Bakers hadn't met before and the Hipsleys thought that as they'd be "near" neighbors it would be nice for them to meet. The Bakers, who will take two of their four daughters with them, will live in an apartment three miles out of Bombay.

ALL set for summer, the Ken Churchers brought back with them from their cruise to Fiji and Noumea, matching Hawaiian print muu-muus and shirts for themselves and their three children. Mrs. Churcher tells me that she also brought back with her such a wonderful tan that she has had to go back to using her summer make-up although it's still winter weather here.

IN Sydney from her home in Rome Mrs. Desmond Bracken will spend the summer holidays with her two children, Jean and Nicholas.

FORTNIGHT'S holiday for Mrs. Derek Cassidy and her two small daughters, Edwina and Belinda, who'll be driven down to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Helmut Moser, on "Wallendibby," at Delegate, by Mr. Cassidy. After the weekend he'll drive back to Sydney and the family will follow by plane ten days later.

SPOKE recently with Mrs. David Littlemore, who told me that her son and daughter-in-law, Stuart and Alison Littlemore, are returning to England to live after a nine-month visit. Before they leave they will be guests-of-honor at a farewell party to which many of the friends Alison has made while touring with the Old Tote's production of "King Lear" will be invited. In the United Kingdom, Stuart will go back to his job with the BBC and Alison will probably continue acting.

JUST home from a ten-week trip, Mrs. John Lewis has brought back with her works by young British artists Bridget Riley, Paul Huxley, and Mark Lancaster to add to her collection of exciting modern paintings. Mrs. Lewis travelled with her aunt, Lady Lloyd Jones, and they spent a great deal of time together while they were abroad. One of their trips was to Kassel, in West Germany, to see Documenta, the huge art show of works by painters from all over the world. Mrs. Lewis also had two weeks in New York, and during a visit to Paris saw the Chanel collection, where she found herself seated beside film star Marlene Dietrich.

CHATting with Mrs. Gordon Johnston just minutes after she had received a letter from the Homer Faulkner in Honolulu on their way home to the United States. They've had an unfortunate delay there (where they had only meant to spend four days), as Mrs. Faulkner's mother, Mrs. Le Guay, has had to go into hospital. By the way, Mrs. Johnston also told me that her bridge afternoon at Tresco this year raised \$500 for the Sea Cadet Corps of the Navy League.

BRIDESMAID Frances Malone will hostess a shower tea for bride-to-be Barbara McIntosh, who weds Fred Sutton at the Scots Chapel on September 14. The newlyweds will honeymoon in Fiji at The Fijian.





AT RIGHT: The Hon. Barry McFadzean and his bride, who was formerly Miss Julia Dillon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Dillon, of Pymble, leaving the Crypt Chapel at the Palace of Westminster after their marriage. The bridegroom is the son of Lord and Lady McFadzean, of Woldingham, Surrey, England. The bride's parents received guests, including many Australians who flew to London for the wedding, at a reception at the Hurlingham Club. The newlyweds will make their home in a mews house at South Kensington.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Barber, of "Humewood," Yass, signing the register at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse. The bride was Miss Anne Allott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Allott, of Vaucluse. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. M. Barber and of the late Mr. H. H. Barber. A reception followed at the bride's home.



AT RIGHT: Mrs. J. R. Cadwalader (at left) arriving with Mrs. Peter Graham for the Pied Piper Committee's luncheon and fashion parade, which was held at the Wentworth Hotel to raise funds for The Spastic Centre.



AT RECEPTION. Dr. Nalla Tan (at left), a delegate from the University of Singapore, with Mrs. A. J. Danks, of Wellington, New Zealand, at a reception given at the Town Hall for delegates and their wives in Sydney for the Tenth Annual Commonwealth Universities Congress.



ABOVE: Miss Michelle Phillips and Mr. Brian Melick, who have announced their engagement, plan to marry in January, 1969. Miss Phillips is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Phillips, of Strathfield. Her fiancé is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Melick, of Vaucluse.

AT LEFT: Lady Moses, visiting Chilean pianist Claudio Arrau, and Mrs. Lindley Evans (left to right) at the reception given for Mr. Arrau at the Royal Overseas League by the Sydney Symphony Orchestra Subscribers' Committee. Mr. Lindley Evans is president of the committee.



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# The luck to find



ATHLETES Lloyd Mitchelson, left, and Peter Macken, two members of the pentathlon team for the Olympic Games in October. With them at a training session are Lloyd's fiancée, Jenny Leer, and Peter's wife, Mary. The girls go along to most of the sessions, otherwise they would seldom see their men.

THE Olympic pentathlon is a contest for the all-round athlete — a man vigorous and keen enough to tackle running, swimming, riding, shooting, and fencing with something like equal brilliance. What does it take to be such an athlete?

After talking to members of the Australian pentathlon team for Mexico next October, I've found it takes tremendous self-discipline, a willingness to work long and hard for a single goal, and, for some, the luck to find an understanding woman.

"Who else leaves a party when it's just beginning—at 8.30 p.m.!" said Jenny Leer, fiancée of pentathlon athlete Lloyd Mitchelson.

"You can't lead a normal life, unless you call going to bed at 9 every night normal," said Mary Macken, wife of pentathlon athlete Peter Macken.

But the two girls laughed as they complained, because they are right behind their menfolk in the gruelling training for the Olympic Games.

When I stood chatting to the girls on a Saturday afternoon, we would stop to rub the dirt from our eyes as the men reined their horses round near us to try the practice jumps.

"Jenny and I go with them for a lot of their training, otherwise we would never see them,"

said Mary. "I'm lucky if I have Peter to myself for one hour of a day."

"Even when he's home I'm dodging 'bullets' half the time as he practises with blanks on miniature targets he has set up round the place."

But the two girls said emphatically they would never try to persuade the men to give it up.

"Look at it this way," said Mary, "a man has to do something. Peter gets a tremendous sense of achievement out of this sport, and I would much rather see him spending all his time and money on this than in a pub or club."

"I'm very proud of the way he trains so hard on top of working eight hours a day, and although I was never much interested in sport myself I have become very interested in what Peter is trying to achieve."

It takes many years of solid training for an athlete to reach a high standard in all five pentathlon events — particularly if he is also working full-time.

Australia's pentathlon team — Peter Macken, Lloyd Mitchelson, and Duncan Page (reserve), of New South Wales, and Don McMicken, of Victoria — all train in their spare time.

They know of only one other Olympic pentathlon team that does this — the South Africans. All the others have a full-time training program with appointed coaches.

Yet the Australian pentathlon team came fifth in the last Olympics, at

● Australians training for the Olympic pentathlon need all their patience and determination — and so do their womenfolk.

Tokyo, and in the individual scoring Peter Macken was judged the fourth best pentathlete in the world.

"I think this is the great thing about Australians," said Peter with pride. "If they have the ability they will reach the top no matter the odds."

The athletes estimated they spent up to six hours each day on training, and practically the whole of each weekend. They swim every morning, run every

The point is, you ask yourself: do you want to do it? If so, then you have to work at it."

Peter, 29, has been working at it for ten years; Lloyd, 29, for six years. Both are members of the N.S.W. Police Force. They became interested through fellow policeman Terry Nicol, a member of the first Australian pentathlon team, formed for the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne.

The other N.S.W. member, Duncan Page, 33, has also been a pentathlete for six years. A saddler by trade, he agreed that once you take up the sport you have to devote all your time and energy to it.

"Nobody forces you to do such a stiff training program, but you know if you don't your form will suffer and you just won't succeed in the events."

Duncan is the only unattached member of the team, and so manages a little more training.

"I run and swim every day, and ride, shoot, and fence four times a week for each," he said. "I have loved doing the training, but perhaps after Mexico I will give it up, as there are many other things I want to do, too."

If Duncan does retire, he has an excellent record to

By BARBARA  
MARTYN

evening, fence and shoot for several hours during the week, practise show-jumping Saturday mornings, run and swim Saturday afternoons, and finish the week off on Sundays with a 15-mile cross-country run.

"For six months of the year our lives consist of just working, training, and sleeping," Peter admitted, "but for the other six months we don't train quite so hard, and we do have time for other interests."

"I don't think we sacrifice too much for the sport."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 4, 1968



# an understanding woman



**RIDING EVENT** in the pentathlon has been changed from cross-country to show-jumping this year, which means extra training for the pentathletes. Here Lloyd Mitchelson takes his horse over some practice jumps. For the Games, pentathletes draw for horses and have 15 minutes to "get to know" the horse.

look back on. He competed in the 1962, '63, '65, '66, and '67 world titles and in the Tokyo Olympics, and was in the top four placings for shooting and riding in many of these competitions.

In 1962-63, Duncan, Peter, and Don took leave from their jobs and went round the world, competing in every contest they could find.

"We had a really wonderful time," Duncan said, "but now both Peter and Don are married, so we won't be doing it again. If I give up the pentathlon I would like to work my way around Australia next."

"Cost is another thing that begins to tell after a few years. We have to bear all the costs for our training, coaching, and equipment ourselves, and I estimate it costs me \$20 a week for the sport."

Peter and Lloyd may also make Mexico their last competition. But both would keep on with at least part of the training.

"It has become a way of life for me," said Peter. "Even if I gave up competing I would still want to keep in condition. It would just mean going for a run after work instead of to the pub."

What is it that keeps pentathletes going for so many years?

"It's the close competi-

tion and the comradeship of the pentathlon," Peter said. Lloyd and Duncan agreed.

"With five events, you don't know until the last minutes who is actually going to win — this makes it very exciting."

"And the fact that you have to reach a high standard in five sports means most competitors reach their peak at about 35. Some are still competing up to the age of 40."

"This means the teams are virtually the same for several years, and you get to know your competitors very well. There are no fly-by-nights in this sport."

As this may be the last time they compete, Peter and Lloyd are taking Mary and Jenny with them.

For Jenny and Lloyd it will also be their honeymoon. They are to be married on August 31.

"Lloyd has told me so much about the special atmosphere and excitement of the Olympic Games," Jenny said. "It will be thrilling to see him compete there."

(And will no doubt compensate for all those missed parties and early nights.)

For Mary, married 18 months, it will be the first time she sees Peter compete internationally. He may get her a special souvenir for the occasion — a gold medal.



**MITCHELSON** trains for the running event, which is 4000 metres cross-country with water jumps, hurdles, and steeplechase. Time aimed at is 14m. 15s.



**PRACTICE SHOOT** for Macken, Duncan Page, and Mitchelson. They have only three seconds to aim and fire each of 20 shots at a man-sized silhouette which is positioned 25 metres (about 27 yards) away. It is so difficult that no one in the history of this Olympic event has scored 20 bull's-eyes.



**PETER MACKEN** swims every morning before work. The swimming event is freestyle and over 300 metres. Each event sets a certain standard for which 1000 points are awarded; points are added or deducted for performances above or below the standard. Swimming time set is 3min. 54sec.



**PENTATHLETES** Page and Mitchelson with fencing coach Jock Gibson. Fencing is the longest and most tiring of the events. Every competitor fences the other for one "hit." The whole series of bouts takes from 12 to 20 hours to complete.



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# EXPERTS DISCUSS MAN ON THE MOON

• Latest news on America's plans to put a man on the moon will be given to the first International Science School in Sydney by top U.S. experts. TCN9 will record the lectures for all viewers to watch.

**C**ARVED into the frieze that decorates the warm Sydney sandstone front of Sydney University's School of Physics, facing Science Road, are the names of some famous men of science.

I stood and looked at them — Carnot, Faraday, Maxwell, Kelvin, Roentgen, Newton, Copernicus were some. Then I looked down at the list of scholarship winners at the First International School of Science.

Bishop, it said, among the 124 names, Fraser, Ward, Gell, and Crook, Igarashi, Matsumoto, Foreman, Geoghan, and Negomir.

Any of them would look good carved in sandstone — and if any of them are eventually the International Science School will be able to take some credit as the springboard that bounced them on their way.

"The scholars who have won scholarships are the best brains in their field in their own countries," said the Executive Assistant in the School of Physics and Secretary of the Science Foundation, Mr. Oscar Guth, when he gave me the list.

"All are chosen on ability, and nothing else, by the N.S.W. Education Department here and similar bodies in overseas countries."

This is plain, when you study the list and look at their educational records and the unbalanced numbers of male and female students.

From New South Wales, for instance, there are 64 boys, 11 girls. From Japan, four boys and one girl. From America, six boys and four girls. From England the proportion is three to two and — a big triumph for the male sex — from New Zealand there are no girls at all.

## Tommy Hanlon's

### Thought for the week

Momma once said, when I asked her (I was quite young at the time) when I would know I was middle-aged: "Oh, you'll know when your get-up-and-go has got up and went, your feet hurt even before you get out of bed, and you keep saying, 'I remember when' instead of 'What's new?'"

**MOMMA'S MORAL:** "Middle-age is when after one night out you need two nights in."

By  
**NAN MUSGROVE**

The overseas scholars are mostly billeted with Australian families. They have a woe of a time, academically and socially, for a fortnight, go home enriched in mind, with a very impressive-looking scholarship diploma scroll, and an artistic silver medallion bearing the university coat of arms, the full title of the school, and their name.

The scholars from overseas get the best end of the stick, for with their scholarship goes a trip round the world. The Australian winners get no trip, but they do get billeted, feted, and \$25 spending-money.

The English scholars were received and presented with their medals, and so on, by Prince Philip at Buckingham Palace, the Japanese by Prime Minister Sato at his residence (see picture) — and the American Lyndon B.



FROM LEFT: Japanese Prime Minister Mr. Sato, the Vice-Chancellor of Sydney University, Professor Bruce Williams, Professor Harry Messel, and Toshio Terasawa, Keiko Matsumoto, and Kazumi Igarashi.

High School, on the far north coast of N.S.W., The King's School, our oldest private school, at Parramatta, Kambala Girls' School, Inverell High.

The title for the school, and subject for study, is "Man in Inner and Outer Space" — particularly interesting now, with America due to put her first three-man space vehicle on a moonshot on October 11.

Lecturers are all distinguished overseas scientists, and there is a leading rocket expert, Dr. Eberhard Rees, director of the NASA Apollo Special Task Team, and famous astronaut Alan Shepard, America's first man in space.

(He rocketed from Cape Canaveral in May, 1961, in the United States' first sub-orbital space flight. Col. John Glenn was the first American in orbit, in 1962.)

Quite apart from giving our best young brains a big fillip, the Science School has helped international relations. Billeting officers were wondering how Australian families would react to the Japanese students, whether there was still any overhang of World War II bitterness.

It proved there wasn't. The Japanese students were the most sought after — everyone wanted them.

I inquired who was billeting Keiko Matsumoto, 17, from Tokyo's Keio upper secondary school for girls.

Keiko looks rather over-awed in the picture, but her general description from Japan's Ministry of Education gives another picture: "Being generous, bright, and kind to her friends, she is well accepted by both her classmates and the faculty."

She has a sense of responsibility and can do any work given to her.

Keiko is to stay with the Horwitz family at Summer Hill. The daughter of the house, Tess, 16, is a N.S.W.



PENNY SPENCE with Sarina, a 35-year-old elephant, at Taronga Zoo. Her favorite animals are much smaller — wombats. She shares this taste with naturalist Gerald Durrell.

scholarship winner from the Canterbury High School.

Christopher Horwitz, 18, who is now at the university, and was formerly dux of Fort Street Boys' High School, passed his Higher School Certificate last year in Japanese and, indeed, topped the State.

Mrs. Horwitz, Australian born, is better known as author Nuri Mass, who has published five enchanting books, including "Many Paths One Heaven."

"We feel we are terribly lucky to have this lovely little Japanese girl with us for a fortnight," she said.

All the lectures will be filmed by TCN9 and telecast during the school holidays. (See box for times.)

## Wombats or koalas?

PENNY SPENCE, Queen of TCN9's "Holiday Carnival" — telecast daily from 9 a.m. to noon for the up-to-twelves — shares at least one opinion with famous naturalist and author Gerald Durrell — they both think wombats are the most fas-

cinating of Australian animals.

Penny came to close quarters with a wombat at Eric Worrell's Reptile Park at Gosford, where there are a number of Australian animals. There she made some of the animal films that break up the Carnival's morning cartoons and serials.

"There was this dear little wombat," she said. "They are quite my favorite animal, so chummy and sweet and cheeky. I like them much better than koalas."

When Gerald Durrell visited Australia some years ago he said he was disappointed in the koalas.

"They are like Brigitte Bardot," he said, "all looks and show. Of the Australian animals, the wombat is for me — he is just loaded with personality."

Penny had many adventures as she climbed into cages.

"I was fascinated to see Eric Worrell milking a tiger snake for venom," she said. "When it sank its fangs into the rubber top over the flask it made a terrible crunch. Then the venom slid down the side, and I was staggered when Mr. Worrell told

## Science lecture times

HERE are the times at which TCN9 will telecast lectures delivered at the International Science School.

7.30 a.m., August 28, 29, 30, and 31:

PROFESSOR R. N. BRACEWELL, of the Radio Astronomy Institute, Stanford University, Stanford, California, will give five lectures about the sun.

8.30 a.m., Sunday, September 1, then 7.30 a.m., September 2, 3, 4, and 5:

DR. GORDON J. F. MACDONALD, Vice-President for Research, Institute of Defence Analyses, Arlington, Virginia, will give five lectures on the physical environmental sciences.

7.30 a.m., September 6 and 7, and 9.30 a.m., Sunday, September 8:

DR. ROBERT MAY, Reader in the School of Physics, will give three lectures on "The Time Scale of Creation."

On Sunday mornings from September 15 to November 3, Channel 9 will transmit the balance of the lectures.

Dr. EBERHARD REES, Director of the NASA Apollo Special Task Team, Manned Spacecraft Centre, California, will give five lectures on the U.S. Space Program and the projected manned moon landing.

Astronaut ALAN SHEPARD, NASA, Assistant Director of Flight Crew Operations, will give two lectures on astronaut training and experience.

PROFESSOR JULIUS SUMNER MILLER will give the concluding lecture.

me there was enough poison in it to kill 50 horses."

At the Warragamba Lion Park, Penny enjoyed herself with some lion cubs.

"In spite of being only four months old, they are very much the real thing and quite alarming," she said.

"At Taronga I was very nervous when I got into an enclosure with a male rhino, but he behaved."

A competition about Penny's wild-animal films — there are four during each morning show — is part of the fun. There are 20 major prizes and 20 consolation jobs a day.

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### Beef Hot Pot — a one-dish meal

2 lbs blade bone or topside steak; 2 oz shortening; 1 dessertspoon oil; 1 cup finely chopped onion; 3 tablespoons flour; 1 clove crushed garlic;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon thyme; 1 teaspoon salt;  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper; 3 level tablespoons tomato paste; 1 medium green pepper;  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; 1 cup peeled seeded tomatoes thinly sliced.

Remove fat, cut beef into 1" cubes. Dry thoroughly. Brown meat, a few pieces at a time in hot melted shortening and oil in a heavy-based shallow pan. Remove onto a plate. Saute onions, stir in flour and seasonings. Cook 1 minute. Add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups water and tomato paste. Stir, bringing to the boil. Return beef and meat juices. Cover, simmer for 45 minutes. Cut pepper into thin strips, blanch in boiling water. Drain.

Add to beef, simmer further 10 minutes or till beef is tender. Away from heat, gradually stir in Carnation Evaporated Milk, then the lemon juice. Do not allow sauce to reboil. Adjust seasonings to taste. Serve immediately from the pan, in a casserole or on a dish surrounded with cooked noodles, rice or potato balls sauteed in butter. Garnish with tomato, olives, or parsley.

### Or style it Stroganoff

Cut beef into 2 x  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide strips. Follow the above method, omitting thyme. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb sauteed button or halved large mushrooms instead of the green peppers. Garnish with chopped parsley only.

These recipes can be prepared ahead, but add the Carnation Evaporated Milk and lemon juice before serving, after reheating gradually. Serves 6.





Television

# "HUNTER": feuds spice spy series



KRAGG (Gerard Kennedy) always has a slightly sinister look, whether playing good or bad roles, because of his right eye, damaged in his childhood. Now on side with COSMIC, he still battles to live down his wicked CUCW image.



TONY WARD and the "Hunter" crew spent a freezing day, with icy westerlies blowing, on the Spit marina, near Sydney. Here Ward, as Hunter, looks as if he means business with the gun.



● "Hunter," the Channel Nine Network's Australian security service spy series, is improving with age, until now, with the show well into its second series, it has become an established part of most people's viewing.

"Hunter" regulars have had their viewing spiced through the season by the defection of Kragg (Gerard Kennedy) to COSMIC, by a rumored real-life feud over top billing between Hunter (Tony Ward) and Kragg, and by a private, unannounced trip to America by Ward that caused flaring newspaper headlines about his "disappearance" and its consequences.

It has all added to viewer interest in the series.

—NAN MUSGROVE

● "Hunter" is shown on STW9 Perth, NWS9 Adelaide, 7.30 p.m., Tuesdays; GTV9 Melbourne, 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; TCN9 Sydney, 7.30 p.m., Thursdays; TVT6 Hobart, 9 p.m., Fridays; QTQ9 Brisbane, 8 p.m., Saturdays.



WARD never uses doubles. At least half a dozen times, for a scene that will last perhaps half a minute, he was thrown fully clothed into the water, climbed out again.

LEFT: With the wind blowing on wet clothes, Ward helps COSMIC secretary Julie (Anne Morgan) into a speedboat for a high-speed pursuit of some CUCW crooks.

Pictures by staff  
photographer  
KEITH BARLOW





ABOVE: Two Sicilian girls riding the festival cart to the church clap their tambourines as they pass along Parramatta Road. The cart will probably be seen often in processions in Sydney.

BELOW: A proud Bruno Caminiti, with his two children, Simo, 7, and Aurelie, 3, holds the little mare's head as Father Atanasio blesses the cart in the grounds of the Church of St. Fiacre.



# A glittering Sicilian dream comes to Sydney

By GLORIA NEWTON

THE winter sun seemed to beam a special blessing on the little Leichhardt stable one recent Sunday morning when it showered a wealth of Sicilian sunshine on to the excited, happy throng that clustered around the door, laughing and trilling in their rapid, musical language.

The day was a big one for Sydney's Sicilian community. A procession, a celebration, and a special blessing by the good Father for the wonderful traditional festival cart that had just arrived from Italy.

Bruno Caminiti, dressed for the occasion in the national costume of his country, the jaunty round cap pushed to one side of his head, clamped his cigarette-holder firmly between his lips to hold back the tears that threatened to flow.

For here at last was his boyhood dream come true. The glory of a Sicilian festival cart, beautifully hand carved, painted with the history of his beloved Sicily, and drawn by a glittering, silver-caparisoned little horse that ruffled its tall feathered headdress as it impatiently tossed its head.

Bruno, who has been a butcher in Leichhardt since he arrived from Italy 18 years ago, ordered the cart and the horse's trappings from Italy two years ago. "I want," he had said, "a festival cart, a fine cart that is Sicily!"

And to fill his order, four men worked for four years carving, painting, decorating, and assembling the equipage which, when it was finished and shipped out to Australia, cost Bruno \$6000.

Both he and his wife, Sicilian born, are happy in their new country, and their two children, Simo, seven, and Aurelie, three, were born here and are Australians. But the festival cart was something the shy, quiet butcher had longed for ever since, as a small boy, he had seen such a one in his village's festival processions.

They are a status symbol for the men who own them in the Italian villages. Each year, when the villagers celebrate the feast of their patron saint, or some other religious feast, there is much dancing and singing in the streets when the people wear their colorful national costumes, but always the highlight is the highly decorated cart.

And now Bruno, his beaming wife, and their two excited children were ready to show his dream to the people of Sydney as it led its first procession to the Church of St. Fiacre to be blessed.

With much "hoops" and "hahs" from eager helpers, and much advice from on-lookers, the little brown, docile mare, one anxious eye peering from beneath the decorations that almost completely covered her, stepped daintily out to the street.

A group of young boys and girls, Simo among them, climbed aboard, tambourines were shaken in the air, and with Bruno at the reins, the mare trotted sedately around the corner into Parramatta Road.

The sun beamed even brighter to sparkle the color of the decorations on the cart and the jaunty, waving pheasant plumes nodded and tossed on the mare's head in time with her gait, as the bells on her harness tinkled a sound of romance in the long, grey road.

You felt a lump in your throat as you watched it wend its slow, clippety-cloppety way through the traffic, the gaily-dressed Sicilians seated in the back waving and shaking their beribboned tambourines.

The fast-moving traffic of the 20th century, modern, sleek cars, blared their horns impatiently to pass, or paused for a fraction to let their occupants stare with brief curiosity from the windows before speeding away.

But the little mare didn't waver in her stride until she pulled up in the church grounds, where Father Atanasio stood, with his congregation, waiting to welcome and bless her and the gay little cart that meant so much to the hearts of his countrymen.

"We Sicilians," said one of the crowd who had waited to see the blessing, "are more traditional than any of the Italians. Our social life centres around the church so much, we love processions and festivals."

## Happiest man

"Bruno is the happiest man in the whole of Australia today. He is a man of special standing now he has that cart, and he is hoping it will be an international cart. He will be so very happy to see it take its place in any parade or festival where a little Sicilian color is wanted."

Swift banter in Italian between the cart's passengers and the people who clustered round sent laughter peeling out over the sombre church grounds. Eager children and their parents bent to examine every inch of the cart which was decorated with paintings of medieval scenes and heroes.

Carved soldiers stood to attention with banners, there were women, vases of flowers, peacocks, griffins, and banners of the Sicilian provinces, and even elegant, tiny carved figures dangled from wires beneath the cart.

"Hah," my Sicilian neighbor informed me, "that cart is not sprung, you know. Most uncomfortable to ride in. But when you are young, where there is a festival, a parade, excitement, who cares about such things?"

From the church to the little park nearby, where Sicilian photographers recorded the event for posterity, and then back to the stable, where the cart will stay until September 7, when there will be a special festival, the Sicilian Carnival, at the Sydney Stadium. The guests-of-honor? The festival cart and horse, of course.





ABOVE: Leichhardt butcher Bruno Caminiti drives his colorful festival cart through the streets, to be blessed at a local Roman Catholic church. He had the equipage made in Sicily for a total cost of \$6000, including sea freight.



LEFT: He shows an intricately carved wheel. The decorations are traditional and go back very many centuries.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



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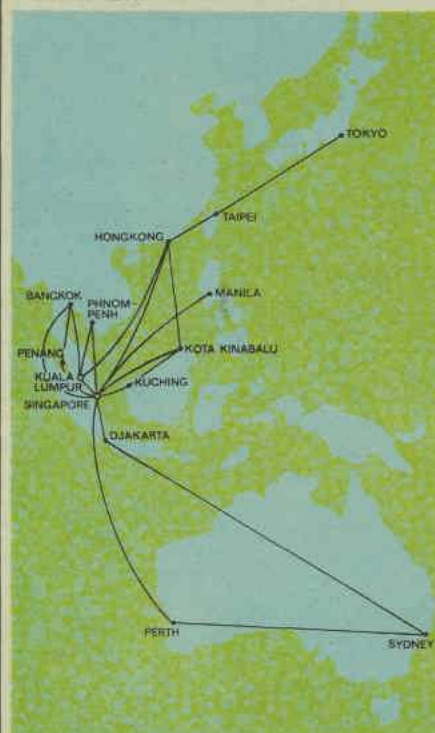


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# "Meet you in the Marble Bar!"



THREE views of the Marble Bar. Above, one bar with its ornate surroundings. Far left, showing the tables with their checkered cloths. Left, the intricate carving that goes all round the semi-circular bars.

Pictures by staff photographer BILL PAYNE

**Famous rococo bar, meeting-place for  
Australians for 75 years, has  
been declared essential for preservation**

**"MEET you in the Marble Bar."** For 75 years it has been a catchcry for Sydneysiders and visitors from all over Australia and the world. And if the National Trust has its way, it always will be.

The N.S.W. Division has declared the fabulous rococo bar in Adams Hotel as Category A, essential for preservation, "because of its historical and architectural importance."

A few mornings ago I strolled down to find out why.

The doors on to Pitt Street swung to behind me, and there I was in another world. Even the hall that led to the bar was gilded and decorated, with a fantastic painted ceiling like a Renaissance palace.

And there, through a

panelled door, lay the bar, huge, richly sombre, all marble and gold and red, and dark, glowing woodwork, and mirrors.

All round the walls hung larger-than-life paintings of pneumatic ladies who would put Twiggy to shame. Each (by Julian Ashton) had a title, like "Seeing"

—By—  
**KAY KEAVNEY**

and "Feeling" and "Smelling" and "Spring" and "Summer" and "Shade" and "Wind."

When males appeared in the paintings, they did so boldly, without benefit of figleaf — but always with a certain innocence and gentleness.

Two great bars faced each other across the colonnaded rooms. Fixed to both, all round their semi-circular

length, were carved naked torsos of more pneumatic ladies, flanked by loops of intricately carved flowers.

"One Friday night," said veteran barmaid Doris Smith, "someone unscrewed one of those ladies and made off with it. The boss nearly had a fit. The next Friday night, this person took another one, from the other end of the bar. So someone has got a pair."

In spite of the naked ladies, the atmosphere in the Marble Bar was decorous and companionable, like a well-conducted club. Tables stood here and there, covered by checkered cloths, at which men sat quietly reading their papers.

Friends, new and just-met, stood at the bars with a foot up on the sturdy brass rail, served swiftly and pleasantly by Doris and her colleagues. Red-shaded chandeliers glowed benignly over all.

"A lot of our customers,

especially the single ones," said Doris, "look on this place as a home. They know the staff as friends, know when they're sick or on holidays."

"Men from the country come here year after year, whenever they're in town. Oh, and the young Americans on leave adore the place. They've never seen anything like it. It has atmosphere and tradition, and the word has got around."

She drew a beer for Mr. R. ("Tubby") Williams, one of the regulars.

"I'm a cargo-ologist," said "Tubby," and laughed at my blank stare. "A wharfie! I've been coming here for years. It's one of those hotels that are unusual in a big city — everybody's friendly."

"Of course, on Anzac Day it's THE meeting-place. You can't move in here. It's marvellous. They come from everywhere, even Melbourne. You can even get a game of two-up!"

"It has got an atmosphere about it," said John Cameron, a bookbinder, and Martin Howe, an electrician, cut in, "You head for here. It's so quiet, no yelling or swearing."

And "Tubby" explained, "If anybody gets obstreperous, the blokes themselves throw him out."

David Newman was a grazier, down from June,

N.S.W. "I spent my honeymoon at this hotel," he said, "23 years ago. I always come here when I'm down, for the warm, pleasant atmosphere. There has been very little change, and I like that."

And a shipping man, John Blayney, told me, "I come here because it's tranquil. I've been coming for years. The decor is different and, therefore, acceptable to me. I only hope it doesn't disappear. The Marble Bar's unique."

## Born lucky

Unique is the word for the man who dreamt it up, one of those colorful characters who pepper Australian history, big George Adams of the big, booming laugh, "chunky, chesty, fiery-whiskered Adams," whose grand-nephew runs the estate to this day.

George was the youngest of four sons of an impoverished English farm-laborer. He was a mere 16 when the family migrated to Sydney in 1855.

They always said of huge, convivial George, "It's better to be born lucky than rich." George was born lucky, all right, but he was also a prodigious worker.

He worked in the gold-mines and on sheep stations, and in stock dealing, and as a butcher. By the time he

reached his thirties he could afford to buy a pub, the Steam Packet Inn, at Kiama, on the N.S.W. south coast.

He was a lover of the sport of kings, and had innumerable friends in and out of the sporting community. He came up to Sydney often, and met the sporting bloods in their virtual home, the headquarters of Tattersall, their club, at O'Brien's Hotel in Pitt Street.

He often said he'd be happiest in a place like O'Brien's, so one day in 1878, when it came on the market, three of his friends simply bought it for him.

The first George heard about it was when a Cobb and Co. driver appeared at his door in Kiama.

George rode back with the driver and said to his friends, "But I haven't got the money to pay you back."

"Never mind," they said, "you will when you've got it."

So began the real history of Tattersall's, or Adams', as it soon came to be called. By 1884, George had not only paid off his three friends but raised another \$80,000 to buy the freehold.

Even before that the phrase "a ticket in Tatt's" entered the Australian language.

In those days of poor communications, punters organised their own sweeps wherever they could gather together. The obliging George helped his clients organise their little sweeps, until one day a brilliant idea assailed him.

Why not open the sweep

**Continued overleaf**



# How to win a holiday

● Enter the Bake-Off Princess contest.

IT'S open to all young women throughout Australia. The prize — two weeks on Hayman Island, new wardrobe, \$100 cash, a cooking range.

**PRE-DINNER DRINKS**  
**HORS-D'OEUVRE:**  
 Smoked Salmon on Croutons  
**ENTREE:**  
 Asparagus Spears and Almonds  
 Buttered Brown Bread Fingers  
**SOUP:**  
 Cream of Fresh Mushroom  
**MAIN COURSE:**  
 Sour Black Chicken  
 Button Potatoes, Baby Carrots,  
 French Beans  
**DESSERT:**  
 Meringue Chiffon with  
 Fresh Strawberries  
 Selected Cheeses  
**DEMITASSE:**  
 Black Coffee, Selected Liqueurs  
 After-dinner Mints

To enter, just send in a recent photograph of yourself and give details of a dinner-party menu you might give. You see, we are looking for a Princess who is attractive as well as being a good cook and home hostess, the contest being a tie-up with our Butter-White Wings Bake-Off recipe competition. Don't forget to write your full name, address, and also mention your age.

Send entries to "Bake-Off Princess," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Closing date: Monday, September 16.

Pictured above is one of our Princess entrants, Mrs.



Beverley Adlidge

Beverley Adlidge, of Dee Why, N.S.W. Her menu is at left.

The contest will be judged in Melbourne on Friday, October 4, and all finalists will be flown there by Ansett-ANA to take part in parades during Bake-Off week (October 1-4). The recipe contest finals will also be decided then.

From previous page

## "Meet you in the Marble Bar!"

to the public? Offer substantial prizes, using the reputation of the hotel and its owners as guarantee?

George tried it out in 1881. The first Tattersall's Sweep was promoted on the Sydney Cup, with 2000 tickets at \$2. It was a howling success. The Sweepstakes caught on. Everyone clamoured to take "a ticket in Tatt's."

New South Wales clamped down and George transferred his sweeps to Brisbane. When Queensland clamped down, George moved to Hobart. He acquired vast interests in Tasmania. Applications for the sweeps poured in from all over Australia.

In 1902, the new Federal Parliament forbade the Post Office to carry mail addressed to Tattersall's or George Adams (Tattersall).

### Finest marble

George set up some accommodation addresses and got round it. Some of them even advertised, "I have an aunt in Hobart." The phrase "That's all my aunt" quickly replaced "All my eye and Betty Martin."

Meanwhile, George's other interests expanded. He owned plenty of valuable real estate. He extended his hotel, bought the block next door and put up the Palace Theatre, bought a colliery and ships, established light and power stations — and built the Marble Bar.

It was to be the most gorgeous bar in the world, and George spared no trouble or expense. He scoured the world for its finest marble and best workmen at a time when financially Australia was drawing in her horns.

The 1890s were virtual

depression years, but George thumbed his nose at the spectre of want, and spent and spent and spent. The bar cost in the region of \$80,000, an unbelievable sum for the day.

Even the tightwads came flocking to the marvellous bar. The distinguished and the humble were all saying it: "Meet you at the Marble Bar." And they still do.

Everyone who is anyone, including Noel Coward and Liza Minnelli, has been there. When Michael Powell needed a bar sequence for "Weird Mob," he naturally thought of the Marble Bar.

A year ago, for the first time, women were admitted, with surprisingly little opposition. But they seldom go there. It's essentially a male atmosphere, and it always will be.

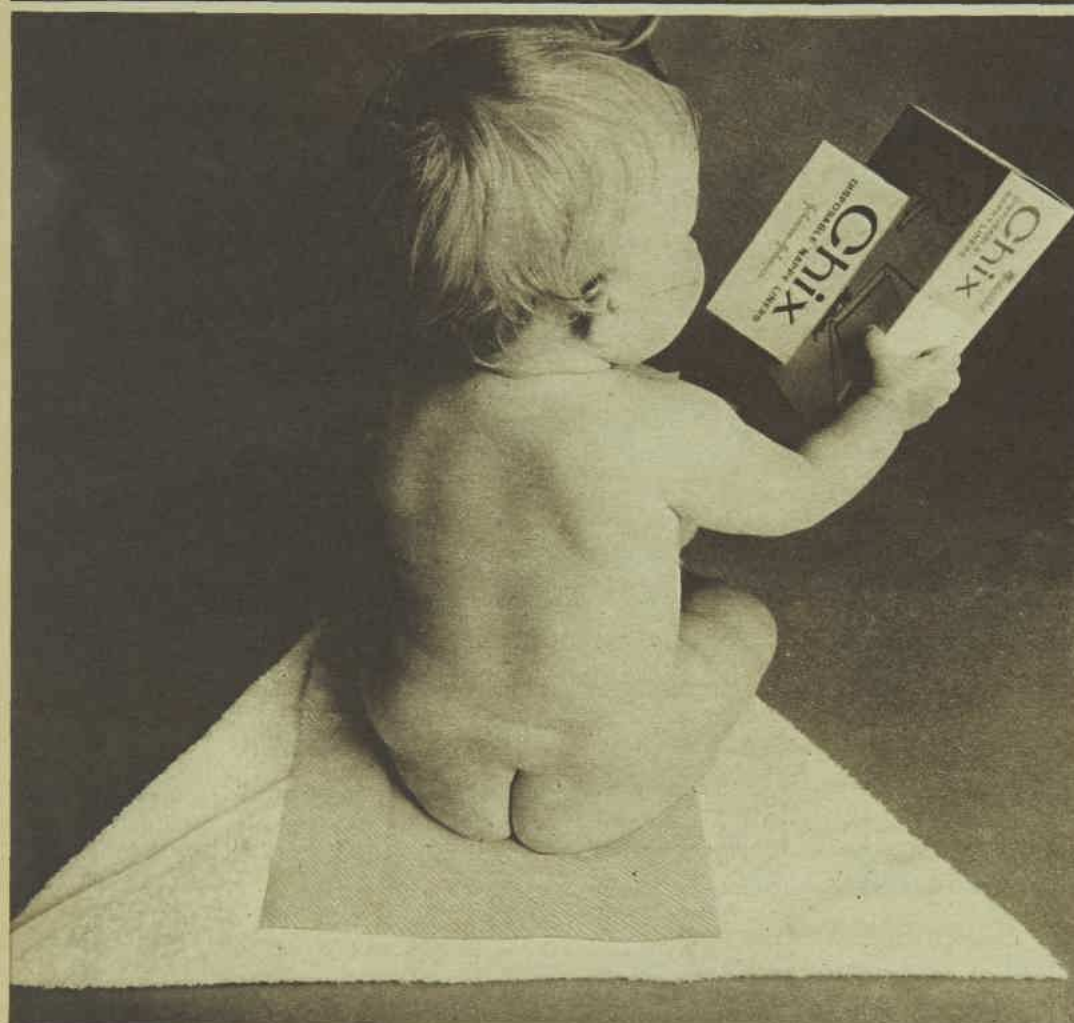
But could the love of its customers, its long tradition, and its new Category A save it for long from the wrecker's hammer?

I asked Mr. William Adams, grandnephew of the childless George and managing director of the Adams interests.

"It's quite obvious," he said reluctantly, "that a facade like this hotel's can't survive in this part of the city. You need tall buildings to pay the rates."

"As a matter of fact, unless some practical financial help is given, it's unlikely that many historical buildings can survive."

Meanwhile, the marble glows softly, and the painted and carved ladies dream on, and the customers enjoy the friendliness and the tranquillity, as they have done for all those 75 years.



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MRS. DORIS SMITH, seven years a barmaid in the Marble Bar, serves a beer to a customer.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 4, 1968





# This Father's Day give him Mennen.

Mennen — the challenge for an exciting change in men's grooming aids. Preferred the world over for their masculine freshness. Make the most of his being a man — *this time*, give him Mennen. It's the Green One men prefer. In gift sets from \$2 to \$3.35 or individually cartoned from 85 cents.



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Here's the chocolate pudding to beat all chocolate puddings! It's light and moist. Velvety brown. Economical and easy to make. With the true chocolate flavour of Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa. Give them a hearty helping, served steaming hot. They'll vote you cook of the year as well!



Also a warming, nourishing drink for all the family.

Give it the true chocolate flavour of **CADBURY'S**  
**Bournville COCOA**



### Ingredients:

3 ozs. shortening, 3 ozs. sugar, 6 ozs. self raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, 1 large egg, 5 tablespoons milk, vanilla essence.

### Method:

Sift flour, Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa and salt together. Cream the shortening and sugar, add the egg and beat well. Add the flour and milk alternately. Add essence. Pour pudding mixture into well greased pudding basin. Cover with greased lid of pudding basin or grease-proof paper. Steam for 1½ hours. Serve with canned apricots and cream. Alternately, well drained canned apricots may be placed in the bottom of the pudding basin before the uncooked mixture.

B3/FPC/6



## BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA



### CAMPFIRE SMOKE BY THE OVENS RIVER

A TENT by the river, leaf-scented smoke rising from an early morning campfire while the sun makes yellow light through the leaves . . . such a scene distils the essence of the pleasure of holidays in secluded places. This camp is by the Ovens River, near Bright, in Victoria. The picture was taken by Mr. J. J. Slattery, of Concord West, N.S.W.



Try a little tenderness

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more colour









ROBERTO at ease in his Rome apartment, above, wearing a lavishly embroidered shirt. His sandals are from Valentino, the Rome couturier who has introduced some men's fashions into his more recent collections.



ROBERTO in Rome, suitably attired for the summer heat in an elegant white linen suit with bush jacket. Roberto always suits the outfit to the occasion and the setting; accordingly, he never travels without an enormous wardrobe.

# HE SHOWS WOMEN WAY TO BEAUTY

● Leading Italian cosmetician Roberto Bonori is to visit Australia. He lives like a prince, tends the wealthy of Italy and the international jet set—and uses cosmetics to hide a scar on his own face, remnant of a bandit attack.

By ANNE MATHESON,  
of our London staff

**R**OBERTO BONORI is a simpatico Italian, a visigiste — which means make-up man for all who care about their looks — who travels the world showing women how beautiful they can be.

He is a tall, handsome young man with the dark brown eyes of the Latin. Eyes that roll and sparkle in tune with his expressive gestures, hands that move and illustrate as he enthuses about new looks, new make-up, new ways for enhancing a woman's beauty.

And Roberto will visit Australia to bring the sophistication and loveliness of his Rome clientele to others in search of beauty.

He will give demonstrations at Myer's, in Melbourne, for two weeks from September 16, at David Jones', in Sydney, for two weeks from September 30, and at Farmer's, in Sydney, for a week from October 14.

A cosmetics company have engaged him to show their products in Australia and teach women how to use them.

In Rome, Roberto has spent ten years perfecting beauty, correcting imperfections (he won't cover up flaws because he believes in a cure first).

On gala occasions, he adds

his own signature to the creation of this perfection. "Here, on the throat," he explains, running a finger down from behind the ear.

"And why not? My clients are princesses, duchesses, very rich women. If they pay my prices, they want everyone to know Roberto has done the make-up."

He laughed gaily as he threw his hands and eyes to the heavens. "Rome is such a snob city," he said.

Roberto Bonori is 31, 6ft. 2in. tall, with swarthy good looks that can be traced to a Turkish ancestor. He has this touch of oriental splendor in the way he lives and moves.

Not for Roberto the precise limits of air-travel luggage. He has a fabulous wardrobe and it goes with him everywhere. No climate or occasion finds him anything but perfectly dressed.

## Lost finery

A chinchilla jacket with matching hat bought specially for Finland, a heavy high karka of wild mink with maxi-coat and mink collar for the less severe weather of Stockholm, two coats for evening wear (one a cloak lined with blue), 11 suits, a light topcoat, a Nehru tunic, eight cashmere sweaters, 22 shirts, and two evening suits are but a small part of his wardrobe that is lost at some airport right now.

Roberto, however, gets by

well with the rest of his clothes. "They were all for winter, anyway," he said, shrugging off his loss. "If they don't turn up, I'll get more clothes before it is cold again."

Relaxed in his Rome apartment, Roberto talked of women. He believes that making women beautiful is a man's work. "That is," he said, "a man of sensibility. Through the ages, man has loved woman for what she is, then set about to change her."

"You see," he said, settling down to his favorite topic, long legs crossed to show a pair of elegant Valentino sandals designed for special clients, "a woman doesn't have any inspiration about herself."

"That is where I come in. I can see her as she is and visualise what she can make of herself. Being a man, I am not in competition with her. This is very important."

Roberto likes a soft look for women — he hates heavy make-up.

"Your make-up is part of you," he said, "not a mask. Besides, it is so old-fashioned now to wear heavy make-up." Roberto's eyes rolled upward in horror. Shoulders shrugged in disgust. Hands moved in chorus.

"But it doesn't mean that, because heavy make-up has gone out and a lighter one is in, women don't have to bother so much."

"It means more care, more





ROBERTO in his Indian tunic, above — burgundy in this instance, but he has several others in different colors — and, below, with his antique puppet from Sicily. After centuries of exposure, the puppet's face was washed-out and weatherbeaten; "I think my Sicilian puppet looks very glamorous now," says Roberto, who gave it a full make-up.



subtlety, more thought for what is important."

"And what is important?" I asked Roberto over a luncheon he had cooked and served himself. It was holiday time in Rome and his servants had gone to his beach-house at Anzio.

#### Eyes first

"The eyes," he said, his own flashing. "And then the mouth."

I asked Roberto the minimum steps a woman should take to make the most of her looks. He gave these—with his own asides:

- A moisturiser, "always."
- A base—"beige, of course, whether you are dark or fair—NEVER pink."

- A special cream to hide bags under the eyes and other defects.

(Here Roberto lifted his chin and showed a deep scar cut covered with make-up. "I was slashed by bandits in Sardinia. Now, when I am being photographed, I use a cream to hide the scar. Why not? It is now well established that a man's way to success is to add natural-looking color for a healthy, handsome look." And he lightly swept a make-up applicator over his face.)

- A little rounded pink blush high on each cheek; then powder.

- Eye-shadow—very important now that eyes are the focus of attention. "It must

now be soft, soft, gentler than ever before. No hard lines. No heavy smudges.

"In Australia," he said, "you have beautiful eyes. Lovely colors. Your eyes are blue, in many shades, green, grey, light and dark brown, hazel. Think how lucky you are."

"In Latin countries eyes are always the same. Brown, brown, brown, and occasionally an unchanging blue—not the variations of color," he added, softly and a little sadly, "and I love beautiful eyes."

He entreats women to make the most of their eyes, to emphasise their color with eye make-up.

- False eyelashes.

I teased Roberto about his own thick lashes with a definite line of artificial blackening. He laughed.

"You make a mistake, and you are not the only one to do it. Last summer on Charles Revson's yacht, *Ultima II*, he not only accused me of wearing false eyelashes but pulled them to show me; and I squealed with pain."

Roberto's long lashes are his own; and the eyeliner he uses is kohl—a tradition in Turkey.

- A lightener to soften the eyebrows. "There must be no hard lines."

- Lipstick. "Since the mouth is back in fashion, give it a good slash of ruby or garnet lipstick in a voluptuous cupid bow."

- A gleamer to highlight the cheekbones and brow.

- An ice-cube. "Rub it all over your face and your make-up will stay cool and clear all day..."

In his salon at the foot of the Spanish Steps, in Rome, Roberto's clients think nothing of spending one or even two hours to have their make-up done. "Time doesn't matter when you see what make-up can do for you," he said.

His greatest stimulation comes from making up plain women. "It is a challenge," he said.

"It is very exciting to see what my make-up can do for a woman. And very rewarding to see her pleasure light up her whole face and enhance the make-up."

#### Elite clientele

Other women who rely on Roberto for their looks are not only top models like Marisa, granddaughter of Schiaparelli, and Verushka but also Princess Irene Galitzine, the fashion designer, who wouldn't put a foot on Capri if Roberto were not there to do her make-up; Contessa Consuela Crespi, leader of the Rome smart set; Contessa Lovatelli Gaetanni; Catherine Spaak; Princess Christina Torlonia; and Mrs. Henry Fonda, who was Roberto's first client when he opened his salon.

"And she is still my favorite," he said.



ROBERTO the genial host, in another richly ornate shirt, above, pours wine for a guest. In Rome, Roberto loves to cook and entertain at small luncheon and dinner parties in the luxury apartment which is home.



ROBERTO fills in his engagement book at an antique desk in his apartment. Being an Italian, he likes bright colors; here he wears a blue polo-neck jumper and pink jacket.



# Enjoy being a Girl!

Lady Pelaco takes the Pretty Girl look all the way...softer...fabulously feminine...more romantic.



STYLE 166: SWISS COTTON VOILE DRESS WITH FRILLED PURITAN COLLAR, AND PIN-TUCKED FRONT. WHITE, BONE, BLUE, GREEN, CYCLAMEN, BROWN, NAVY, BLACK. \$18.00.

*Lady Pelaco*

## DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This one-piece dress is chosen in answer to a teenage style query. The reader asks if a beltless dress is still being worn.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I have 3½yds. of heavy white embossed cotton to make a new spring frock suitable for going out at night. I take a size 16, am 5ft. 7in. tall, and have good proportions. I like a beltless style, but is it still being worn? If so, could I have a style and pattern?"

A beltless silhouette is still in fashion, but the line is quite different from last season. Actually there are two beltless silhouettes in spring - summer fashions. One is a slim closer-to-the-body line and suitable for a fabric with "body."

The second silhouette is fitted at the top and flares into hemline width with important sleeves caught into wide cuffs. This line looks best made in a diaphanous fabric. Because of your fabric choice, I have chosen the slender, closer-to-the-body line for you.

The dress, illustrated at right, has a bias-cut front yoke and cut-out plus square armholes and pockets in the side front seam. Under the illustration are how-to-order details.

"My proportions are on the big side and I have one of those unfortunate figures with a bulge above the waistline. I have seen a rather straight knitted dress I would like to buy and wondered if it would suit me. Please give me your advice."

I think a straight-knit dress is not the best fashion for a bumpy figure. How about a shapely coatdress made in a rayon linen or lightweight wool?

"I am 16 and going to my first formal in about seven weeks. I am keen to wear an Empire-style dress if it is in fashion. What material would you advise?"

Certainly, wear an Empire-line dress. There is nothing better for your age group. White eyelet cotton or any cotton in this category is very new. Finish the hem of the dress with a wide self-ruffle and wear it with a



4598.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4598, the price 80c includes postage. Pattern from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

ribbon sash tied under the bosom. Have the sash in apple-green or rose-pink.

"Please advise me about suitable clothes for a short holiday in Melbourne. I will be visiting friends, shopping, and doing a couple of shows at night. I want to look well-dressed and don't want to stint on my wardrobe."

A coat in a pretty color will be the basis of your holiday wardrobe. Add a one-piece dress in a color to work in with the coat and you have an all-purpose day-time ensemble.

A jersey or knit dress would be excellent for shopping, etc. This, too, should fit in with the coat color and

it should be simple, but not too casual.

For evening, I suggest a one-piece in a more formal material, such as crepe or a printed silk. Again the color must conform to the coat color.

Take two sets of accessories, one to blend with your daytime wardrobe and the second to wear at night.

"My last year's overcoat is fastened with plain black buttons and has a black braid trim. What color accessories would be best with the coat?"

I would also be grateful for any other suggestions."

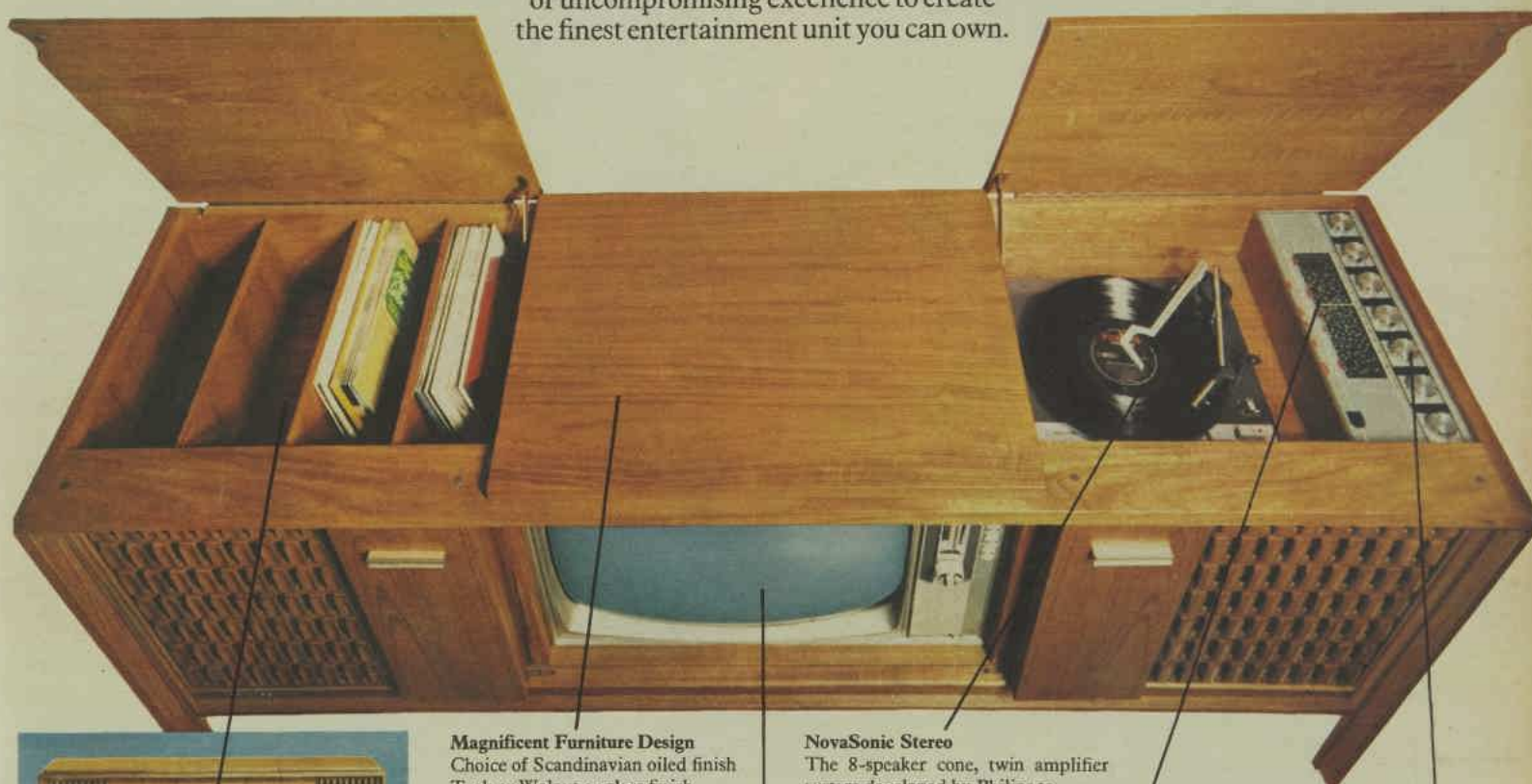
Replace the black buttons with gilt ones and wear black shoes finished with gilt buckles. Other accessories, bag and gloves, in navy.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 4, 1968



# Philips Emperor: The complete home entertainment centre. Magnificent in every way.

In the superb Emperor, Philips has integrated beautiful cabinet design with television, stereo and radio components of uncompromising excellence to create the finest entertainment unit you can own.



**Built-In Record Library Storage**  
Holds a complete collection of sixty 12-inch and up to 200 seven-inch records in correct storage position.

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**NovaSonic Stereo**  
The 8-speaker cone, twin amplifier system developed by Philips to satisfy the most demanding music lover. All components are perfectly matched for faultless performance. The 4-speed record changer has a safety device to protect your records when selecting individual tracks.

**Broadcast and Shortwave Radio**  
Powerful 3-band radio pulls in stations from around the world. An exciting listening experience with the superb quality of NovaSonic Sound.

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All controls in one elegant, functional unit. Separate stereo balance base and treble controls; radio-TV-Stereo selector; on/off, volume and radio tuner controls. Microphone and tape recorder sockets too.

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STREET No.	STREET NAME		
SUBURB OR TOWN		STATE	POST CODE
BABY'S BIRTH DATE day month year	BOY GIRL	BABY'S NAME	

NLE 6340 68

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 4, 1968



# "We're glad we didn't leave the children at home"

FOR years the seed had been germinating in my husband's mind — why not spend his three months' long-service leave on an overseas trip with the family?

What? — with three children, a family struggling with school fees, orthodontist's and medical bills! I, the materialistic member of the family, was strongly opposed to it, having visions, instead, of delightful additions to the house, a new car, perhaps, while he appeared to be recklessly abandoning all thoughts of the future and throwing all our non-existent savings into a mad venture.

This attitude continued, I'm ashamed to say, until we staggered exhausted on to the ship with our 12-year-old daughter and ten-year-old son. The youngest child was left behind with friends.

Against all convention, we were to travel in early winter. Despite warnings of darkness at 4 p.m. and sunless days for weeks on end, we decided on this time because we could incorporate the long Christmas vacation and only miss half a term's school-work. And off-season fares are cheaper.

For months we scamped on and off every Europe-bound ship which berthed at Port Melbourne, narrowing our preference to several Italian ones. The long trip around the Cape makes the right choice essential, particularly with older children. Look for the ship with the most deck space, adequate games facilities, the biggest pool.

Booking twelve months ahead, we had a wide choice of cabins in our price range. We settled for a four-berther on a low deck, but centrally placed, which gave us maximum stability.

Avoiding trying to see too much, we decided to work our way up through Italy, into Switzerland, across to Paris, then Lon-

don, with a final return to Genoa in January to catch the ship home.

The next year at home was impossible, and the children and I became heartily sick of the whole idea, as Father's every move was gauged toward the TRIP. The house became littered with brochures, timetables.

I realised later just how valuable was all this preparation.

Accommodation was weeded out with a book called "Europe on \$5 a Day." It was avidly devoured in the sections we were to visit, and the hotels and pensions were selected for cheapness and their proximity to rail terminals, thus avoiding taxi trips.

We decided to learn a smattering of Italian, as we realised that in the sort of places we would visit English wouldn't

## TRAVELLER'S TALE By ROSEMARY JONES

necessarily be spoken; and how right we were! If you want to assimilate a little of the atmosphere of the country, try to learn to communicate even just a little.

You'll be rewarded, particularly in Italy, where we found so much help and encouragement given to us if the children could only manage *grazie* and *buon giorno*. So we had a year of adult education classes and learned in halting sentences to ask directions, buy our food, and perhaps the most important, read street signs.

In October, with the house let, and with six huge suitcases instead of the three which would have sufficed, we set off.

The choice of an Italian ship was wise, as, apart from all-round excellence, our ears became attuned to the language, our palates to the food, and the children accustomed to the many interesting Europeans on board.



● The writer and her children lunching in a Rome park by the Emperor Trajan's victory column.

Schoolwork occupied about two hours each morning and was well worth the effort in spite of a daily battle with the children to get co-operation. We gradually noticed other parents joining in, and it became established that 8.30 to 10.30 a.m. in the writing-room was schooltime.

We disembarked at Naples and had our first taste of the pensions which were to be home for us for the next seven weeks. We found them delightful and unique — often in a back street on the fourth floor of a dowdy-looking office building, and frequently without a lift.

These pensions were usually run by genteel ladies taking in about 16 guests in a very homely atmosphere. We found them uniformly good, with large, cheap, airy rooms, always efficiently heated and with delightful meals. Being off-season had its compensations here, too, as we were often the only guests and were given individual treatment.

Breakfasts were delicious — jugs of freshly brewed coffee with huge plates of rolls with jam and butter. We soon learned to pocket the unused rolls for our lunches, together with unused foil-wrapped butter and tiny plastic containers of jam. I had a copious hold-all, called by the children "Mum's Mary Poppins bag."

I turned into an inveterate bower-bird and that bag catered for every emergency

possible. It contained aspirin, sugar lumps (for when spirits and energy were flagging after six-mile walks), clean socks, everything, in fact, except snakebite outfit, which we felt might not be needed in the snow!

Our lunches were always eaten in parks in Italy as the weather was beautiful, yet strangely enough no one seemed to picnic out of doors at that time of the year. We were usually regarded with some amusement, tinged with sadness as they thought we were poor English travellers who had lost the value of their money with devaluation.

We avoided milk and water for the children, buying mineral water for meals, and they even grew to like espresso coffee. Money for extras was scarce: sweets and ice-creams were rare, and only bought if we managed to walk home and save bus fares. However, we had good, plain food, early nights, and plenty of exercise.

Our first impressions of Italy were the intricately cobbled streets, delightful vegetable vendors with their donkeys, balloon-sellers on bicycles. We were amazed at the crazy traffic, and the midday exodus from the city when everything dies until 3.30 p.m.

Continued overleaf



● The children are dwarfed by the 12th-century Pisa Cathedral and Leaning Tower. The spiral walk up to the tower was a joy.



● Visiting a zoo in winter was an interesting experience at Basel, Switzerland. The elephants had a heated pavilion.



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Mini-Basket available on GE model 1154HD only

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Every modern, up-to-date feature for a cleaner, brighter, easier and faster wash is built into General Electric automatic home laundries. Built-in with heavy duty reliability. The cabinet itself is made of zinc anneal, rust-resistant steel, and the top cover and lid are porcelain enamelled.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 4, 1968



# "WE'RE GLAD WE DIDN'T LEAVE THE CHILDREN AT HOME"

From page 33

We loved the generous, exuberant Italians throughout, but perhaps the musical Neapolitans best.

The tour to Pompeii was, of course, a highlight, and what better way for a child to learn Roman history than observe this living proof of life 1900 years ago?

We had nothing but praise for the European rail system but, at 200 lire an article, avoided Italian porters like the plague.

The grandeur of Rome was unforgettable for us, but almost too rich and beautiful a sweet for the children to swallow, and we had to be most selective in our choice of places to visit. There was a tremendous temptation just to visit churches, galleries, and museums continually for the week we were there, but we found that even one or two a day of educational value were enough for them to absorb.

After a day of this type of sightseeing, we often just took a bus out into the country to give their eyes and brains a rest. We would spend an afternoon wandering along quiet lanes and enjoying the vista of the soft green olive-groves and the white stone farmhouses.

Zoos were a great diversion for them and were always different — here in Rome the children were intrigued by the plastic bags of fish sold to feed the seals. Later, in Basel, Switzerland, they saw elephants gambling in deep snowdrifts, while in London we walked through a great underground network of passages to observe tiny nocturnal animals.

Our ten-year-old boy became heartily sick of museums and statues—"Didn't they ever wear any clothes, Mum?" But our daughter, always immensely interested in history, absorbed a tremendous amount from so much visual experience and spent her own pocket-money on books and pamphlets.

Our pension in Rome was in the heart of the old city overlooking the Pantheon. We were welcomed warmly by Signora, her only guests. Although we'd only booked breakfast, her evening meals proved so absolutely tantalising that we dined there nightly.

Signora had been imprisoned in Ethiopia by the British during the war and was befriended by kindly Australian soldiers who were later guarding the internment camp. She has a soft spot for Australians, yet in all her years of running the Mimosa we were only the second Australian family to stay there.

Baths were a quaint ritual, about 450 lire (75 cents), so were not undergone frequently, and it was a case of first in, best washed! When the great night arrived, there was a ceremony which consisted of Signora producing the hot-water taps, the bath-plug, huge bath-towels, and a mat for us.

(In Paris we had to ring Madame downstairs in the office when we had finished our ablutions — one wondered if she timed us and would list some extra francs on the bill.)

Again the fact that this was the off-season proved invaluable in our tour of Rome — no queues, no crowds of visitors to clutter the Colosseum or the Forum, while we had outlying places like the Tivoli Gardens completely to ourselves. We had a magnificent tour of the Vatican City with only two others.

## Sparkling days

On to beautiful Florence, with its quiet dignity and its wealth of art treasures, and so many visual splendours.

The children possibly enjoyed Switzerland most, with its scenic beauty, yet simplicity, after the bustle and grandeur of the large Italian cities.

There were invigorating sunny, sparkling days of exploring around Lugano, with picnic lunches quite alone high up on deserted Monte Bre or Salvatore, the whole sweeping vista of lake and green farming country around us. We did trips on the lake, walked to sleepy villages, and watched elderly women dragging and stacking in wood for the winter, and ate our lunch in tiny lanes listening to cow-bells.

We stayed here in a hotel run by a

German temperance order. How incongruous it appeared to us, after weeks of thoroughly lapping up Italian wines, to be confronted with notices in our rooms warning of the evil of drink! However, the meals were superb, the huge bedrooms spotless.

After staying at Basel we went on to Paris, to a Left Bank pension, run efficiently but officiously by Madame, who treated all non-French as complete fools and ran her establishment like a school.

Notices teemed — not to hang washing in bedrooms or dry it on the central heating radiators (we always did!), not to be noisy or to waste power, and extra rolls for breakfast would be charged for! But we stuck it out because Madame's rates were reasonable for high-priced Paris.

It snowed for the week, but in no way did this mar our sightseeing — we were warmly clad and shod. Notre Dame cathedral amidst softly falling snow was one of the most beautiful sights I can remember, and walking alone in the frozen, deserted gardens of the Palace of Versailles was quite remarkable.

The days of park lunches were over, and we had to eat our leftover rolls on our laps in a coffee bar, the price of a cup of coffee having secured for us a seat in the warm interior. Despite the weather and the bare trees, Paris was still exciting to us, and we certainly appreciated the heated museums, galleries, and even the Metro.

## English peace

We then had three weeks, including Christmas, in England. As we have so much British history in Australian schools, we found that seeing the Tower or Buckingham Palace was pretty tame stuff after the magnificence we had been used to in Europe. Still, there is nothing quite so peaceful as the English countryside, even in winter, and there is remarkable spirit in the way the old traditions are preserved.

On the 22-hour train trip from London to Genoa for the homeward voyage, we sat up all night to save £8 per head for a sleeper.

Actually, I doubt if we would have had any opportunity to sleep, judging by the number of uniformed persons hopping in and out of our compartment all night, demanding passports, rail tickets, and goods to be declared. The Customs gentleman appeared at 4.45 a.m., shining a torch into our bemused faces, but at the word "Australian" he went away full of smiles. Apparently our countrymen are not renowned for smuggling.

Was our overseas holiday worth it all? On the debit side we have the considerable expenditure, as we honestly cannot say that we did it on a shoestring. We didn't camp, hitchhike, or stay at Youth Hostels, but we did try to travel as cheaply as is possible with two children.

We were not able to buy much, apart from books and souvenirs, but we went to see, not to buy.

On the credit side we have had four months of tremendous adventure, doing everything together and gathering pocketfuls of memories.

A considerable amount will, no doubt, be forgotten, but time, I hope, will never erase memories like the thunderous clang of the bell chiming midday a few feet away from us on top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, or our first sight of Michelangelo's "David" — 15ft. high in one solid piece of gleaming marble.

Other vivid recollections were the children's wonder as we emerged from the dark Saint Gotthard tunnel in Switzerland to a dazzling snow-drenched countryside, after leaving sunny Lugano several hours earlier; the angelic music of a choral service in Notre Dame in Paris; and the sound of massed choirs singing Christmas carols in Trafalgar Square on a cold December night.

It was all rather remote from formal education for children, but worth far more. So don't leave them at home and go alone — they are so much quicker than you at converting foreign currency, and you'll find children a great help in establishing a link with strangers of any nationality.

(Advertisement)



## Easy Ways to a Prettier Complexion

EVERY attractive young woman knows that whatever the hour of the day or night it is the beauty of her skin that counts far more than the make-up itself.

She has learned to take care of the basic essentials, faithfully cleansing, toning and nourishing her skin so that her make-up fulfils its purpose of enhancing the natural youthful loveliness of her complexion.

The skin can now be beautified with a success that has never before been possible, because modern science has realised the secret dream of every woman, and has afforded women everywhere the rare privilege of cherishing a flawless, beautiful complexion for a life-time.

### New Beauty Created

#### With a Moist Oil

The discovery of a tropical moist oil with remarkable skin beautifying benefits, now makes it possible to simulate nature's way of supplying beautifying elements to the complexion.

This moist oil of Ulan is isotonicity pressurised so that rich beauty elements are quickly and easily absorbed. As the replenishing oil and moisture reaches the sub-surface cells, the well-nourished skin begins to bloom with new vitality, recaptures its youthful beauty and elasticity and withstands seasonal changes of weather and time.

The youthful freshness of your complexion depends to a large extent on the plentiful supply of moisture to the plasma colloids, the

skin's water carriers which, when dry, cause river beds of eroded cells to show on the face in the form of wrinkles. The beauty fluid stimulates and replenishes the plasma colloids from within and has a hygroscopic ability to attract and draw in moisture from the air, rounding out the skin fluid cells to form a wonderfully dewy bloom on the complexion.

The tropical moist oil of Ulan can be smoothed over the face and neck each day and used as a beautifying base beneath make-up. The skin is nourished and protected all day and the perfect oil and moisture balance of the basal cells is constantly maintained. This is the easiest and quickest method for nourishing and protecting the skin and cosmetics will blend beautifully and stay matt all day long.

### Beauty Creaming At Bedtime

At night before retiring, carry the beautification and nourishment a step further by pampering the face and neck with an ultra-rich cream that contains all of the precious moist Ulan oils, as well as rich vitalizing oils, to hasten the smoothing away of tired lines, thus correcting any tendency to dryness and to fade away shadows.

Tying the hair back firmly, apply the Ulan vitalizing night cream evenly from neck to forehead. Then work the cream in gently with upward and outward movements of the fingertips. The vital blend

of rich unguents and moist oils contained in the Ulan vitalizing cream strengthens skin cells, protects against wrinkles and imparting to the skin a wonderfully soft and velvety texture.

### Freshening Up With Lemons

By patting the face and neck briskly with a pad of cottonwool moistened in Delph lemon freshener, the complexion is stimulated to ensure that the pores are toned and refined to a new clarity. This is particularly important after cleansing the skin as the lemon Delph freshener goes hand-in-hand with the lemon cleanser to give the complexion that delightfully youthful bloom.

Your daily faithful attention to skin care detail ensures that your complexion will be constantly flawless with a natural youthful charm.

### Simple Beauty Hints

To take full advantage of the benefits of this moist Ulan oil to check lines and give the skin a youthful bloom, it should be smoothed over the face and neck daily before making-up and again at night before retiring.

After cleaning the pores are slightly relaxed. By patting the face and neck briskly with a pad of cottonwool moistened in lemon Delph freshener, the complexion is stimulated to ensure the pores are toned and refined to a smooth soft texture.





## Make The Rounds Relieved of Periodic Pain

It's a busy, whirling life you lead as a modern woman. Here. There. Back here again. At home, on the job or out having fun, you certainly get around. No time to slow down... and you don't have to. Not even because of functional pain or distress. How? With MIDOL!

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Your hair becomes as soft as a whisper, swinging free, yet more manageable so that it responds to your every whim and is glowing with natural beauty and highlights, when shampooed with modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

## MEET A POOCH WITH A PURR-PUSS IN LIFE...



BENJAMIN being "patronising" to one of "his" cats...

# It's the reigning dog of cats

- Benjamin Barclay James, of Melbourne, is a handsome fellow; friendly, lovable, easy to please.

## SHOPPING— BY COMPUTER

■ A store guide tells which floors various departments are on, but it cannot direct a customer straight to the appropriate counter once she has reached there.

But Harrods, in Knightsbridge, London, have come up with the perfect solution—a computer store guide.

An Australian girl—Anne Marshall, of Clayfield, Queensland—on a working holiday in London wrote to tell us all about it.

Anne explained that a board lists the various departments, and then numbers them. All the customer has to do is select the number of the department she wants and then press the corresponding button on the computer.

After a minute of whirling sounds, the machine produces a small printed ticket with specific directions from that spot.

Shoppers, looking neither left nor right, clutch the ticket like a map until they reach their destination.

The world-famous store

## HALT! SIOUX GOES THERE?

★ A friend of ours visited a Sydney Army camp recently, and took along his young daughter.

The girl was fascinated by the soldiers mounting guard.

"What are they doing?" she asked.

"Guarding," said Dad.

"Against what?"

"Oh, um, anyone who attacked the camp."

Girl (after a think):

"Indians?"

of Fortnum and Mason, too, has come up with a novel promotion, wrote Anne.

She said that each morning a brougham pulls up outside the doors in Piccadilly, and out step actors representing Mr. William Fortnum and Mr. Hugh Mason, the founders.

Dressed in authentic early 18th-century costume, the characters stroll through the departments telling the history of the store to customers and offering help in finding their way around.

## COMPACT

## Cost of high living

NEW YORK papers say that Robert F. Kennedy's entire taxable estate of \$250,000 in the State of New York just about represents the value of his Manhattan apartment.

A price of \$250,000 seems way out even for a six-room company title flat on the fourteenth floor of a deluxe building. But it's not, if considered in context.

The going Manhattan rate for a furnished bed-sitter (with bath and kitchen) in a fashionable area is round \$5000 a year. Exclusive areas come higher.

A three-bedroom unfurnished apartment fetches round \$9000 a year. That's a five percent return on \$180,000. So a six-roomer valued at about \$250,000 is about par for the exclusive course.

HIS tastes are simple. For breakfast he likes cereal (milk, no sugar) and toast, about four rounds. For his main meal he enjoys meat and vegetables.

He has now been given the high honor of being appointed patron of the Blue Pointed Siamese Cat Club of Victoria and Australia. The previous patron was the late English actress Vivien Leigh.

Becoming patron has few obligations. All that is involved is that he opens one of the club's championship cat shows each year and

allows his name to be used in club publications.

But when a celebration was arranged recently to introduce him, cat-members of the club were not entirely happy about entering into the spirit of the party.

He is a bit of an outsider in the feline club, you know.

For, of course, Benjamin Barclay James is a dog. A pedigree English sheepdog, about 22in. high, or 5ft. 10in. "tall" when he stands upright against the shoulders of his owner, Peter James, breakfast-session host on radio station 3AW. Benjamin appears on the show each day.

Peter acquired him as a family pet when he was a couple of weeks old — "a black-and-white ball." Now, more than a year later, Benjamin is still growing.

His hair is long and he wears it hanging over his eyes. The reason? It's traditional, really.

Basically he is a sheep dog, and hair protects eyes from dust. So he follows the fashion — although city born and bred.

## • Hits trees

It does, however, present problems. Sometimes it is difficult for him to see where he is going, particularly at night.

"When out walking with him I occasionally hear a dull clunk," said Peter. "He's walked into a tree."

Benjamin loves being with animals. Lambs intrigue him, said Peter, although at the first sight of one he took fright.

This interest in animals could perhaps have led to the problems of his inauguration party.

When the siamese cats were brought out of their baskets to meet their new patron, he was only too

eager to greet them — with paw outstretched.

Benjamin looked rather large from a cat's point of view, and each in turn backed away.

"He's not really vicious," said Peter, adding that his one bad habit is to occasionally pull the washing off the line at home.

"But he knows he has done wrong. And he immediately lies down and lifts his 'arms' in surrender."

## • "Air-dale"

Peter first took Benjamin to the studio when he was quite young. "He barked at the wrong places while we were on air — through commercials, records, and the reading of the news."

"I thought he would be barred — instead it caused a lot of interest among listeners."

They enjoyed a dog "assisting" Peter — and it's a job he has kept. In fact, he has been called Australia's first canine disc jockey!

A competition was held among listeners to choose a name for him. "We selected two," said Peter, "Benjamin and Barclay — suitable names, we thought, for an old English sheep dog."

His popularity grew. A "Ben's Buddies Club" was formed for young listeners who had pets, any kind — snakes, ducks, mice, ponies, and lizards, as well as dogs and cats.

There are 3000 "buddies," and Benjamin attends picnics held for members and their pets.

IT'S a big job: The Arctic region will be cordoned off for a year and roamed by scientists from Norway, Denmark, Russia, Canada, America, and Holland.

All for a census — of polar bears!



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Golden Books promise you  
if you have the time  
to give your children  
all the knowledge they need  
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As parents, let's ask ourselves a very honest question — Are we really properly equipped ... more important, do we have the time ... to give our pre-school toddlers the help they need to overcome the many seemingly momentous problems which revolve in the big, big world around them? This is the most important knowledge children ever absorb ... which shapes their lives and personalities irrevocably. And we haven't the time to give it to them!

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# AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

- **Patience, they say, is a virtue. Ever thought how much more virtuous we must be than our forebears?**

**T**HAT terrific speed of city life, that cracking modern pace we've heard about so often that we take it for granted, is turning us into the most patient generation the world has seen.

We've learnt to wait for everything, quietly, philosophically, even fairly patiently. We wait for tradesmen, we wait for telephones to be installed, we wait weeks to get appointments with our doctors and dentists, we wait for hospital beds and theatre tickets, we wait in traffic jams and in washroom queues, at post office counters, in restaurants, for holiday bookings, school enrolments, taxation refunds. In the modern world everything, come to think of it, seems to be in short supply — except human patience.

Can you imagine your great-great-grandfather queuing all night for anything less than a particularly hair-raising execution? Or his wife patiently waiting three weeks for a man to come and look at the scullery drains?

Her doctor came at once when he was sent for, shopkeepers waited patiently for her to make up her mind, even the train would wait a few minutes for her at the local station if the stationmaster knew she intended to catch it.

I'm not saying it was a better world. I don't think it was, but it was a world in which you didn't develop calluses on your thumbs from twiddling them while you

waited for things to come or happen or get done.

Take air travel. One of the racier aspects of this fast modern life of ours, allowing people to get anywhere in practically no time flat; also one of the biggest influences in turning modern man into the patient character he is. Never, in the course of history, have so many people waited so long and so uncomplainingly as they do in international airports.

Airports are vile places to wait in, soulless and intimidating, and in no way to be compared with the cheerful discomforts of a draughty railway waiting-room.

People who have to wait an hour for a train grumble and fuss about the delay, making loud pronouncements about inefficiency, and filling in their time quite pleasantly.

People who have to wait three or seven or nine hours in an airport for a plane to turn up, a fog to lift, endure the whole interminable wait stoically and in silence.

## **Brooding quietly in an airport lounge at 4 a.m.**

**I** WONDER why? Is it because we are still a bit overawed by the heavier-than-air machine?

Is it because basically we feel that if God had intended us to fly, He would have

equipped us with altimeters, radar, and a digestive system adapted to the consumption of kerosene?

Everyone is willing to tell the commissioner how the railways ought to be run, and taxi-drivers which way they should have gone to avoid the rush-hour jams, but we're not quite so game when our own skins might suffer, and so we sit brooding, quietly, boring ourselves and everyone else to death.

The only thing I've ever got out of waiting in an airport is a new sort of patience — the sort you spell with a capital P, or call *solitaire*, if you prefer it.

It was 4 a.m., and I was sharing a corner of the airport lounge with two sleeping businessmen, a transistorised student, a crying child, a tired mother, and a middle-aged woman equipped with a pack of patience cards.

I watched at intervals over the top of my magazine, without being able to work out what she was up to. Often she would deal out a game, make a move or two, sit in rapt contemplation of the cards for ten minutes or more without doing anything, and then sweep the whole lot up and start again.

After a while I couldn't bear it any longer, and asked her what the game was.

"I don't know what it's called," she said. "I learnt it from an American passenger waiting at Djakarta airport, and he had learnt it from a Frenchman waiting at Lisbon. It's a good game because there's no chance in it apart from the initial deal."

"It's a matter of skill whether you get it out or not. One wrong step and you've had it; you can't put a wrong move right."

## **This is how you play the new patience game**

**Y**OU deal out eight cards face up on the table, then deal the rest out from left to right face-up on these columns, overlapping them so that every card in the pack is visible.

The first four columns will have seven cards each, the last four have six. The object is to get the aces out, put them above the columns, and build on them two, three, four, etc., up to the king in the same suit.

Only one card from the bottom of a column may be moved at a time, and a card moved from one column to another can only be placed on the next highest card of its own suit.

Down below your columns you have four "temporary" spots where you may place single cards until ready to use them.

You can take cards (one at a time, and never more than a total of four) from the columns to the temporary spots, but you can't build on them there, and you can only put them back on the columns if they go on the next highest card of their own suit. If you empty one of your columns, any exposed card can be used to restart it.

If you like patience, you'll probably abandon all other forms in favor of this one. I got so fascinated with it for a while that I'd deal a hand and stand staring at it while I waited for the jug to boil.

After a time you become quick at recognising which the impossible deals are, and which can be solved if you think a lot and move very cautiously.

## **exciting new route to Europe via South America at no extra cost**

**Punta Arenas Strait of Magellan BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO  
Teneriffe Lisbon Southampton**



**m/v Achille Lauro leaves Sydney 28th September, 1968**

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**Be in RIO at the height of the world famous Carnival  
Return to Australia via South Africa for your "Around the World Voyage" with**

**FLOTTA**

**LAURO**





## Manners still have a place at the table

GOOD table manners, "Eat everything together," are never old-fashioned. Most parents want their children to become graceful, instead of awkward and slovenly. Is anything uglier than otherwise presentable children sprawling in an unbecoming attitude at the dinner table? Wildly waving forks, protruding elbows, heads lowered over plates, used knives dipped in the butter, all tell a story of careless, uninterested parents.

\$2 to Mrs. Edna Ferris, Wilmot, Tas.

ALTHOUGH, as was said, we live in the 20th century, which is more relaxed and informal than the previous one, I do not think that excuses parents from training their children in good behaviour at the table. Good manners, like learning, are no load to carry. As children we were at times reprimanded for lapses at the table, and this was often followed by the joking remark "You might be invited to dine at Government House."

\$2 to "May B" (name supplied), Drouin, Vic.

PROBABLY table manners were evolved to make people less objectionable at meals. Who has not been unnerved by a fellow-diner gesticulating with his knife, sucking up his soup with a sloshing noise, and digging his elbows into his neighbor's ribs as he stabbed his potato? The Australian bush Aborigines have the table manners advocated by "Eat everything together." But with them it is strictly traditional etiquette to sit with the back turned to others while eating.

\$2 to "Old Drover" (name supplied), Albany, W.A.

THERE is a very sound, sensible reason why parents should teach correct table etiquette. When children are old enough to visit other homes for a meal, they would be embarrassed to find their table manners not up to scratch.

\$2 to Mrs. Diana Dewey, East Maitland, N.S.W.

THOUGH a few old-fashioned frills regarding table manners are unnecessary today, generally speaking, good manners are only good sense, designed for the ease of the user while considering the feelings of the onlooker. At a rather swish dinner in a hotel dining-room, I saw a woman's evening ruined because she did not know the cutlery to use.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Warren, Caloundra, Qld.

MAY I give my mother's oft-quoted words, "Manners oil the wheels of society." Table manners were designed as a practical way of eating nicely. Anyone not minding them is at once noticeable in a quite undesirable way.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Croft, Glen Waverley, Vic.



## LETTER BOX

### When a wife works

WHEN a married woman works, if jobs are at all hard to get, she's the target for all kinds of criticism. I'm sure that the wives working for wall-to-wall carpet and a second car are thoroughly outnumbered by the ones who work to provide such "luxuries" as adequate food, clothing, and dental care, or to send a child to university. These are at least as deserving as the single girl. Why should even the woman who has no financial problems be censured more than the single daughter of wealthy parents? In country areas there is real resentment of a married woman who occupies a position a single girl could fill. But the latter is free to head for the city in search of employment. The married woman is not.

\$2 to Mrs. Marie Nunn, Nubeena, Tas.

### Constant readers: a forgotten race

THOSE scientists who have perfected the remote control of slide projectors, television sets, and space vehicles cannot be addicted to reading in bed on a winter's night. Compared to the former, a bookholder with its own reading-light and page-turner, remotely controlled from under the blankets, would be child's play to invent. And wonderful for long-term hospital patients, as well as for winter's night readers.

\$2 to Mrs. H. D. Churton, Mt. Beauty, Vic.

### Luck in a name

THE recent letter on a lottery ticket named "Antiphlogistine" has an amusing sequel. A week after reading it I bought a ticket and was going to call it "Antiphlogistine," too. When told this, the ticket-seller looked up and said, "After this week, I can just about spell it." She'd had quite a few customers who had also read Letter Box and thought it might prove a lucky name for them, also.

\$2 to Mrs. V. G. Phillips, Hermit Park, Qld.

### Bread loses its savor

MY children wonder why I don't eat bread. Well, after buttering 264 slices a week for my husband's and six children's lunches, is it any wonder?

\$2 to "Nugget" (name supplied), Nelson Bay, N.S.W.

### Dangers of driving

WHILE at a police station I heard a migrant reporting an accident. In very broken English he said, "I don't know what happened! I was driving along and all of a sudden a stationary car hit me." I got the impression that this wasn't exactly what he meant.

\$2 to A. P. Reardon, Lockleys, S.A.

**Ross Campbell**  
writes...

### TRUSTED FRIENDS

"RELIABLE English hot-water bottles" were advertised by one of the big stores.

I found the ad disturbing to read. It reminded me that some hot-water bottles were not reliable.

A few years ago I was in bed with an unreliable hot-water bottle. I woke up at three o'clock in the morning when the sheets were soaked in cold water.

The one I had was the slow-leaking kind. They are the most dangerous, because they are sneaky. You don't discover their unreliability until you have been in bed for some time.

If a hot-water bottle has got to go, it is better for it to go quickly.

That happened to a lady I know. She has the habit of kicking her hot-water bottle out of bed in the night when it gets cold.

Her young daughter came into the room in the morning when the bottle was lying on the floor. She



took a jump and landed on top of it.

The hot-water bottle was past its prime, and this was more than it could stand. With a squish it burst.

Certainly hot-water bottles are among those things in which reliability is important. Savings banks and parachutes are other examples.

But even the most reliable hot-water bottle deteriorates with age and neglect.

I knew a couple who were camp-

ing out in cold weather and ran out of water. They filled their hot-water bottle with tomato soup. It worked, but I don't think it was the right way to treat a hot-water bottle.

The dropping or kicking of cold bottles out of beds adds to the wear and tear.

Some people, of course, pamper their hot-water bottles. They knit covers for them like teacosies. In summer, when the bottles are not used, they blow them up so the sides won't stick together and rot.

But I am afraid these careful souls are exceptional.

It is good to know, from that ad, that the English are doing their best to make hot-water bottles reliable. They are needed in England. Some people there, known as "cold mortals," go to bed with two hot-water bottles.

Also the bottles have to be good today because they are meeting hot competition from electric blankets.

These articles, too, need reliability.

If you have an unreliable hot-water bottle, you only get wet. But if you have an unreliable electric blanket, you may be made to look like a waffle.



## But they won't swing cats

A Sydney firm plans to build blocks of flats for "young swingers." Only single people aged 20 to 30 will be allowed to live in the flats. "Swinger apartments" have proved popular in America, say the developers.

When swingers age, as even swingers must, What happens then? "They say she's thirty-one." "Her boyfriend? Well, we took his age on trust, "But now he's balding, lacks a sense of fun." Marriage, of course, will help to clear the decks. Statistics go to prove it, which is fine, But what of the exceptions, bound to vex, Who cease to swing, forever twenty-nine?

— Dorothy Drain

### Advice on family reunions

WE are four sisters and two brothers, all married, each with three or four children. Because we hardly ever see each other, we thought we'd try an annual family reunion. Are such days a success? Should they be held at someone's home or at a picnic ground? I would be glad to hear some "do's" and "don'ts" from the experience of others.

\$2 to B.C. (name supplied), Rubicon, Vic.

### Back to austerity?

IN gardens, as in everything else, there are fashion trends. Some years ago, new home-owners apparently felt obliged to plant a palm in each tiny patch on either side of the front path. Nowadays, every house in a new housing estate sports its heap of rocks and prickly clump of cabbage tree, papyrus, and flax. I wonder what aspects of the mood of our times this reflects?

\$2 to "Wondering" (name supplied), Girraween, N.S.W.

## New Powerful Insecticide is Guaranteed Safe

There is now available in Australia an insecticide totally effective against all insect pests, that is guaranteed safe as it does not contain any poisonous active ingredient to harm the lungs and delicate tissue. This means that it can be sprayed with complete safety near food or where food is stored and near children and pets.

Survival of insect pests is not possible, because the powerful fume-action of the Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide penetrates deep into remote corners and crevices killing all insect pests on contact, an action described by one observer "as if by an electric shock."

No insect is immune to its deadly action.

Supplies of the new Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide are now available at chemists and leading stores.



RESTFUL SLEEP... RELIEF OF TENSION



## Split ends? Never.

Your hairdresser will tell you there's no need to put up with split ends, dull, lifeless hair and all! Simply brush with Vitapointe for healthy, shining-soft, controllable hair. (He'll also tell you there's up to six months' use from one tube of Vitapointe.) Only 95c from your chemist or hairdresser.

**Vitapointe**  
HAIR CONDITIONER



## Quick relief from HEMORRHOIDS

Pile Sufferers! Dr. Leonhardt's **Vaculoid** gives relief to any form of hemorrhoid (pile) misery. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. **Vaculoid** is a harmless tablet that effectively treats hemorrhoids (piles) at the source of the complaint. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely. Chemists everywhere recommend and sell **Vaculoid**.

## VACULOID

## SLIMMING NEWS

Research Chemists overseas have discovered that as much as 10 lbs. weight can be lost in 17 days with a new substance called **StataVar**. It makes dieting easy. **StataVar** tablets simply control the appetite so there is no need to miss meals or go hungry. **StataVar** is sold by chemists and takes pounds off the figure in a matter of days.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 787. — SHIRT

Button-through semi-fitted shirt is available cut out to make in petunia/green/white/black, sax/tangerine/green/spruce, or pink/red/green/navy printed cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$3.55; 36 and 38in. bust, \$3.75; 40 and 42in. bust, \$3.95. Plus 30 cents postage and dispatch.



### No. 788. — HANDKERCHIEF SET

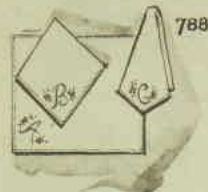
Set of three handkerchiefs is available traced ready to embroider on pure Irish linen. Two strands of embroidery cotton and one reel of crochet cotton supplied. Price is \$1.15 plus 13 cents postage and dispatch.

### No. 789. — GIRL'S DRESS

Girl's dress is available cut out to make in pink, blue, or black-striped with white cotton. Sizes 24 and 26in. length, \$2.95; 28 and 30in. length, \$3.15. Postage and dispatch 13 cents extra.



Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4660, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.



## As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting August 28



### ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.  
★ The Zodiac goes temperamental this week — the luckiest part is at the beginning, 28th-30th, followed by two bad days — 31st, 1st. It's a tense, restless time full of spring fever. Much better stars around the corner.



### TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.  
★ The spring goddess chooses to be in a touchy and petulant mood, smiling from 28th-30th, but temperamental afterward, when you should be cautious and stick to routine. Romance, burgeoning at first, could wilt a little.



### GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.  
★ There could be delay and drag at the beginning of the week, and upset and tension in the middle and end — but there is more than compensation next week. The 30th is the luckiest day. Care at weekend.



### CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.  
★ Spring makes a noticeable appearance. The 1st-2nd is full of upset. However, 30th is fine for the job, for short trips, and clear thinking. Rate the rest of the week as upsetting and act next week.



### LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.  
★ You're still on a merry-go-round and money matters play a big role, but this week is upsetting. You'll have to curb the urge to live it up. The 28th and 30th are the best days, finance-wise. Postpone important financial matters until next week.



### VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, blue, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.  
★ Next week is your week, but if you have personal business that can't be shelved try to act 28th and 30th. There's a lot of tension and upheaval around, especially at the weekend. There could be a surprise packet in the letter-box, 30th.



### LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.  
★ You'll need all that sense of balance to cope — what with spring fever soaring at a high temperature and a bunch of maverick influences. The 28th and 30th are the pick of the bag. Otherwise a rumbunctious time. Next week, fine.



### SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.  
★ The week begins peacefully enough — perhaps a little delaying — but comes spring and the weekend really swings. Avoid trouble in the home, real-estate deals, and contracts. The 30th is the best day and next week is super.



### SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.  
★ If you feel the urge to launch a project, 30th is the best time. But outer space is turbulent, so stay on the pad until next week, when the sky is the limit, and jet off with all systems go-go. Weekend is upsetting.



### CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.  
★ Caution will pay off this week — spring is not ushered in, but comes in with a rush. The 28th-30th is a good period, perhaps delaying, while the rest of the week is erratic. At the weekend be careful if near water.



### AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, yellow, red. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.  
★ The advent of spring could bring upset — you could have a sudden parting with someone close, perhaps a hope is blighted as well. However, next week is fine, and 28th and 30th of this offer opportunities.



### PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, tan, orange. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.  
★ Although the stars have been co-operating to help fulfil ambition and escalate career, a spring cluster of them could bring a few jolts, especially at the weekend. However, 28th and 30th are good — and next week is much better.

**Tek** **BRISTLES ANTI-GERM TREATED** **Tek**

**only Tek\* ANTI-GERM toothbrushes have germ fighting action**

AG concentrate incorporated in bristles... active anti-germ action for life of brush.

**Johnson & Johnson**



## Household hints from readers

● These useful hints, sent in by readers, will help you save time and money in cookery, and housework. Each hint wins \$2.

**S**AVE time and labor when hanging wallpaper by using a clean plastic foam paint-roller to smooth out any air pockets that form. Just roll out the air pockets after hanging each strip — Jennifer Smith, 10 Leopold Rd., Claremont, W.A. 6010.

If you run out of disposable bags for your upright vacuum-cleaner, a good emergency substitute is the large paper bags supplied at supermarkets for carrying groceries. If fitted carefully, not a speck of dirt escapes. — Mrs. N. Lombe, 781 Warringah Rd., Forestville, N.S.W. 2087.

Don't throw away those old cement laundry tubs; plant your mint and parsley in them and you will always have a plentiful supply without taking up garden space. — Mrs. B. Reeves, 40 Belmont Rd., Ivanhoe, Vic. 3079.

Keep a small cork or a square of polystyrene for cleaning the blades of non-stainless kitchen knives. Wet the cork, dip in scouring powder and rub over the blade. It is easier than using a dishcloth and safer for the fingers. — Mrs. A. Johnson, 42 Gill St., Mosman, W.A. 6012.

Here is a quick and easy way to make a laundry bag: Place a coathanger in the inside flap of a pillowslip, push hook through and bind hole neatly. You can also use this idea at Christmastime to make bags for children's presents. — Miss C. Hanson, 150 Sale St., Orange, N.S.W. 2800.

Metal loops of suspenders make good hangers for kitchen cloths — just sew to corner of cloth. — Mrs. B. M. Nicholson, 14 Stuart St., Gympie, Qld. 4570.

Do not cut the top edge of pastry when making flans. Instead, put the pastry into flan case or tin and roll over the top firmly with rolling pin; the surplus drops away. — Miss M. J. Lawler, 22 Whelan Cres., West Hobart, Tas. 7000.

Freeze leftover eggs or egg-yolks by stirring each whole egg or egg-yolk with a pinch of salt or one-third teaspoon of sugar (depending on future use of egg). Then freeze in a small plastic cup or in ice-block tray, take out when frozen and store in plastic bag in the freezer. — Mrs. F. Hepworth, 502 Lane St., Broken Hill, N.S.W. 2880.

When making rag dolls, I use the inside cylinders from lunch-wraps, stuffed to make them firm, as a basis for the body and head. — Mrs. I. Long, 4 Coal St., Redbank, Qld. 4301.

To make potato salad easily, cut the raw potatoes into dice, place in deep-fry basket and cook gently in water until soft; drain and leave to cool. — Mrs. Robinson, 17 Esk St., Townsville, Qld. 4810.

When young children are present at meals, I place gaily patterned pieces of plastic cut larger than the usual tablemats, over the tablecloth for each child. The children love the gay patterns, and the mats are quickly wiped clean after use, leaving the tablecloth unsoiled. — A. Jones, 8 Railway Ave., Horsham, Vic. 3400.

If your family are not milk drinkers, substitute one cup of milk for one cup of water when making the porridge. A much more nourishing breakfast results. — P. Fennell, 39 French's Forest Rd., Seaford, N.S.W. 2092.

Black marks on kitchen linoleum caused by rubber soles and heels can be removed by rubbing gently with any cleaning fluid or turpentine. If neither of these is

available, rub with floor polish; it's more effective than trying to scrub the marks off. — Miss O. Cahill, 7 Boyle St., Prospect, S.A. 5082.

To keep your sewing cottons tidy: Take an egg carton, put your reels of cotton inside, make a small hole in each of the 12 covers, pull cotton through. — Mrs. Adele Infeld, 4 Karen Court, East Doncaster, Vic. 3109.

### OUR TRANSFER

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Here come the liveliest, most appealing Hush Puppies yet. Cooled-off with intricate interlacing — breezily punched and cut-out. Coloured in the softest of new pastels and bright dashing shades. Soft crushed kid... smooth glove leather... breathin' brushed pigskin from \$7.99.

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## Keeps food safe in a month of continuous above-century heat!

During the summer months, room temperatures can be anywhere between 43°F and 73°F above the ideal temperature for storing perishable foods. This alone is hard work for a refrigerator, but summer's also the time when children make most demands on the fridge for cold drinks, ice blocks and the like. That's why Frigidaire is tested in a heat chamber producing above century conditions . . . not just for a day or two, but for more than a month continuously!

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## CAREERS FOR CHILDREN:

Unfortunately, too many parents want careers for their children that will enhance their OWN status rather than one which will fit each child's interests and ability.

## Is your child's CAREER . . .

**T**HERE are many ways parents can try to "arrange" the careers of their offspring. One fond father always addressed his six-year-old son as "the doctor," and his eight-year-old son as "the scientist."

He reasoned that they would identify themselves with these professions, and so enter them when the time came. Admittedly, he had the interests of the children at heart, but he overlooked the fact that you can't — or shouldn't — choose your child's career by simply sticking a label on him.

The observant parent may discover early indications of his child's interests and abilities which can be cultivated. This cannot start too soon. Even in the earliest years, the way he entertains himself may give a lead.

Parents should beware of forcing their offspring to take on further educational studies, especially university studies, just because someone else's boy or girl did so. University is not for everyone.

Even some who have attended lectures for a while have eventually found they have wasted their time, the goal they set having been unrealistic and completely beyond them.

### "How will I tell Dad I've changed my mind?"

Naturally, it's nice, and raises one's status in the eyes of one's friends and neighbors, to have a boy or girl attending university. But it's our children's careers we should be thinking of, not what Mr. and Mrs. Next Door will think of us.

One young man who had shown interest and ability in photography was studying to be a doctor. He became worried that he wasn't making, and wouldn't make, the grade, and appealed to a vocational-guidance counsellor.

The counsellor learned of his interest in photography and arranged tests and interviews for him.

On being told he should make photography his career, the boy's reaction was: "How will I tell Dad? How am I going to tell him I've changed my mind?"

The counsellor suggested a three-way conference, and convinced the father that photography and not medicine was the career for his son. Now that boy has a good job with a well-known magazine as a photographer.

It's not always as easy as that, of course, but there are many agencies to assist a young person and his parents to choose a career that will bring rewards of status and of money.

Making the right choice in a career is perhaps the most important thing in life. Our job affects our lives, how we live, our friends and associates, the clothes we wear, our amusements and recreation, our chil-

dren's education, and even our health. That is what we should keep in mind when thinking of education and careers for children.

An eminent psychiatrist once said, *It's tragic to think that a third of a person's life is spent at his work, mostly in boredom and apathy, if not in downright misery!* He also said: *A person should have the kind of vocation he would not mind doing on his vacation!*

The most important factor in choosing a vocation is self-knowledge. While advocating this, career specialists also admit that this is a most difficult thing to learn.

The true picture of our characters is colored by the attitudes of others, and by illusions we create about ourselves. Each person is different, with individual needs and means of expression. All these influence career choice.

But the wise parent, using a little observation and imagination, can see certain capacities in his children early in life. If he applies the following questions to these, he will find the answers good guide-posts to interests, and to eventual achievement.

He should ask himself:

- What do my children remember easily?
- In what areas do they give up easily, and in which are they persistent?
- About what subject are they eager to find answers?
- What kind of imagination do they have?
- Do they have original ideas — and what are these ideas usually about?
- Are they noticeably outstanding in any particular field?
- Are they precise and orderly in some things and disorganised in others — and do you recognise which is which?
- What is their scale of values?

These questions are hard to evaluate and answer, but there ARE answers, and they are important. When interests and the urge to achieve are coupled with a distinct talent, then the road to the right career becomes clear.

### Jobs involve people, ideas, numbers, things

Jobs can be broken down into basic divisions involving people, ideas, numbers, and things, but these operate in fields of activity involving design, development, research, finance, organisation, production, buying, selling, or education.

Add physical, mental, and emotional make-up to the calculations, too. The personal make-up of, say, a cricketer, or any



## Are parents a help or a hindrance?

By BARRY PAGE

Mr. Page is an Editorial Assistant to the Queensland Health Education Council, and his work is concerned with the welfare of young people.

# ... just a STATUS SYMBOL to you?

other sportsman, is quite different from that of a scientist.

Childhood and the late school years are the times for parents to learn how their children "tick," and to use this knowledge to help them vocationally.

Those are also the times for the youngster to learn about himself. When a child makes a cake or a kite, takes apart a clock, repairs a bicycle, sells newspapers, nurses a sick cat, or dresses a doll, he or she learns about himself or herself.

### Part-time jobs let them compare capabilities

Boy Scout and Girl Guide memberships give career insights. Later on, part-time jobs give the young person further understanding of how his capabilities compare with the capabilities of others.

Finally, when the young person has prepared for the job he wants, he must be able to land it. One large corporation selects its employees by noting:

1. That the applicant has worked hard at his studies and has done well

enough to be near the top of his class.

2. That he or she has taken, or is taking, enough courses, but has enough outside activities to be well informed and intelligently interested in a wide range of things.
3. That the prospect has informed himself about jobs at this particular company, and at other companies that hire people of his qualifications.
4. That he arranges for interviews and convinces representatives of the company that he is the right person for the job.
5. That he likes what the company has to offer.

From then on, the sky's the limit!

However, a word of warning to the young. It's all right to hitch your wagon to a star, but don't necessarily choose the one that's farthest away!

### READER'S STORY

A housewife and mother of three who occasionally goes out to work full-time asks:

## How DO those working mothers manage their housework?

WHENEVER I hear of "working mothers" I always marvel at their ability to cope. How do they manage to do two jobs, keeping their houses spotless and even finding time for outside classes at night?

I don't work full-time, but sometimes my husband calls on me to do a couple of weeks' full-time help in his business. Usually I have warning of this and am prepared — mending done, letters written, menus planned, well-stocked cupboards, house shining.

All goes well for the first week, but somehow things are not so good in the second week.

The washing, which has not dried to

order, is piling up in the ironing basket. I tackle it at the expense of the cleaning.

Next evening, vacuuming and dusting are done, but the kitchen floor is really dirty, and should have priority. That quick wipe over of bathroom, toilets, and shower recess suddenly isn't enough. A major job is needed.

Yet I am a fairly well-organised person, and enjoy finding short-cuts in my working routines. I am not desperately house-proud, and perhaps it is because we are an untidy family that makes it hard for me to keep everything in order when I am working outside the house.

How do those other working mothers manage!

**Do YOU work at a full-time job, run a family — AND keep the house spotless? How do you manage it? Write and tell us; we will pay for letters published.**



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Top quality cotton that stays  
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**BOND'S**



## ESPECIALLY FOR SPRING —TWO BAGS TO CROCHET

### Lime bag

(Shown above, right)

Materials: 3 balls Etna French Knit 5-ply; 1 spool Jolly Raffia (3oz.); No. 8 crochet hook; bag frame.

Make 2 pieces.

Note: Use 1 strand of wool with 1 strand of raffia.

Make 50 ch., turn. Work star-st. thus:

1st Row: Y.o.h., insert hook in 3rd ch., y.o.h., pull through, y.o.h., insert hook in 2nd ch. (miss one), y.o.h., pull through, y.o.h. and pull through 5 loops on hook, close this star-st. with 1 ch.; \* y.o.h., insert hook into same st., y.o.h., pull through, y.o.h., miss one ch., insert hook, y.o.h., pull through, y.o.h. and pull through 5 loops, close with 1 ch., \* rep. from \* to \*, ending with 1 tr. in last st., 2 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Y.o.h., insert hook in first closing ch. of last row, y.o.h., pull through, y.o.h., insert hook in next closing ch. of last row, y.o.h., pull through, y.o.h. and pull through 5 loops on hook, close with 1 ch., \* y.o.h., insert hook in base of former star-st.; y.o.h., pull through, y.o.h., insert hook in closing ch. of next star-st., y.o.h., pull through, y.o.h. and pull through 5 loops on hook, close with 1 ch., \* rep. from \* to \*, ending with 1 tr. in turning ch., 2 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row until work measures 9in. Fasten off.

### TO MAKE UP

Sew two pieces tog., leaving 2in. open at top on each side. Work one row of double crochet around side openings and one row of trebles on tops to thread top of frame through. Line if desired.

### Fan-stitch bag

(Shown above, far right)

Materials: 2 balls Etna Italian Knit 5-ply; 3oz. silver Jolly Glitter; No. 7 crochet hook; bag frame; 1yd. lining.

Note: Use one strand of Italian Knit and one strand of Jolly Glitter tog. throughout.

Make 2 pieces.

Make 32 chain, turn.

Foundation Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 2 ch., turn.

1st Patt. Row: 1 tr. in first d.c., \* 1 ch., miss 4 d.c., 6 tr. in next d.c., \* rep. from \* to \* four times, 1 ch., miss 4 d.c., 1 tr. in last d.c., 2 ch., turn.

2nd Patt. Row: 1 tr. in tr. of last row, 3 tr. in ch. of last row, \* 1 ch., 6 tr. in next ch., \* rep. from \* to \*, ending with 1 ch., 3 tr. in last ch., 1 tr. in last tr., 2 ch., turn.

3rd Patt. Row: 1 tr., \* 1 ch., 6 tr. in ch., \* rep. from \* to \* 4 times, ending with 1 ch., 1 tr. in last tr., 2 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd. and 3rd patt. rows until 16 patt. rows have been completed. Work 1 row of tr.

### TO MAKE UP

Sew two pieces tog., leaving 2in. open at top on each side. Line as desired; attach frame, threading top through row of trebles.

Two different yarns are used for each of crocheted bags at right.



# The satisfier:



## Rosella Tomato Snack

Just made for families that suddenly get hungry at any old time of day! Big juicy tomatoes. Savoury grilled bacon. Zesty onion. All together, waiting to be heated. Serve on its own or as part of the meal—with a grill, maybe? Try Rosella Cream Style Sweet Corn, and Rosella Vegetable and Sausage Snack, too—very satisfying.

**Rosella's Hearty Snacks—the satisfiers!**





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And in Paris, they're  
promoting colours right now  
like the Poppy Red Tootal has  
here. You'll find it and lots  
of others in the same store  
where you choose  
this pattern  
(Simplicity 7540)

**TOOTAL**  
girls always come out on top!

## DESIGNED BY TEENAGE SON

**M**AXWELL SMART, then a teenager, evolved the plan for his parents' house at Kincumber, on the N.S.W. central coast, from a design he saw in an American magazine.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Smart, 22-year-old Max, and twin brother, Roderick, can be justly proud of their home in its park-like setting, for all the work from drawing up the plans to building the house and transforming what was almost a jungle into a charming garden they did themselves.

The three men are all builders, and did most of the work on the house at weekends.

Olive-green carpeting is laid throughout, and shades of gold, beige, and orange in wallpapers, curtains, and lamps in most of the rooms give an overall feeling of gold and warmth. But it gets cold in winters on the central coast, so oil-fired central heating has been installed in the house.

Many sensible ideas, such as a shower-room just inside the back door and a dimmer-switch to control

the living-room lights, are included in the plan and fittings.

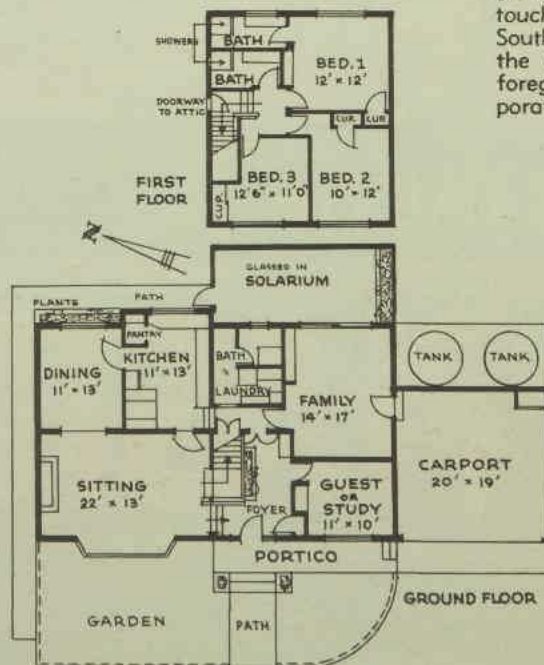
And something that would appeal to most people with families is the separate room for watching television. This room, a restful place of big comfortable armchairs, sofa, and furnishings in deep blue and sea-green, with a gold-patterned wallpaper, opens on to a solarium.

Mrs. Smart, a keen gardener, has a large collection of indoor plants, both in a trough of local stone in the entrance hall

### HOUSE of the WEEK

and in the solarium at the back of the house. The solarium also provides a warm place for ironing on winter days.

A large stone trough full of dark green plants and a deep honey-colored wooden staircase behind it divide the entrance hall from the living-room, which is on a slightly higher level. A bright red lamp standing on a built-in telephone table in one corner of the hall adds a colorful note. Another practical feature here is a built-in coat cupboard just inside the front door.



Slender white pillars add a touch of the American Deep South to the house. Many of the original trees (palms in foreground) have been incorporated in the large grounds.

Story:  
**LORRAINE SMITH**

Pictures:  
**RON BERG**





Coachwood staircase acts as a room-divider between entrance hall and living-room in Mr. and Mrs. G. Smart's Kincumber, N.S.W., home. Living-room fireplace and trough holding plants are made of sandstone. Silver-patterned paper covers walls in both areas.



Gay fruit-patterned wallpaper covers three walls of the kitchen, remaining wall picks up the yellow in the paper. A fan extractor in wall by stove takes care of cooking smells and steam. Door (by dining alcove) leads into living-room.



Built-in cupboards and bathroom door form an unbroken wall in master bedroom. Bathroom light is situated above a false glass ceiling; a steam extractor prevents mirrors fogging up. Wooden panel (with eagle) conceals manhole.



The quiet atmosphere of the library  
denied any suggestions of intrigue

## BOOKMARKS are for READING

By ALEX JANE BENCHLY



### Love tokens

Simple little gestures to show a special man how special he is. Like a touch of your hand. A gentle kiss. Or Tabac Original. Superb toiletries favoured by Europe's most distinguished men. Put your man in this special class. Give him Tabac Original...your tokens of love. Gift packs and singles. Available only from selected pharmacies and department stores.

THERE were two business vacancies in Harper Court, located in an upper middle-class section of the city. The absence of garish neon signs and constant canned music in Harper made it a pleasant place to browse or buy, as the spirit moved one; it appealed to Miss Grayson, the lady who rented one of the vacancies. She opened a book shop.

Nadine was 34, unmarried, and rather plain. Her face was pale but composed and her ash-blond hair, parted in the centre and caught with a silver clip at the back of her long neck, did little to lessen the graceless image. She wore simple clothes, unadorned by jewellery or colorful scarves, either of which would cut the austerity of her appearance.

Linked with the fact that she was also quiet, her prosaic appearance kept her in the ranks of spinsterhood. Perversely, it was also why she became an incurable romantic.

Her shop was a warm place, fashioned like a library with book-filled shelves against three walls, and two polished tables with chairs where customers could sit and rest or read at leisure. It didn't matter much to Nadine if they bought anything; she simply liked being around people and books, and most of all around people who were book-lovers.

There were days when fewer than a dozen people came in and of those perhaps three had made purchases. Nadine wasn't dependent upon the shop's income; if she were, she might easily starve. She lived on a modest inheritance that supplied her needs.

Nadine usually sat huddled over a stool behind the high counter, half hidden from view. From here she observed the customers without being noticed. In this manner she became aware of a pattern that developed on Wednesdays between two elderly people who came in, sometimes minutes apart, sometimes missing one another by an hour.

She watched the silver-haired, comely woman with deep compassion, and the homely man touched her heart in the same way. The woman always hesitated when she came in, as if not sure she would be welcome. She wore clothes that once were chic but now neatly shabby; she would smile at Nadine and wander over to the non-fiction shelves, select a book, glance around apologetically, and then sit at the table on the north side of the room.

After an hour or so, she would put the book back and quietly leave. If the man had come in while she was there, she would glance at him furtively as if he reminded her of a lost love. When he looked her way, she lowered her gentle blue eyes but straightened her shoulders as if slightly



offended. Clearly, they were strangers.

Without asking, Nadine learned about the lady from the jeweller next door while she was outdoors watering her windowbox flowers. He strolled out of his shop and nodded toward the departed customer.

"I see you got Pearl coming in to your store these Wednesdays," he said drily. At Nadine's lifted eyebrows, he added: "Pearl is a widow. Lives up the street with her married daughter. Babysits for her keep. Used to browse in my place but never bought a thing." He paused to tell Nadine where Pearl lived and added other unasked-for bits of information. "Pearl ever buy a greeting card or a book?" he drawled.

"No," Nadine replied quietly. "I don't care, really, whether she ever buys anything or . . ."

"Can't make money that way," he cut in. "Maybe, Miss Grayson, you should rent some of your books. They get worn by the browsers."

Nadine emptied the water-can on a red geranium; she bent to smell the petals, knowing they had no fragrance, but always reminded by that flower of foot-paths on a hot summer day after rain.

The jeweller lifted his head as a bell sounded. "Got a back-door delivery," he said. He paused to note a tall, rather homely-looking man in casual clothing approaching. "Here comes Fred Bush. He's got the right name, ever notice his hair? We used to play checkers until he got the book bug." The jeweller waved to the curly-headed Fred and then returned inside, where his doorbell now clanged loudly.

Nadine hastened into her own shop and turned at the counter just as her customer came in. Too bad, she thought, you missed Pearl by ten minutes. She noticed his tanned hands as he pulled down two books and then plopped into a chair at the south end of the room. She guessed that he worked outdoors.

He read for an hour, his head turning several times toward the north table as if he expected to see a silver-haired lady there. He purchased one book and Nadine wrote out a sales slip in her careful, flowing handwriting.

"I don't suppose," the jeweller said to her later, "that old Bush bought anything?"

"As a matter of fact," Nadine was pleased to announce, "he did. A book on flowers."

"Probably give it to his grandson. Freddie is due back from the Peace Corps one of these days. Nice fella. Kinda shy around the gals and him pushing 40. Guess he'll always be a bachelor just like his grandpa will always be a widower."

Nadine looked forward to each succeeding Wednesday. By now Pearl and Fred had, through some sort of telepathy, managed to be in the book shop at the same time, although they still sat at opposite tables. Nadine noticed that Pearl sighed more and at times fluttered a hanky around her neck as if wanting attention and yet denying it.

Fred often stared at a page longer than it would take to read it even at 100 words per minute. They seemed to want to speak but couldn't, and Nadine became emboldened by the idea that it was her romantic duty to get them together somehow. The simplest thing would be to introduce them, but she had to weave a more intriguing web — one in the spirit of such matters.

She wrote a brief but warm note, folded it lengthwise as a bookmark, and tucked it into a



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### AND SPEAKING OF FLOORS, HERE'S THE POLISHER WITH THE FLOATING BRUSH ACTION!

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volume she knew Pearl would read. Another note went into the latest book on flowers which Fred would seek. The notes were identical and very simple.

"We seem to have little else to do with our Wednesdays except to read books. If you are as lonely as I am, let's spend our time together."

She signed "Pearl" on one and "Fred" on the other.

They found their individual notes the next week; somehow they missed on the timing. One left before the other arrived. Neither had spoken to Nadine, they merely smiled at her as if hugging a very precious secret to their hearts. Fred's smile, however, was a bit more knowing;

his eyes seemed to reflect a glint of gratitude, a promise, perhaps, of a return favor.

Nadine saw them later that day at a coffee shop. She had a feeling that if nature took its course they would find other things to do with their free time. They didn't look lonely any more.

Two weeks later, Fred Bush popped his head in the door on a day when nobody was around except Nadine. He announced that he had just bought a ring for Pearl.

"Thanks to you, Nadine," he said, waiting for her hand to stop fluttering at imaginary fluff on her sleeve. "Don't be embarrassed. I knew it was your handwriting on the note; I checked it

against your sales slip. Very few people these days write with such a flourish."

To relieve her discomfort, Fred added: "By the way, the vacancy next to you has been rented."

"How nice," she murmured. "What kind of a shop will it be?"

He grinned. "You'll see." With that he left abruptly.

Nadine wondered what all the mystery was about. Several days later, she caught a glimpse of the new tenant. He was a tall, slim man on the plain side, with thick glasses and thicker curly hair.

Before she could sort out the day's mail, a boy came to her door carrying a box, and in it, nestled among tissue, were yellow

roses and a card. She read it. "Because you were so kind to my grandfather, I feel you deserve these." Her face grew warm at the name, Freddie Bush, and she knew why the new tenant seemed familiar; he resembled his grandfather.

It never occurred to her that Pearl might have sent the flowers or perhaps even Fred. Surely he had told his grandson about the little bookshops. Or had he? Nonetheless, Nadine thought it only right that she welcome the new florist to Harper Court and thank him for the flowers. Perhaps, being neighbors and all, things just might take their natural course.

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## Unfussable Bri-Nylon promises Swinging New Style



Colour scores in a cool comfort-maker from Crestknit, deftly tailored for success on or off course. The lightly bulked knit fabric is a perfect foil for a winning motif of diamond shapes. By CRESTKNIT in BRI-NYLON. The Bri-Nylon label is your assurance of easy care clothes you don't have to fuss over, of colour-fast clothes that keep their shape. No maker can use the name Bri-Nylon unless his garment has been tested and approved. That's your guide to quality and value for money. And that's the promise of unfussable Bri-Nylon, a promise kept.

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# Unfussable Bri-Nylon



# AIRPORT

Second instalment of our exciting three-part suspense-packed serial

By ARTHUR HAILEY



Quietly, Ned Ordway continued to question Inez Guerrero, while other officials waited nearby.

WITH a fierce blizzard raging, MEL BAKERSFELD, general manager of Lincoln International Airport near Chicago, is battling to keep the airport functioning in the face of almost insuperable difficulties.

Flights are held up and schedules disrupted. Airline terminals are overflowing with disgruntled passengers. A vital runway is blocked by a bogged airliner.

The difficulties are increased by harassing personal problems. Mel's glamorous, socially ambitious wife, CINDY, always difficult and petulant, is now on her way to the airport in a rage because he refused to leave his post to attend a social function.

By contrast with Cindy, Mel is attracted to quiet, understanding TANYA LIVINGSTON, passenger agent for Trans America Airlines, who returns his feeling. But as a married man, Mel feels worried about this. He is also seriously worried over the distraught state of his brother KEITH, who works in Air Traffic Control.

Keith has become nerve-ridden since a mid-air collision, in which all the REDFERN family lost their lives, occurred while he was on duty. Although a Court of Inquiry exonerated him, Keith knows that he was really responsible for the tragedy, and he plans to commit suicide at the end of tonight's shift of duty.

One key person who appears to be above per-

sonal worries is arrogant, self-assured VERNON DEMEREST, an ace pilot of Trans America Airlines, married to Mel's sister, SARAH.

Demerest, with PILOT ANSON HARRIS, is to captain Trans America's prestige aircraft, the Golden Argosy, when it leaves shortly on a non-stop flight to Rome. But even his assurance is shaken when, shortly before take-off time, GWEN MEIGHEN, attractive senior stewardess with whom he is having an affair, tells him that she is expecting his baby.

Meanwhile, unknown to any of them, frail, elderly stowaway MRS. ADA QUONSETT, eluding young ticket agent PETER COAKLEY, slips away through the crowds, blithely planning to stow away again on board the Golden Argosy. And a tragic threat is closing in on the aircraft.

D. O. GUERRERO, bankrupt and frenzied, plans to blow it up over the Atlantic Ocean so that his wife, INEZ, will receive his flight insurance.

Finding out by chance that he has booked for the flight, Inez suspects trouble and sets out for the airport. But before she can reach it, Guerrero, barely scraping up the necessary money, has arrived there and insured himself heavily.

Carrying the explosive device he has made in an attache case, he hurries to the departure gate as the final call to board the Golden Argosy is given. NOW READ ON:

CUSTOMS Inspector Harry Standish heard the announcement of the Golden Argosy's impending departure, and headed for gate forty-seven, not on official business but to say goodbye to his niece, Judy, who was leaving for a year's schooling in Europe.

His U.S. Customs uniform was a passport anywhere within the airport, and the busy gate agent barely glanced up as Inspector Standish went past. The gate agent, Standish noticed, was being helped by the red-headed passenger-relations agent whom he knew was Tanya Livingston.

Inspector Standish found his niece, Judy, in an aisle seat of a three-seat section. She was playing with a baby belonging to a young couple in the two seats alongside.

"Uncle Harry!" Judy said. "I thought you weren't going to make it."

"I just came to say good luck," he told her. "Have a good year, and when you come back don't try any smuggling."

She laughed and put her face up to be kissed. "I won't. Goodbye, Uncle Harry."

Leaving the aircraft, with a friendly nod to the stewardess, the Customs inspector paused a moment at the concourse gate.

The knot of people waiting to board had been reduced to two. The red-headed passenger agent, Mrs. Livingston, was gathering up papers as a tall, blond man, hatless, wearing a camelhair coat, left the gate agent's desk and entered the tourist-section walkway.

Tanya, who had only been helping out at the gate because of emergency conditions, left then, walking away from the departure gate toward the main section of the terminal.

While he had been watching, Inspector Standish was aware, almost subconsciously, of someone else nearby, facing a window which looked away from the departure gate.

As Tanya left, the figure turned. He saw that it was an old lady; small, demure, dressed primly in black.

Moving with surprising spryness, the old lady crossed to where the gate agent was dealing with the last Flight 2 passenger. Standish heard some of the old lady's words: "Excuse . . . my son just boarded . . . blond hair, no hat, camelhair coat . . . forgot his wallet . . . all his money." The old lady, Standish observed, was holding what looked like a man's billfold.

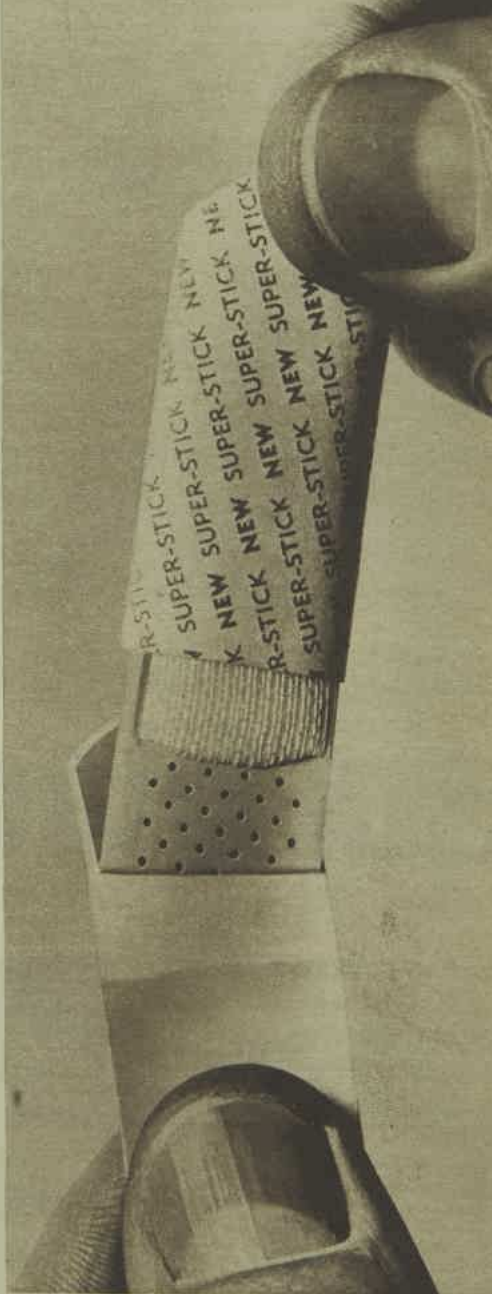
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## This is a BAND-AID Dressing undressing.

There's no faster first-aid. Zip off protective wrapper, peel back tabs, press on dressing. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick!

## BAND-AID

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The gate agent appeared harassed; he pointed to the tourist boarding walkway. Standish heard, "Ask a stewardess." The old lady smiled and nodded, and entered the walkway. A moment later she was out of sight.

Then Customs Inspector Standish saw a newcomer arrive — a stoop-shouldered, spindly man, with a gaunt face and a slightly sandy moustache. He was carrying a small attache case.

Standish had been about to turn away, but something about the man attracted his attention. It was the way the newcomer was holding his case — under his arm, protectively. Harry Standish had watched many people, many times, doing the same thing as they came through Customs. It was a giveaway that whatever was inside

## AIRPORT

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the case was something they wanted to conceal.

If this man had been coming in from overseas, Standish would have had him open the case, and would have examined its contents. But the man was going out of the United States.

Strictly speaking, it was none of Standish's business . . .

The feeling of confidence which returned to D. O. Guerrero at the insurance counter remained. There was no problem at gate forty-seven, and as he went aboard, still holding his attache case carefully, the starboard engines were already running.

His numbered seat — by a

window in a three-seat section — was midway in the tourist section, on the left side. One of the stewardesses, her lips moving silently, and looking as if she wished everyone would keep still, was making a count of heads.

Relaxing for the first time since leaving the south-side apartment, D. O. Guerrero leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes. His hands, steadier than at any other time this evening, were firmly on the attache case. His fingers groped under the handle and located the noose-like loop of string. The feeling of it was reassuring. He would sit precisely like this, he decided, when in approxi-

mately four hours from now he would pull the string and fire the massive charge of dynamite within the case.

Mrs. Ada Quonsett observed the stewardess making the count by peering through the slightly opened door of a toilet where she was hiding.

Mrs. Quonsett was aware that this was the moment when anyone who was aboard illegally was closest to exposure. But Mrs. Quonsett timed it carefully and when a second stewardess — who had taken over the counting — neared the back of the aeroplane, she emerged from the toilet. She walked quickly past the stewardess with a muttered, "Excuse me."

The stewardess nodded her head. Mrs. Quonsett sensed that she had now been included in the count.

A few rows forward, on the left side, there was an unoccupied seat in the middle of a section of three. In her experience as an aerial stowaway, the little old lady had learned to seek such seats because most passengers disliked them; therefore, when an aeroplane was not full, they were usually left empty.

Once in the seat, Mrs. Quonsett kept her head down, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. She had no illusion that she could avoid discovery indefinitely. But, with luck, she would have the thrill of reaching Italy, plus an agreeable journey back. Meanwhile, there would be a good meal, a movie, and perhaps a pleasant conversation with her two seat companions.

She had noticed that both were men, but for the time being avoided looking at the man on her right since it would mean turning her face toward the aisle and the stewardesses. Mrs. Quonsett took stock of the man on her left, a survey made easier by the fact that he was reclining and had his eyes closed. He was a thin man, she observed, who looked as if a hearty meal might do him good.

On his knees, Mrs. Quonsett noticed, was an attache case and he was clutching it tightly. The little old lady from San Diego — a habitually curious soul — wondered what was inside.



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Page 54



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New Shavemaster 777. For his face and yours.



THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE

**W**ALKING back toward the Customs Hall, Inspector Harry Standish saw Tanya Livingston just ahead of him. He hurried to catch up with her.

"I was just watching your Flight 2 load and something bothered me." He described the gaunt, spindly man and the suspicious way he had been clasp ing an attache case.

"Do you think he's smuggling something?" Tanya asked.

Inspector Standish smiled. "If he were arriving from abroad, instead of leaving, I'd find out. All I can tell you, Mrs. Livingston, is that there's something in that case which he'd prefer other people not to know about."

Tanya said thoughtfully, "Thank you, Mr. Standish. I'll report it to our transportation manager, and perhaps he'll want to notify the captain."

The district transportation manager was not in his office, but Peter Coakley was. He told Tanya sheepishly how the little old lady had eluded him.

Tanya exploded, "Didn't I warn you she had a barrelful of tricks? Get on the phone to each of our gates. Warn them to be on the lookout — you know the description. While you're doing that, I'll call the other airlines."

For the moment she had forgotten her conversation with Inspector Standish.

Aboard Flight 2, Captain Demerest fumed, "What's holding us up?"

Engines numbers three and four on the starboard side were running, but the pilots were still awaiting ramp supervisor's clearance to start engines one and two, which were on the boarding side and normally not activated until all doors were closed.

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## RIVETS





## COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about antiques.



● Belleek plaque

COULD you please give me any particulars about a plaque I bought about 35 years ago from an antique shop in Sydney, and about a pottery vase bought about 40 years ago, also from an antique shop? (See picture, above.) The plaque appears to be handpainted beneath the glaze, and has underneath it 48 over 77 and a symbolic marking over the word BELLEEK, as I have sketched. The pottery vase, with groups of figures in a garden setting, is also glazed over handpainting, and on its base has what appears to be VALECIA CUADRO DE MON-RE (last word indistinct).

—L. J. Eldred, Cronulla, N.S.W.  
The plaque, of fine Belleek Irish porcelain, was made about 1875-85. The vase is about 40 years old.

I HAVE a brass candlestick (picture enclosed) which I have been told is a footman's candlestick, but I have read that it could be a Continental chamber candlestick. Could you please tell me which it is?—Mrs. G. H. Mattingley, Blackburn, Vic.

This is a Continental chamber candlestick, made between 1825 and 1850.

THE enclosed photo (see below) is of a piece of green pottery I bought in South Africa about ten years ago. It appears similar to pieces of Chinese pottery of an early era on display in the Sydney Museum. Could my piece be of the same dynasty?—Mrs. P. J. Shepherd, Devonport, Tas.

The monochrome-glaze wine pot depicted in the photograph is a late 19th-century example of the Ching dynasty. Its prototype first appeared in the Ming dynasty (AD 1368-1644).



● Chinese wine pot



## The girl with the pHisoHex skin... blemish free!

This girl loves to show her face. She's a typical out-of-doors sportsgirl. And when she meets people, she faces them confidently... with a clear, fresh complexion. She's the girl with the pHisoHex skin.

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Not sure how to pronounce pHisoHex? It's Fy-so-hex. The best way to remember it is to try it. It's available at your pharmacy in 6 fl oz and 16 fl oz squeeze bottles. Save money by buying the big size.

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\*TRADE MARK

WATER 17

AN old lady who had a lot of antiques once sent me a cup, saucer, and plate heavily hand-painted with what seem to be oriental figures, mostly in gold. It is a rough kind of hand-painting, somewhat raised, with a dull finish. The figures are a lady of quality, with four men around her. Their heads are outlined in gold, like halos. The cup, when held to the light, has a picture of a Japanese lady on the bottom, and the words Made in Japan. I enclose a snapshot of the set.—Mrs. Joyce Morrison, Delegate, N.S.W.

The Japanese cup, saucer, and plate is about 40 or 50 years old.

Although it is in the Satsuma style, I cannot tell from the photograph where its place of manufacture might be.

I HAVE a rosewood piano with black ebony top, lid, and trimmings, and birds and flowers carved on the front and above the pedals. It has Priestly and Dartnell, 101 Hampstead Road, London, N.W. inscribed on it, but no date. Could you please tell me when it was made?—Mrs. Murdoch McDonald, Wynnum, Qld.

Your piano is Victorian, made about 1875.

RECENTLY I acquired the plate pictured (at right) from an aunt's estate. Part of the pattern is raised, and in delicate colorings of yellow, blue, and green. The border is dappled in gold. The back markings are Royal Semi Porcelain above a crown, and Wedgwood & Co. Ltd., England beneath it. Over to one side is 5456 in gold figuring. Could you tell me its age, please?—Mrs. S. E. Morrow, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

This Wedgwood plate would have been made in the Edwardian era, between 1902 and 1910.



● Wedgwood plate





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## AIRPORT

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"I love getting all these free booklets I send for . . . but I wish they weren't so uninteresting."

Swinging around in his right-hand seat, Captain Demerest called Gwen Meighen forward. As she came into the flight-deck, he asked, "What the devil's happening?"

Gwen looked worried. "The tourist passenger count won't tally. We've made it twice; we still can't agree with the manifest and tickets."

"I want to see the ramp supervisor," Demerest said.

A moment later, the uniformed ramp supervisor arrived on the flight-deck.

"How much longer do we sit here?" Demerest demanded.

"I've just ordered a ticket recheck, Captain. There's one more passenger in the tourist section than there ought to be."

"All right," Demerest said. "Now I'll tell you something. Every second we sit here we're burning fuel on three and four, which you gave the OK to start! That's precious fuel which we need in the air tonight. There's another thing: Air Traffic Control just told us they have a temporary gap in traffic. If we taxi out right away, we can be off the ground fast; in ten minutes from now that may have

changed. Now, you make the decision. What's it to be?"

The ramp supervisor made the obvious decision. Calling through the flight-deck door, he ordered: "Cancel the ticket recheck. This flight is leaving now."

As the flight-deck door closed, a grinning Anson Harris was receiving clearance to start engines one and two.

Vernon Demerest was calling ground control on radio for permission to taxi.

It was still snowing hard.

"Trans America Flight 2 from ground control. You are clear to taxi . . ."

The engine tempo quickened

And only then, half running, half stumbling, a figure reached gate forty-seven. Even if there had been breath to ask, questions were unneeded.

The boarding ramps were closed. Portable signs denoting the departure of Flight 2, The Golden Argosy, were being taken down. A taxiing aircraft was leaving the gate.

Helplessly, not knowing what she should do next, Inez Guerrero watched the aeroplane's lights recede.

AS always at the beginning of a flight, Senior Stewardess Gwen Meighen experienced a sense of relief as the forward cabin door slammed closed and, a few minutes later, the aircraft began moving.

It was then that aircraft and crew, freed from the lines that hobbled it to earth, became an entity. It was when this happened that the camaraderie of the air—intangible, yet very real to all who shared it—was born.

While four of the five stewardesses busied themselves with housekeeping chores around the aeroplane, Gwen used the public-address system to welcome passengers aboard.

"On behalf of Captain Demerest and your crew . . . our most sincere wish that your flight will be pleasant and relaxing . . . shortly we shall have the pleasure of serving . . . if there is anything we can do to make your flight more enjoyable . . ."

More essential were the announcements about emergency exits, oxygen masks, and the use of life-jackets in case of ditching at sea. With two of the other stewardesses demonstrating, Gwen accomplished them quickly.

They were still taxiing, Gwen observed—tonight more slowly than usual because of the traffic and the storm.

In the cockpit Captain Anson Harris expertly jockeyed Flight 2 into position on the runway, then, at word from the airport traffic-control tower, into a perfect take-off.

In his capacity as check pilot, Captain Vernon Demerest noted, for his official report later, that at no point could he have faulted Anson's performance. He had not expected to. Harris was a top-grade captain, as exacting in performance as Demerest was himself. Demerest had known in advance that the flight to Rome tonight would be, for himself, an easy journey.

Behind them, Senior Officer Cy Jordan was reaching forward from his flight-engineer's seat, adjusting throttles to equalise the power of the jet's four engines.

A moment later Flight 2 received radio clearance to climb to twenty-five thousand feet. Demerest acknowledged the instructions while Harris kept the aircraft climbing. Up there in a few minutes from now they would be out of the snow and in clear, calm air, the storm clouds far below, and high above, in sight, the stars.

On the ground Keith Bakersfield had returned to radar watch more than an hour ago, after the time spent in the controllers' locker-room, remembering the past and reaffirming his intention of ending his life tonight. He was now handling arrivals from the east and the continuing heavy

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traffic volume demanded intensive concentration.

Shortly after the departure of Flight 2, Wayne Tevis, the radar supervisor, came over to Keith. "Take five, buddy boy," Tevis said. "I'll spell you. Your big brother dropped in."

As he unplugged his headset and turned, Keith made out the figure of Mel behind him in the shadows. He remembered his earlier hope that Mel would not come here tonight; at the time Keith feared that a meeting between the two of them might be more than he could handle emotionally. Now he found that he was glad Mel had come.

They had always been good friends as well as brothers, and it was right and proper there should be a leave-taking, though Mel would not know that it was that — at least not until tomorrow.

"Hi," Mel said. "I was passing by. Have some coffee?" He offered a carton of coffee from one of the airport restaurants.

"Thanks," Keith was grateful for the coffee as well as for the break.

Mel glanced around the busy radar room. He was careful not to look too obviously at Keith, whose haggard appearance shocked him. He nodded toward the profusion of radar equipment. "I wonder what the old man would have thought of all this."

The "old man" was — had been — their father, Wally (Wild Blue) Bakersfeld, stunt-flier, crop-duster, night-mail carrier, and parachute-jumper—the last when he needed money badly enough. Wild Blue had been a contemporary of Lindbergh, a crony of Orville Wright, and had flown to the end of his life, which had terminated abruptly in a filmed Hollywood stunt sequence — an aeroplane crash, intended to be simulated, but which turned out to be real.

IT happened when Mel and Keith were in their teens, but not before Wild Blue had inculcated in both boys an acceptance of aviation as their way of life. In Keith's case, Mel sometimes thought, the father had done his younger son a disservice.

Now he was marking time while wondering how best to approach what was uppermost in his mind. He decided to do it directly.

Keeping his voice low, he said, "Keith, you're looking awful. If you'll let me, I'd like to help. Can we talk — about whatever the trouble is? We've always been honest with each other."

"Yes," Keith acknowledged, "we've always been that." He sipped his coffee, not meeting Mel's eyes.

The reference to their father, though casual, had moved Keith strangely. Wild Blue had been a poor provider but a genial man with his children. Yet, in the end it was not Wild Blue who had been a father figure to Keith, but Mel; Mel Bakersfeld who possessed the sound sense and stability which their father lacked.

It was Mel who always looked out for Keith. Mel had a facility, even then, for doing things for people and making them feel good at the same time.

But this time, Keith's loneliness, his anguish and guilt were beyond Mel's fixing. Even Mel could not bring back to life little Valerie Redfern and her parents or erase the memory of that awful day of the midair collision.

Mel motioned with his head and Keith followed him out to the corridor outside the radar room.

"Listen, old chum," Mel said. "You need a break from all this—a long one; perhaps more than a break. Maybe you need to get away for good."

For the first time Keith smiled. "You've been listening to Natalie."

"Natalie's apt to talk a lot of sense."

Whatever Keith's other problems might be, Mel reflected, he had been outstandingly fortunate in Natalie. The thought of his sister-in-law reminded Mel of his own wife, Cindy. He wondered if

## AIRPORT

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Keith really knew just how lucky he had been.

"There's something else," Mel said. "I don't think you've ever told me the whole of what happened that day, the accident. Maybe you didn't tell anyone, because I've read all the testimony. Is there something else that you've never told?"

Keith hesitated only momentarily. "Yes."

"I figured there might be and that it might have something to do with the way you are right now," Mel chose his words carefully. "You can't live with this

thing—whatever it is—inside you for ever. You'll have to talk it out. Who better to tell than me?"

Somewhere in Keith's mind a door, which had been closed, inched open.

"I suppose there's no reason," he said slowly, "why I shouldn't tell you. It won't take long."

Mel waited anxiously. If he could finally learn what bedevilled Keith, between them they might come to grips with it. Judging by his brother's appearance tonight, it had better be soon.

"You've read the testimony,"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 4, 1968



## MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

# September in the garden

By ALLAN SEALE

● In September, the garden needs fairly constant attention to keep it looking its best—or is it just a good excuse to spend more time with the plants in all their springtime beauty!

A LITTLE regular attention will keep most annuals longer in their prime. For example, removing flowers from poppies before they set seed will keep more buds coming—nature's determination to provide seed for the preservation of the species.

Fortnightly or even weekly feeding with soluble complete plant food such as Thrive, Aquasol, or Zest will help maintain quality flowers. This also applies to pansies and violas. Violas will carry a good show into summer if old flowers are occasionally pinched off.

Remove old flower stems from calendulas, bellis, leptosyne, wallflower, and pixie lupins to encourage more color.

While removing flowers from sweet-peas, clip off tendrils near the top, or they are inclined to entwine and bend young flower stems, spoiling them for cutting.

Jonquils and early daffodils have finished flowering but their plants are building up nutriment to support next year's flower. Feeding and water now will help, but the main factor is light on the foliage, so don't remove leaves or tie them into bundles. Even if they

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FUCHSIAS recently pruned should have tips of new, leggy growth pinched back now. Pictured is Keystone, a compact miniature fuchsia, of upright growth and a prolific flowerer. It came from Green Fingers Nursery at Warriewood, N.S.W.

do flop over, a few early summer annuals close by (such as phlox or petunias) will disguise them. Remove them when they yellow off naturally, in November. By that time they probably will be hidden by other growth.

The same applies to tulips and hyacinths. Lift when the foliage starts to yellow off, and store in an airy place away from extremes of temperature. Daffodils and jonquils may be left in the same position for several years.

As flowering has finished, now is a good time to clean up old clumps of violets. Lift and tease the plants apart, trimming plantlets from runners and long, woody rhizomes from older crowns.

Also, trim off most of the leaves and plant back in new soil, or revitalise the old patch with compost and a sprinkling of complete plant food. Violets replanted will make good sturdy plants in time to flower well next winter.

Violets prefer a partly shaded area, and grow well under deciduous trees, provided the soil does not dry out too much in summer. Spray with rogor or lebaycid if foliage becomes mottled—usually a sign of red spider.

Nip back the tips of leggy new growth on fuchsias pruned earlier. This check will delay flowering for about six weeks but will give more-compact plants and a better show of flowers.

### "Stop" carnations

Do the same to carnation plants, which now are starting to make long growth to display a centre bud. Stop them by breaking the centre out of the shoot at the base of the first or second pair of leaves. Again, this delays flowering by about eight weeks, but makes several flower stems instead of one. It also postpones the flowering of the October/November flush to about Christmas, but this varies, anyway, with variety and weather conditions.

Geraniums will respond to the same treatment. Pinch out the growing tip.

PRUNING. Flowering peaches and other spring-flowering shrubs are pruned now, or right after flowering. It is also time to prune hibiscus, even though they may be showing bud. Prune earlier only in semi-tropical areas.

Cut back two-thirds of the new canes made last summer. Feed the plants with

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about 1-3rd-cup of complete plant food to each sq. yd. of area, roughly below the unpruned branch line. Give a good soaking. Pinch the tip out of new growths when 4 or 5 in. long—and do it again if still more compact growth is preferred.

Azaleas may at last be fed, as the main flowering will soon be under way. Use a safe, organic-based azalea food, scattering about a heaped tablespoon to each yard of area below foliage. In other words, a semi-dwarf azalea a couple of feet across would need no more than a level tablespoon of azalea food.

Soluble plant foods also suit azaleas, but use these when flowering is nearly over, as they are quick-acting and may cause leaf growth on late varieties to engulf the flowers.

As the weather warms up, feed orchids with the soluble plant foods or special orchid foods. Do this regularly throughout summer, and, as temperatures increase, increase water to the plants.

Repot during the next six weeks, especially if plants need dividing.

A dressing of lawn food will help to waken grass from its winter slumber and encourage a more cheerful green. It also helps to combat weed growth, especially clovers. This may not have much effect on couch, except in warm coastal areas, but while the soil is cold the fertiliser may take a few weeks to function and it will be there when the grass is ready to absorb it.

Don't let the fact that it is now September tempt you to sow beans yet. Results would be disappointing, except in warm northern areas. The same goes for cucumber, rockmelons, squash, pumpkin, etc. The end of the month is time enough.

A few seed boxes or a seed-bed area prepared would not go amiss for early summer flowers. Most of these, like beans, do better later, but petunias and phlox could soon be started.

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Keith said. His voice was a monotone. "You know most of what happened that day. What you don't know, or anybody knows except me; what didn't come out at the inquiry, what I've thought about over and over . . ." Keith hesitated; it seemed as if he might not continue.

"Keith! For your own sanity, for Natalie's sake, for mine — go on!"

Keith began describing the morning a year and a half before. In a moment, he thought, he would admit how he had loitered, how he failed the others through indifference and negligence. Now that at last he was doing what he had longed to, there was a sense of blessed relief. Words long damned began tumbling out.

Mel listened.

## AIRPORT

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Abruptly, a door farther down the corridor opened and the tower watch chief walked toward them. "Lieutenant Ordway has been trying to reach you. Mr. Bakersfeld; so has the Snow Desk. They both want you to call." He nodded. "Hi, Keith!"

Mel wanted to shout for silence or delay, plead to be alone with Keith for a few minutes more. But he knew it was no good. At the first sound of the tower watch chief's voice Keith had stopped in mid-sentence as if a switch were snapped to "off."

"I guess they could use you back inside, Keith," the tower

watch chief said. It was the gentlest kind of chiding. Keith had already had one work-break tonight; another inevitably threw a heavier load on other people. It was also a reminder to Mel, perhaps unintended, that as airport general manager his authority did not extend here.

Keith gave a distant nod. With a sense of helplessness, Mel watched his brother return to the radar room. He had heard enough to know that it was desperately important he should hear more. A few minutes ago he had broken through Keith's reserve, his

secrecy. Would it happen again? With despair, Mel doubted it.

Instead of telephoning the Snow Control Desk as requested, he walked down one floor of the control tower and went in. Danny Farrow was still presiding over the busy snow-clearance command console.

There was a query about priorities in clearing the aircraft parking areas of competing airlines, which Mel settled; he then checked on the situation concerning the block runway, three zero. There was no change, but everything possible was being done to move the mired Aereo-Mexican 707, which was still preventing the runway from being used.

About to leave the Snow Desk, Mel remembered the message to call Police Lieutenant Ordway,

and he had him paged. Mel had confidence in Ned Ordway, the efficient, amiable Negro who commanded the airport police detachment.

Ordway came on the line quickly. "I've just heard we're having visitors," he said. "Several hundred, from that mass meeting in Meadowood to protest against airport noise. Now the meeting's adjourned and most of the people are on the way to the airport."

Mel grumbled: "Of all the nights to choose!"

"I guess that's the idea; they'll get noticed more that way. But I thought you'd better be warned because they'll probably want to see you."

"You can tell them I'll meet a delegation of half a dozen, though even that's a waste of time to-night. There's nothing I can do."

Then Ned Ordway got to another problem. A woman had been picked up by one of his men. She was crying, and apparently wandering aimlessly in the main terminal.

"We couldn't get any sense out of her," the policeman said, "but she wasn't doing anything wrong so I didn't want to take her to the station house. She seemed upset enough without that." He went on apologetically, "There aren't many quiet places around here tonight, so I put her in the anteroom outside your office."

"That's all right. Is she alone?" "One of my men was with her, though he may have left by now. But she's harmless; I'm sure of that. We'll check on her again soon."

"I'll be back at my office in a few minutes," Mel said. "I'll see if I can do any good myself. Did you find out the woman's name?"

"Yes, her name is Guerrero. Mrs. Inez Guerrero."

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**M**EANWHILE, Tanya Livingston was saying incredulously, "You mean Mrs. Quonsett's aboard Flight 2?"

"I'm afraid there's no doubt of it, Mrs. Livingston. There was a little old lady, exactly the way you've described her."

The gate agent who had supervised boarding of The Golden Argosy was in the district transportation manager's office with Tanya. Young Peter Coakley, still mortified at having been bamboozled by Mrs. Ada Quonsett while she was in his charge, was also there. The district transportation manager himself had not yet arrived though a call was out for him.

The gate agent had come to the office a few minutes ago in response to Coakley's telephoned warning to all Trans America gate positions about the elusive Mrs. Quonsett.

"It just didn't occur to me there was anything wrong," the gate agent said. "It was just after you left, Mrs. Livingston. The old lady said something about her son, I think it was, leaving his wallet. She even showed it to me. I let her through and from then until a few minutes ago when I got the phone call, I never gave her another thought."

"She fools you," Peter Coakley said. He gave a sideways glance at Tanya. "She sure fooled me."

The agent shook his head. "If I didn't have to believe it, I wouldn't, even now. But she's aboard, all right."

He described the discrepancy between the tourists section count and the ticket tally, then the ramp supervisor's decision to let the aircraft go rather than incur further delay.

Now there was not the slightest chance, Tanya knew, of The Golden Argosy changing course and returning merely because of Ada Quonsett. The cost to disembark one stowaway would run to thousands of dollars, far more than to take Mrs. Quonsett to Rome and bring her back.

Coakley and the gate agent returned to their duties then, and Tanya waited for the district transportation manager, Bert Weatherby. He was a hard-working executive in his late forties, who had come up the hard way,

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## AIRPORT

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beginning as a ramp baggage handler.

Normally considerate, and with a sense of humor, when he came into his office he was tired and testy from three days of continuous strain. He listened impatiently to Tanya's report in which she accepted the main responsibility, mentioning Peter Coakley only incidentally.

Running a hand through his sparse greying hair, he said tersely, "You got us into this mess; you'd better do the salvaging. Talk to Flight Dispatch; ask them to call the captain of Flight 2 and fill him in on what happened. I don't know what he can do. Personally, I'd like to throw her out at thirty thousand feet, but that'll be up to him. By the way, who is the captain?"

"Captain Demerest."

Weatherby groaned. "It would be. He'll probably think it's all a great joke because management goofed. Anyway, advise him the old biddy's to be detained on board after landing, and is not to be allowed off without escort. If the Italian authorities want to jail her, so much the better. Then get a signal off to our station manager in Rome. When they arrive it'll be his baby, and I hope he's got more competent people around him than I have."

"Yes sir," Tanya said.

She started to tell Weatherby of the other matter concerning Flight 2—the suspicious-looking man with an attache case whom Customs Inspector Standish had seen going aboard. Before she could finish, he cut her off.

"Forget it! As long as the airline's not involved, I don't care what the guy's carrying. If Customs here wants to know what's in his case, let them ask Italian Customs to check."

**T**ANYA hesitated. Something about the man with the attache case—even though she hadn't actually seen him—bothered her. There were instances she had heard of where... Of course, the idea was absurd...

"I was wondering," she said. "He might not be smuggling at all."

The district transportation manager snapped, "I said forget it."

Tanya left. Back at her desk, she began writing the message to Captain Demerest of Flight 2 concerning Mrs. Ada Quonsett.

When Mel hurriedly entered his office after talking with Lieutenant Ordway, Cindy was waiting for him.

He stopped in surprise. "I really didn't think you'd come."

"I suppose you'd have preferred me not to."

Mel looked at his wife appraisingly, wondering what her real purpose was in coming here tonight. He had learned long ago that Cindy's motives were usually complicated, and frequently quite different from what they appeared to be. She looked very glamorous tonight, he noted, dressed for her charity party. But the glamor no longer touched him.

Mel said, "I got the impression that what you wanted was a fight. It occurred to me that we had enough of them at home without arranging another here."

"Perhaps we'll have to arrange something here; since you're hardly ever home any more."

"I might be home, if the atmosphere was more congenial. Even when I do come home, you insist on dragging me to some stupid stuffed-shirt affair like tonight's."

His wife said angrily, "So you never did intend to come tonight! You counted on something turning up to prevent you, the way it always does. So that you could have an alibi; so you could convince yourself, even if you don't convince me, because I think you're a liar and a fake."

"Take it easy, Cindy."

They glared at each other. What had happened to them. Mel wondered, that they had come to this?

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When Cindy remained silent, he went on, "You can believe it or not, but I did intend to meet you tonight downtown. But ever since the storm started, a lot of things have happened that have kept me here." He nodded toward the outer office. "One of them is that woman sitting out there. I told Lieutenant Ordway I'd talk to her. She seems to be in some sort of trouble."

"Your wife's in trouble," Cindy said. "The woman out there can wait. We've had it. You and me. Haven't we?"

He waited before answering, not wanting to be hasty, yet realising that now that this had come up, it would be foolish to avoid the truth.

"Yes," he said finally. "I'm afraid we have. People don't

change — not in what they are basically; they adapt. No matter what you think, I've tried to adapt; I guess you have, too. I don't know who's made the most effort; obviously I think it's me, you think it's you. The main thing is: though we've given it plenty of time to work, it hasn't."

Cindy said slowly, "I suppose you're right. About the last bit, anyway. I've been thinking the same way, too." She stopped, then added, "I think I want a divorce."

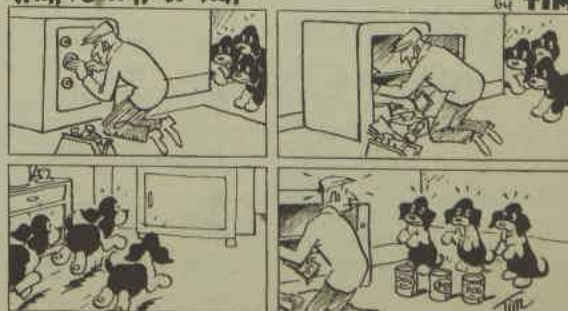
"You'd better be quite sure. It's important." Even now, Mel thought, Cindy was hedging about a decision, waiting for him to help her with it.

"I'm sure," Cindy said. "Yes, I'm quite sure."

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## FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff





After a pause, Mel said quietly, "Then I think it's the right decision for us both."

The lack of argument, the quickness of the exchange, seemed to bother Cindy. She asked, "Then we've made a decision?"

"Yes."

They still faced each other, but their anger was gone. Mel moved, as if to take a pace forward. "I'm sorry, Cindy."

"I'm sorry, too." Cindy stayed where she was. Her voice was more assured. "But it's the most sensible thing."

It was over now. Both knew it. Only details remained to be attended to.

Cindy was already making plans. "I shall have custody of Roberta and Libby, of course, though you'll

## AIRPORT

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always be able to see them. I'll never be difficult about that."

"I didn't expect you would be."

Yes, Mel mused, it was logical that the girls would go with their mother. He would miss them. No outside meetings, however frequent, could ever be a substitute for living in the same house.

"I'll have to get a lawyer," Cindy said. "I'll let you know who he is."

He nodded, wondering if all marriages went on to terminate so matter-of-factly once the decision to end them had been made.

Then he was aware of sounds—voices, people moving—in the

office outside. There was a knock. Mel called, "Come in."

Lieutenant Ordway entered, closing the door behind him. When he saw Cindy, he said, "Oh, excuse me, Mrs. Bakersfeld. Perhaps I should come back later."

Mel asked, "What is it, Ned?"

"It's the anti-noise demonstration, those Meadowood people. There are a couple of hundred in the main concourse; more coming in. They all wanted to see you, but I've talked them into sending a delegation, the way you suggested. They selected half a dozen, and there are three newspaper

reporters; I said the reporters could come, too."

The policeman nodded toward the ante-room. "They're all waiting outside."

He would have to see the delegation, Mel knew. He had never felt less like talking to anyone, but it had been his own suggestion.

"You'd better bring them in," he said. As the policeman turned away, Mel added, "Oh, I haven't talked to that woman . . . I've forgotten her name."

"Guerrero," Ordway said. "And you don't have to. She looked as if she was getting ready to leave when I came in."

A few moments later the half-dozen people from Meadowood—four men and two women—began filing in. The Press trio followed. One of the reporters was from

the "Tribune"—an alert, youngish man named Tomlinson, who usually covered the airport and general aviation beat for his paper. Mel knew him well and respected his accuracy and fairness. The other two reporters were also known slightly to Mel—one a young man from the "Sun-Times," the other an older woman from a local Meadowood weekly.

Through the open doorway, Mel could see Lieutenant Ordway talking to the woman outside, Mrs. Guerrero, who was standing, fastening her coat.

Cindy remained where she was. "Good evening," Mel introduced himself, then motioned to settees and chairs around his office. Please sit down."

"OK," one of the men in the delegation said. He was well dressed, with precisely combed, grey-streaked hair, and seemed to be the group's leader. "But I'll tell you we're not here to get cosy. We've some plain, blunt things to say and we expect the same kind of answers, not a lot of double-talk."

"I'll try not to give you that. Will you tell me who you are?"

"My name is Elliott Freemantle. I'm a lawyer. I represent these people, and all the others down below."

"All right, Mr. Freemantle," Mel said. "Why don't you begin?"

The door to the ante-room was still open. The woman who had been outside, Mel noticed, had gone. Now, Ned Ordway came in, closing the office door . . .



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**T**RANS American Airlines Flight 2, The Golden Argosy, was twenty minutes out of Lincoln International, and in a steady climb which would continue until reaching thirty-three thousand feet near Detroit, in eleven more minutes. The aircraft was now in smooth air, the storm clouds far below.

On the flight-deck, initial pressures were over. Captain Harris had made a progress announcement to the passengers over the public-address system. The three pilots were settling down to routines of their long flight.

Under the second officer's table, behind Captains Harris and Demerest, a chime sounded loudly. At the same instant, on a radio panel, an amber light winked on. Both chime and light indicated a radio call on Selcal radio system through which most airliners could be called individually as if by private telephone.

Anson Harris switched from the radio to which he had been listening on air route control frequency, and acknowledged, "This is Trans America 2."

"Flight 2, this is Trans America dispatcher, Cleveland. I have a message for the captain from district transportation manager, Lincoln International. Advise when ready to copy."

Vernon Demerest, who had also changed radio frequencies, pulled a note pad toward him and nodded.

Harris instructed, "We're ready, Cleveland. Go ahead."

The message was the one which Tanya Livingston had written concerning Flight 2's stowaway, Mrs. Ada Quonsett. As it progressed, with the description of the little old lady from San Diego, both captains began smiling. The message ended by asking confirmation that Mrs. Quonsett was aboard.

"We will check and advise," Harris acknowledged.

Vernon Demerest, and Second Officer Jordan, who had heard the message from an overhead speaker near his seat, were laughing aloud.

The second officer declared "I don't believe it!"

"I believe it," Demerest chuckled. "All those boobs on the ground, and some old duck fooled them all!" He pushed the call button for the forward galley phone. "Hey!" he said, when one of the stewardesses answered. "Tell Gwen we want her in the office."

When Gwen Meighen came in, Demerest read her the message with Mrs. Quonsett's description. "Have you seen her?"

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## AIRPORT

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Gwen shook her head. "I've hardly been back in tourist yet. If she's there, what do you want me to do?"

"Nothing. Just come back and report."

Gwen was gone only a few minutes. When she returned, she was laughing like the others. "She's in seat fourteen-B. She's just the way the message said, only more so. At least seventy-five. And she looks like Whistler's Mother. Is she really a stowaway, Captain?"

Harris shrugged. "On the ground they say so. And I guess it explains why your head count was wrong."

"We can easily find out," Gwen volunteered. "All I have to do is go back and ask to see her ticket."

"No," Demerest said. "Let's not do that. All we were asked to do is to see if the old lady's aboard. OK, she is; and that's what I'll tell Flight Dispatch. I guess they'll have someone waiting for her at Rome. But if the old girl's made it this far, why make her next eight hours miserable? Maybe, just before we get to Rome, we'll let her know she's been found out; then it won't be a whole big shock. But for the time being, let her enjoy her flight. Give Grandma some dinner, and she can watch the movie in peace."

"You know," Gwen said, watching him thoughtfully, "there are times when I quite like you."

AS Gwen left the flight-deck, Demerest—still chuckling aloud—changed radio channels and reported back to the Cleveland dispatcher. The stowaway report and his reply had put him in a thoroughly good humor.

They were at thirty-two thousand feet, and in a moment or two would cross the Canadian border. Detroit and Windsor, the twin cities straddling the border, were ordinarily a bright splash of light. Tonight there was only darkness. Demerest remembered that Detroit Airport had closed shortly before their own takeoff. Both cities, by now, would be taking the full brunt of the storm, which was moving east.

Back in the passenger cabins, Gwen Meighen and the other stewardesses would be serving a second round of drinks and, in first-class, hot hors-d'oeuvre on fine china.

Demerest reached for the stewardess call button and said, "Let's get some hors-d'oeuvre before the first-class passengers wolf them all."

Back in the tourist cabin, Mrs. Ada Quonsett was engaged in spirited conversation with the passenger on her right, whom she had discovered was an amiable, middle-aged oboe player from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

"What a wonderful thing to be a musician, so creative. My late husband loved classical music."

Mrs. Quonsett was feeling warmed by a sherry for which her oboist friend had paid, and he had just inquired if she would like another. Mrs. Quonsett beamed, "Well, it's exceedingly kind of you, and perhaps I shouldn't, but I really think I will."

The passenger on her left—the man with the little sandy moustache and scrawny neck—had been disappointing. Mrs. Quonsett's several attempts at conversation had been rebuffed by monosyllabic answers, barely audible, while the man sat, expressionless, clasping his attaché case on his knees.

She noticed, however, that he came suddenly alert when the captain made his announcement, soon after takeoff, about their speed, course, time of flight, and all those other things which Mrs. Quonsett rarely bothered listening to. He scribbled notes on the back of an envelope and afterward got out one of those "Chart Your Own Position" maps, which the airline supplied, spreading it on top of his attaché case.

He was making pencil marks

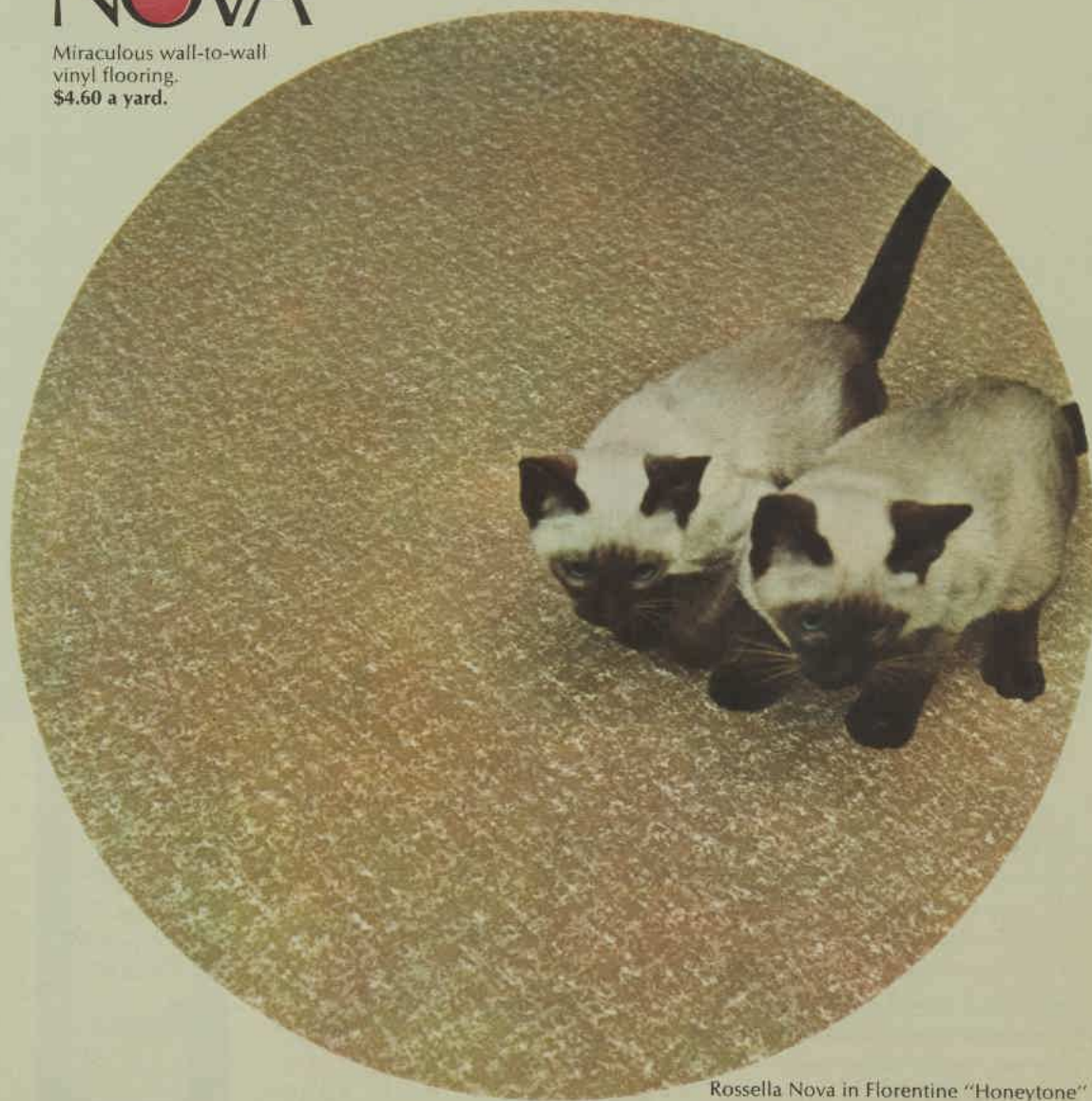
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## PRIZE RECIPES

### TOFFEE WINS MAIN AWARD OF \$10

#### EASY PEANUT TOFFEE

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 dessertspoons water
- 1 dessertspoon vinegar
- 1 teaspoon butter
- ½ cup salted peanuts

Combine all ingredients in saucepan. Place over low heat,

stirring until ingredients are well blended. Bring to the boil, continue stirring until mixture turns pale golden brown (approx. 20 minutes). Remove from heat, pour into oiled 7in. square tin. Mark into squares, set aside to cool and harden.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. R. T. Macreadie, 106 Cleeland St., Dandenong, Vic. 3175.

● A recipe for a simple but delicious crunchy peanut toffee wins this week's prize of \$10 in our recipe contest. Consolation prize is awarded for dessert dumplings.

#### GINGER DUMPLINGS

- 1oz. butter
- 1½ cups self-raising flour
- ¼ cup sugar
- pinch salt
- ½ cup milk
- 1 pint water
- 3 tablespoons golden syrup
- 1 teaspoon ground ginger

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter, add sugar, mix

well. Stir in milk to form soft dough. Combine in saucepan the water, golden syrup, and ginger, bring to boil. Drop dough by tablespoonfuls into boiling syrup. Cover tightly, cook 12 minutes. Remove from heat, serve immediately with cream or ice-cream. Serves 4.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. L. Moore, 34 Quince Way, Coolbellup, W.A. 6163.





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on it, in between glances at his watch. It all seemed rather silly and childish to Mrs. Quonsett.

D. O. Guerrero had estimated several minutes earlier that they were close to Detroit; the estimate was right. He knew, because the captain had said so in his announcement to passengers; and had even been helpful enough to include their subsequent course and airspeed.

The east coast of Newfoundland, D. O. Guerrero calculated, would be passed over in two and a half hours. After that, he would wait a further hour to ensure that the flight was well over the Atlantic Ocean before pulling the cord on his case and exploding the dynamite inside.

Now that the time of culmination was so close, he wanted it to come quickly. Perhaps after all,

he thought, he would not wait the full time. Once they had left Newfoundland, any time would do.

As he had earlier, he lay back and closed his eyes, pretending to be asleep. This time, though, he must have dropped off, because, when he opened his eyes, a quick glance at his watch showed that it was twenty minutes later, and a stewardess was leaning over from the aisle.

The stewardess — an attractive brunette who had an English accent — was asking, "Are you ready for dinner, sir? If so, perhaps you'd like me to take your case."

Almost from their initial moment of meeting, Mel Bakersfeld had formed an instinctive dislike of the lawyer, Elliott Freemantle, who was leading the delegation of Meadowood residents.

It seemed as if the lawyer were deliberately being as obnoxious as possible. Mel's instinct cautioned him that Freemantle was deliberately baiting him, hoping that Mel would lose his temper and make intemperate statements, with the Press recording him.

If it were the lawyer's strategy, Mel had no intention of abetting it.

Freemantle had protested what he termed "the callous indif-

ference of this airport's management to the health and well-being of the good families of Meadowood."

Mel replied quietly that neither the airport nor the airlines using it had been callous or indifferent.

"On the contrary, we have recognised that a genuine problem about noise exists, and have done our best to deal with it. What you should realise, Mr. Freemantle, is that this is by no means the first meeting we have had with local residents. We've discussed our mutual problems many times."

Elliott Freemantle snapped, "Perhaps at the other times there was not enough plain speaking. We intend to make up for that now — the lost time, wasted effort, and bad faith."

Mel decided not to reply. There was nothing to be gained by this

kind of harangue — except, perhaps, publicity for Elliott Freemantle.

As soon as he decently could, he would cut this session short. He was acutely conscious of Cindy, still seated where she had been when the delegation came in, now thoroughly bored, which was characteristic of Cindy whenever anything came up involving airport affairs.

"We've heard a lot about the so-called noise-abatement procedures," Elliott Freemantle was saying sarcastically. "May I ask what happened to them tonight?"

Mel sighed. "We've had a storm for three days. It's created emergency situations." He explained the blockage of runway three zero, the temporary need for takeoffs on runway two five, with the inevitable effect on Meadowood.

"The fact is, airports — here and elsewhere — have come close to doing as much as they can in the way of noise reduction. You may not like hearing this, and not everyone in this business admits it, but the truth is: there isn't a lot more that anyone can do. You simply cannot tip-toe a three-hundred-thousand-pound piece of high-powered machinery into any place."

MEL went on, "Which brings me to the question of the future. In my opinion, airport noise is going to become greater, not less. However, I'd like to remind all of you that this problem isn't new. It's existed since trains started running, and since trucks, buses, and automobiles joined them. All these things are for the public good — or so we believe — yet all of them create noise and, despite all kinds of efforts, they've continued to."

"The thing is — they're all part of the way we live, and unless we change our way of life, then their noise is something we have to live with, too."

"In other words, my clients should abandon any idea of serenity, uninterrupted sleep, privacy, and quietness for the remainder of their natural lives?"

"No," Mel said. "I think, in the end, they'll have to move. I'm not speaking officially, of course, but I'm convinced that eventually this airport and others will be obliged to make multi-billion-dollar purchases of residential areas surrounding them. A good many of the areas can become industrial zones where noise won't matter. And, of course, there would be reasonable compensation to those who owned homes and were forced to leave them."

Elliott Freemantle rose and motioned others in the delegation to do the same.

"That last remark," he informed Mel curtly, "is the one sensible thing I've heard this evening. You will be hearing more from us, I can assure you."

He went out, the others following.

Mel turned to Cindy. "I'm sorry about that," he said.

Cindy said icily, "You should have married an airport."

At the doorway, Mel noticed one of the men reporters had returned to the ante-room.

"Mr. Bakersfeld," the reporter said, "there are some other things I'd like to ask you — about the airport generally. If you could spare a few minutes . . ."

"Any other time I'll be glad to," Mel raised his hands in a helpless gesture. "Right now there are fifteen things happening at once."

The reporter nodded. "I understand. Anyway, I'll be around for a while. I hear Freemantle's bunch are cooking up something down below. So if there's a chance later . . ."

"I'll do my best," Mel said, though he had no intention of being available any more tonight. He had contended with enough for one evening. When Mel turned, Cindy was standing, pulling on her gloves. She remarked acidly, "Fifteen things happening, I believe you said. Whatever the other fourteen are, I'm sure they'll all take priority over me."

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## AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63



# FASHION FROCKS

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## AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

Mel protested, "I've already said I'm sorry. I didn't know this was going to happen — at least, not all at once."

"But you love it, don't you? Much more than me, home, the children, a decent social life."

"Ah!" Mel said. "I wondered when you'd get to that." He stopped. "Oh, why are we fighting again? We settled everything, didn't we? There's no need to fight any more."

"No," Cindy said. She was suddenly subdued. "No, I suppose not."

There was a knock — light but definite — on the ante-room door.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Cindy muttered. "Isn't there any privacy?"

Mel called out irritably, "Who is it?"

The door opened. "Just me," Tanya Livingston said. "Mel, I need some advice..."

As she saw Cindy, she stopped. "Excuse me. I thought you were alone."

"He will be," Cindy said. "In hardly any time at all."

"Please, no!" Tanya flushed. "I can come back, Mrs. Bakersfeld. I didn't know I was disturbing you."

Cindy's eyes flickered over Tanya, still in Trans America uniform.

"It's probably time we were disturbed," Cindy said. "After all, it's been a good three minutes since the last people left, and that's longer than we usually have together."

But I'm curious about one thing. How you were so sure who I am."

Momentarily, Tanya had lost her usual poise. Recovering it, she gave a small smile. "I suppose I guessed."

Cindy's eyebrows went up. "Am I supposed to do the same?" She glanced at Mel.

He introduced them, aware of Cindy appraising Tanya Livingston. He had not the slightest doubt that his wife was already forming some conclusion about Tanya and himself: Mel had long ago learned that Cindy's instincts about men-women relationships were uncannily accurate.

Besides, he was sure that his own introduction of Tanya had betrayed something. Husbands and wives were too familiar with each other's nuances of speech for that not to happen.

Well, whatever Cindy knew or guessed, he supposed it didn't really matter. After all, she was the one who had asked for a divorce, so why should she object to someone else in Mel's life?

"How nice for you," Cindy told him with pseudo sweetness, "that it isn't just dull old delegations who

come to you with problems." She eyed Tanya. "You did say you have a problem?"

Tanya returned the inspection levelly. "I said I wanted some advice."

"Oh, really! What kind of advice? Was it business, personal?"

"Cindy," Mel said sharply, "that's enough! You've no reason..."

"No reason for what? And why is it enough?" His wife's voice was mocking; he had the impression that in a perverse way she was enjoying herself. "Aren't you always telling me I don't take enough interest in your problems? Now I'm all agog about your friend's problem..."

Tanya said crisply, "It's about Flight 2." She added, "That's Trans America's flight to Rome, Mrs. Bakersfeld. It took off half an hour ago."

Mel asked, "What about Flight 2?"

"To tell the truth" — Tanya hesitated — "I'm not really sure."

SHE glanced at Cindy, then told him of her conversation with Customs Inspector Standish. She described the man with the suspiciously held attache case, whom Standish suspected of smuggling.

"But even if your man was smuggling," Mel pointed out, "it would be into Italy. The U.S. Customs people don't worry about that. They let other countries look out for themselves."

"I know. That's the way Bert Weatherby saw it." Tanya described the exchange between herself and the district transportation manager, ending with the latter's irritable but firm instruction, "Forget it!"

Mel looked puzzled. "Then I don't see why..."

"I told you I'm not sure, and maybe this is all silly. But I kept thinking about it, so I started checking."

Both of them had forgotten Cindy.

"Inspector Standish," Tanya went on, "told me that the man with the attache case was almost the last to board the flight. I got hold of the gate agent for Flight 2. He couldn't remember the man with the case, but we narrowed it down to five names."

"And then?"

"I called our check-in counters to see if anyone remembered anything about any of those five people. At the airport counters, nobody did. But downtown, one of the agents did remember the man with the case. So I know his name; the description fits — everything."

To page 66

## THE BOYFRIEND



"No, I didn't notice that little blue-eyed blonde with the husky voice — what was she like?"

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EVERY DAY  
IS  
WOMEN'S WEEKLY  
DAY



"I still don't see what's so extraordinary. He had to check in somewhere. So he checked in downtown."

"The reason the agent remembered him," Tanya said, "is that he didn't have any baggage, except the little case. Also, the agent said, he was extremely nervous."

"Lots of people are nervous —" Abruptly Mel stopped. He frowned. "No baggage! For a flight to Rome! But nobody goes on that kind of journey without baggage."

"That's what I thought." Again Tanya hesitated. "It doesn't make a bit of sense unless..."

"Unless what?" "Unless you happen to know already that the flight you're on will never get to where it's supposed to be going."

"Tanya," Mel said softly, "what are you trying to say?"

She answered uncomfortably, "I'm not sure; that's why I came to you. When I think about it, it seems silly and melodramatic, only... Well, supposing that man we've been talking about isn't smuggling at all. Supposing the reason for his not having any luggage, for being nervous, for holding the case the way Inspector Standish noticed... suppose instead of having some sort of contraband in there... he has a bomb."

Their eyes held each other's steadily. Mel's mind was assessing possibilities. To him, also, the idea which Tanya had just raised seemed ridiculous and remote. Yet... such things had happened. The entire episode of the man with the attache case could so easily be innocent; in fact, probably was. But how to be sure?

At least there was one thing he could try checking. He dialled the insurance-vending booth in the main concourse. The girl clerk who answered was a long-time employee whom Mel knew well.

"Mari," he said, "have you written many policies tonight on Trans America Flight 2?"

"A few more than usual, Mr. Bakersfeld. But then we have on all flights; this kind of weather always does that. On Flight 2, I've had about a dozen, and I know Bunnie — that's the other girl on with me — has written some as well."

"What I'd like you to do," Mel told her, "is read me all the names and policy amounts."

As he sensed the girl hesitate, he said, "If I have to, I'll call your district manager and get authority. But you know he'll give it to me, and I'd like you to take my word that this is important. Doing it this way, you can save me time."

"All right, Mr. Bakersfeld; if you say it's OK. But it will take a few minutes to get the policies together."

"I'll wait." Covering the telephone mouthpiece, Mel asked Tanya, "What's that name you have — the man with the case?"

She consulted a slip of paper. "Guerrero, or it may be Buerrero; we have it spelled both ways." She saw Mel start. "Initials D. O."

## AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

Mel's hand still cupped the telephone. The woman who had been brought to his office half an hour ago was named Guerrero. She was the one whom the airport police had found wandering in the terminal.

Through the telephone, Mel could still hear voices at the insurance booth and, in the background, the noise of the main terminal concourse.

"Tanya," he said quickly, "about twenty minutes ago there was a woman in the outside office — middle-aged, shabbily dressed. I believe she left when some other people came in, but she might be still around. If she's anywhere outside, bring her in. In any case, if you find her, don't let her get away from you."

Tanya looked puzzled. He added, "Her name is Mrs. Guerrero."

AS Tanya left the office, the girl clerk at the insurance booth came back on the line. "I have all those policies, Mr. Bakersfeld. Here are the names."

He listened carefully. As a name near the end occurred, he had a sudden sense of tension. For the first time his voice was urgent. "Tell me about that policy. Did you write it?"

"No. That was one of Bunnie's. I'll let you speak to her."

He listened to what the other girl had to say and asked two or three questions. He broke the connection and was dialling another number as Tanya returned.

Though her eyes asked questions which for the moment he ignored, she reported immediately. "There's no one on the mezzanine. There are still a million people out. Should we page?"

"We can try, though I don't have a lot of hope." On the basis of what he had heard, Mel thought, not much was getting through to the Guerrero woman, so it was unlikely that a public-address announcement would do so now. Also, by this time she could have left the airport and be half way to the city.

He reproached himself for not having tried to talk with her, as he had intended, but there had been so many other things... then there had been Cindy. With a guilty start because he hadn't noticed before, he realised that Cindy was gone.

If anything were needed, Mel thought wryly, to show how far apart they had grown and how final their decision tonight had been, this silent and unnoticed departure was it.

There was an answer from the number he had dialled, which was airport police headquarters. Mel said crisply, "I want Lieutenant Ordway. Is he still in the terminal?"

"Yes, sir." The police desk sergeant was familiar with Mel's voice.

"Find him as quickly as you can; I'll hold on."

Mel was aware that Lieutenant Ordway, like many others at the airport, carried a pocket radio receiver which gave a "beep" signal if he was required urgently.

He gave brief instructions to Tanya, then pressed the "on" switch of the public-address microphone, which overrode all others in the terminal. Through the open doors to the ante-room and mezzanine he heard an American Airlines flight-departure announcement halt abruptly in mid-sentence.

He nodded to Tanya to begin her announcement, remembering that he was not yet sure why they wanted the woman Guerrero or even that — for certain — there was anything wrong at all.

"Attention, please," Tanya was saying in her clear unaffected voice, now audible in every corner of the terminal. "Will Mrs. Inez Guerrero, or Buerrero, please come immediately to the airport general manager's office. Ask any airline or airport representative to direct you. I will repeat..."

There was a click in Mel's telephone. Lieutenant Ordway came on the line.

"We want that woman," Mel told him. "The one who was here — Guerrero. We're announcing..."

"I know," Ordway said. "I can hear. When did you last see her?"

"In my outer office. When she was with you. This may be big. I suggest you drop everything; use all your men. And whether you find her or not, get up here soon."

Tanya had finished her announcement; she pushed the "off" button of the microphone. Outside, Mel could hear another announcement beginning.

"Attention, Mr. Lester Mainwaring. Will Mr. Mainwaring and all members of his party report immediately to the main terminal entrance?"

"Lester Mainwaring" was an airport code name for a "policeman." Normally, such an announcement meant that the nearest policeman on duty was to go wherever the message designated. "All members of his party" meant every policeman in the terminal. Most airports had similar systems to alert their police without the public being made aware.

Ordway was wasting no time.

"Call your district transportation manager," Mel instructed Tanya. "Ask him to come to this office as quickly as he can. Tell him it's important." Partly to himself, he added, "We'll start by getting everybody here."

Tanya made the call, then reported, "He's on his way." Her voice betrayed nervousness. "You still haven't told me what it was you found out."

"Your man Guerrero, the one with no luggage except the little attache case, and

To page 71

# IF.

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#### Tomato Sauce

1 oz. butter or margarine	1 oz. flour
1 onion—chopped	1 x 15 oz. can peeled tomatoes
1 rasher bacon—chopped;	Salt and pepper

Mix the sausage meat, bacon, breadcrumbs, onions and Worcestershire sauce together. Season well with salt and pepper. Mould half of the mixture into a loaf shape on a greased baking tray. Arrange the hard boiled eggs down the centre lengthwise and cover with the remaining meat mixture. Sprinkle with the toasted breadcrumbs. Bake at 350 deg. F. for 1 hour. Remove from the oven and serve hot with tomato sauce and mashed potatoes.

**Tomato Sauce:** Melt the butter and lightly fry the onion and bacon. Stir in the flour and add the canned tomatoes. Bring to the boil, season well and simmer gently for 15 minutes. Pour over the loaf just before serving.

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### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD









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ONLY AJAX MAKES SPRING CLEAN-  
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• Now, in the space provided below  
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#### CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. Enter as many times as you wish but each entry to be in a separate envelope.
2. Use entry forms provided or write on plain paper showing same details as the entry form.
3. Chance plays no part in determining winners. If more than one entry correctly estimates the number of products and states the number of times the word "AJAX" appears on any two of the following Ajax products: Ajax Laundry Detergent, Ajax Powder Cleanser, Ajax Concentrated Household Cleanser, Ajax Window Cleaner and Ajax Laundry Bar, the winners will be determined on the originality and neatness of the completed rhyme.
4. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified in writing at conclusion of contest. Complete list of winners available on request.
5. Open to all residents of Australia except employees or their families of Colgate-Palmolive and its advertising agency.
6. Purchase of products as a condition precedent to entry is not necessary.
7. Competition closes 15th October, 1968.





# MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR

By EVELYN CADWAY

All his girlfriends found Jayson quite irresistible, but Sally's indifference severely shattered his ego

JAYSON BROOKS ran a hand over his blond hair as he sat in his green-and-yellow racing car waiting for the race to begin. It was a balmy spring day and the grandstands were crowded to overflowing. "Good luck, Jay!" a girl's voice called out from the spectators.

Jay smiled and waved to the willowy redhead who was standing up in the crowd.

The young man in the next car grinned at Jay. "Some girl!" he said enviously. "Your fiancée?"

"No," Jay laughed. "No girl is ever going to trick me into marriage! I'm going to enjoy myself while I can. There's plenty of time to settle down, some day when I'm old and grey."

Jay glanced around him at some of the other drivers and his thoughts went back a few years, when he'd been just one in a crowd of young fellows trying their best to get ahead. Then, suddenly, his whole life had changed, when he'd won those few small races that led to winning the one special big race of the year. That's when he'd found himself right in the midst of a whirlwind of social activity.

According to the newspaper columnists, Jay was considered to be one of the most eligible bachelors of the day, and he revelled in the knowledge that so many girls were always contriving schemes just in order to meet him. It was sure great to be so irresistible, and he was determined to make the most of his good fortune.

Jay brought his thoughts back to the present with a jolt. He waved to the redhead again, adjusted his goggles, started up his car motor — and then they were off!

He sped around the first turn, knowing his car was one of the fastest in the race. In the final lap, he was two car lengths behind the lead. He gunned his motor, rounded the last turn on one wheel, and sped past the leading car just moments before the finish. Newspaper photographers took his picture, and TV cameras were waiting for an interview.

When Jay finally left the racetrack, he found Jean, a pretty blonde he'd met two weeks ago at a dance, waiting for him at the kerb in her new blue convertible.

"Hop in, Jay," she smiled. "Thanks, Jean, but I've got my own car today."

Jean pouted. "Well, Mother said to invite you over to the house for dinner tonight. You haven't met my dad yet, you know."

Jay winced. "I've got a business appointment tonight," he apologised. "Maybe some other time. I'll call you," he said, and waved as he walked toward his car in the parking lot.

Going to dinner at a girl's house to meet her family was the first step in the wrong direction for any bachelor who wanted to stay that way, Jay thought wryly.

He got into his little red car with apprehension. Although he was a fast and good driver among the other



racers, he was quite afraid of the highways, where he never was quite sure just what the other fellow might do. He drove on and just as he turned into the intersection a station wagon seemed to come from nowhere and graze his rear fender.

He got out of his car to face an angry girl with shining dark hair flowing around her shoulders.

"Why don't you watch where you're going!" she yelled at him. "You didn't stop for that stop sign and we could have both been killed!"

"I don't know what you're hollering about," Jay said. "I'm the one who has the damage." He motioned to his fender, which had a small dent, while her station wagon seemed to be without damage at all.

"How did you ever get a licence to drive a car?" the girl demanded. "It was definitely your fault!"

Jay was not sure by this time whether he had stopped for that sign or not. In fact, he'd thought that station wagon had been parked at the kerb before it raced out and struck him. He looked down at the irate girl, and all he could think about was how pretty she was.

"I must see your driver's licence," he said, showing her his. He copied down her name, which was Sally Simms, and her address.

"I'm terribly sorry," Jay said. "It may have been my fault, and since there is no damage to your car won't you let me take you to lunch to make up for all this inconvenience?" He turned on his most charming smile, the one that no girl could resist.

But Sally ignored him and got into her car and drove away.

Surprised that his usual charm hadn't worked, Jay went back to his apartment to ponder on this new turn of events. Maybe if this girl knew who he was she would have acted differently! So he found her number in the phone book.

Sally answered the phone. "This is Jayson Brooks. We sort of collided this afternoon . . ." he began.

"I remember," she said coldly.

"I've been thinking about that stop sign. I really do believe that I went through it without stopping. It's sur-

prising, because I am a professional driver. Maybe you've heard of me?"

There was a moment's pause. "Yes, I've heard of you, Mr. Brooks. That makes it all the more appalling, that you of all people should not obey the traffic laws!"

"Please believe me, it will never happen again," he assured her. "And I do feel that we should meet and talk about it."

There was another pause. "Well, you might drop over here for a few minutes," she suggested finally. "You could come to dinner, if you like."

Jay grinned into the phone. "It's a date! I'll be looking forward to seeing you at your house for dinner this evening," he said.

He dressed carefully and stopped at the florist to buy a dozen roses. This girl was not like all those others, scheming to catch a husband. She was different, the kind of girl a man would like to come home to.

When Jay arrived at the comfortable old Colonial-style house, he rang the bell and was met at the door by Sally. She introduced him to her mother, and her father, and young brother. Jay was immediately drawn to this whole family of pleasant, kindly people.

And he was amazed and pleasantly surprised at the change in Sally. She seemed to have forgiven him for his careless driving this afternoon, and as he sat there he suddenly knew there could never be another girl for him.

In a little while, Sally went into the kitchen to help her mother with the dinner. "This young man is just as handsome as you said he was, dear," Mrs. Simms said. "And he does seem like a nice boy."

Sally smiled brightly. "I'm so glad you like him, Mum. I fell in love with him the first time I saw him at Jean's party, but he was surrounded by so many others girls that he didn't even know I was there. And you were right, Mum," she said. "The best way to get to meet a racing driver is on the highway. When I bumped into his car and told him he'd gone through that stop sign, he believed me. He never even had a chance!"

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# 'Softie'

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whom you think might have a bomb aboard Flight 2, took out a flight-insurance policy just before takeoff for three hundred thousand dollars. The beneficiary is Inez Guerrero. He paid for it with what looked like his last small change.

Tanya's face went white. She whispered, "Oh, no!"

At this moment, actually, Inez Guerrero was a mental walking-wounded case.

The events of tonight, coupled with her accumulated distress and weariness of weeks, had prompted her mind — like an overloaded circuit — to switch off. The condition was temporary, yet while it remained Inez Guerrero had forgotten where she was, or why.

It was soon after The Golden Argosy took off that an airport policeman found her walking aimlessly through the terminal, crying.

Lieutenant Ordway happened to be nearby and dealt with the matter personally.

Inez had gone docilely to Mel Bakersfeld's office with the lieutenant, only half-knowing that she was being taken anywhere at all, and after, had sat quietly in a seat she was guided to, her body, if not her mind, grateful for the rest.

But after a while, her resilience brought her back to a realisation that she must move on. So Inez Guerrero stood up, still not sure where she was or how she had come there, but prepared to go.

It was then that the Meadowood delegation escorted by Lieutenant Ordway, entered Mel Bakersfeld's office, and Ned himself returned to speak with Inez Guerrero.

Inez, through her miasma of uncertainty, was conscious

of the big Negro policeman leading her with quiet, not-quite-questions, so that he seemed to understand, without her saying so, that she had to return downtown and wasn't sure she had enough money for it.

She started to fumble with her purse, intending to count what was there, but he slipped three one-dollar bills into her hand and came with her outside, pointing the way down to where, he said, she would find a bus, and added that what he had given her would be enough for the fare, with something over for wherever she had to go when she got to the city.

The policeman had gone then, and Inez did what she was told, going down some stairs; she had seen a hamburger stand and at that moment she realised how hungry and thirsty she was. She bought a hot dog, and coffee in a paper cup, and somehow the sight of those two very ordinary things was reassuring.

NOT far from the food counter she found a seat and tucked herself into a corner. She wasn't sure how long ago that was, but now, with the coffee gone and the hot dog eaten, awareness, which earlier had started to come back, was receding from her once more in a comfortable way.

There was something comforting, too, about the crowds around her, the noises, and loudspeaker announcements.

Twice Inez thought she heard her own name on the loudspeakers, but knew it was imagination, because no one would call her, or even know that she was here.

She realised dimly that sometime soon she would have

## AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

to move on. But for a while, she thought, she would sit here quietly, where she was.

The persons summoned to the airport general manager's office arrived quickly. The calls made to them—some by

### FROM THE BIBLE

When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

— St. Matthew 6; 5.

Mel Bakersfeld, others by Tanya Livingston — had stressed urgency.

The district transportation manager of Trans America—Tanya's boss, Bert Weatherby—arrived first. Lieutenant Ordway, having started his policemen searching for Inez Guerrero, was close behind.

Weatherby inquired briskly, "Mel, what's all this about?"

"We're not sure, but there's a possibility there could be a bomb aboard your Flight 2."

Weatherby looked searchingly at Tanya, but wasted no time in asking why she was there. His gaze swung back to Mel. "Let's hear what you know."

Addressing both Weatherby and Ned Ordway, Mel sum-

marised what was known or conjectured so far.

While he was speaking, Customs Inspector Standish, still in uniform, came in, followed by the girl from the insurance desk, Bunnie Vorobioff. As the import of what Mel was saying sank in, Bunnie paled.

The one non-arrival was the gate agent who had been in charge at gate forty-seven when Flight 2 left. A staff supervisor whom Tanya had spoken to a few minutes ago informed her that the agent was now on his way home. She gave instructions for a message to be left, and for the agent to check in by telephone as soon as he arrived.

Tanya doubted if anything would be gained by bringing him back to the airport tonight; for one thing, she already knew that the agent did not remember Guerrero boarding. But someone else might want to question him by phone.

"I called everyone here who's involved so far," Mel told Weatherby. "What we have to decide, I think — and it's mainly your decision — is whether or not we have enough to warn your captain of Flight 2." Mel was reminded again of what he had temporarily pushed from mind: that the flight was commanded by his brother-in-law, Vernon Demerest.

Bert Weatherby looked grim; he swung to Tanya. "Whatever we decide, I want Operations in on this. Find out if Royce Kettering is still on the base. If so, get him here fast."

Captain Kettering was Trans America's chief pilot at Lincoln International. "That woman — the pas-

senger's wife," Weatherby said. "Where is she?"

"We don't know."

Ned Ordway explained that his men were searching the airport, although the woman might be gone. He added that city police headquarters had been alerted, and all buses from the airport to downtown were now being checked on arrival.

"When she was here," Mel explained, "we had no idea."

Weatherby grunted. "We were all slow."

He glanced at Tanya, then at Customs Inspector Standish, who, so far, had not spoken. The district transportation manager, Tanya knew was remembering ruefully his own instructions to "Forget it!"

Now he informed her, "We'll have to tell the captain of the flight something. He's entitled to know as much as we do, even though so far we're only guessing."

Tanya asked, "Shouldn't we send a description of Guerrero? Captain Demerest may want to have him identified without his knowing."

"If you do," Mel pointed out, "we can help. There are people here who've seen the man."

"All right," Weatherby acknowledged, "we'll work on that. Meanwhile, Tanya, call our dispatcher. Tell him there's an important message coming in a few minutes, and to get a Selcal circuit hooked into Flight 2. I want this kept private, not broadcast for everybody."

Mel asked Bunnie, "Are you Miss Vorobioff?"

As she nodded nervously, the eyes of the others turned to her.

Mel said, "You realize which man we're talking about?"

To page 74

no  
teething  
troubles

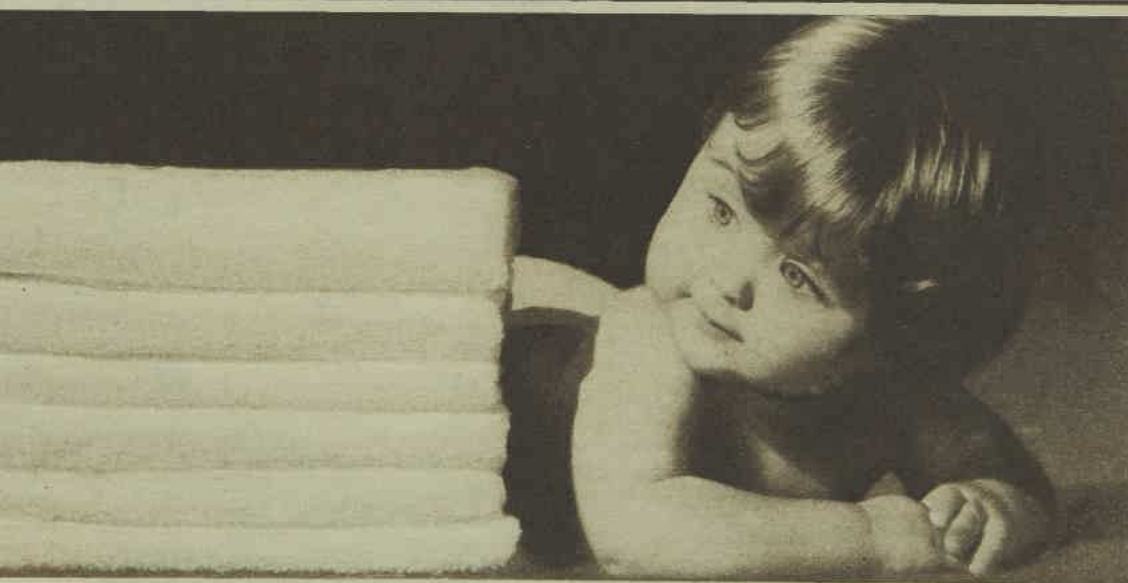


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# WOOL FASHIONS in the ARCTIC



**A** TOP Danish model, 6ft.-tall Ulla Linde, wearing a collection of outstanding Scandinavian pure new wool fashions, is sharing the stage with five thoroughbred sheep for the Australian Wool Board's fashion parade at agricultural shows in capital cities.

These striking wool fashions are part of the total living, Scandinavian-style influence in wool collections for spring-summer, 1968. The clothes are by leading couture designers representing Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Finland.

They signify a color odyssey of the Arctic. They were photographed north of the polar circle, in the light of the midnight sun, with temperature 29 degrees fahrenheit, wind 20 mph. It was snowing during the 24 hours the photographers worked.

PARADE DATES: Royal Adelaide Show, September 6-14; Royal Melbourne Show, September 19-28.



FIGGJO of Norway designed the long-sleeved classic sweater above, made in navy, red, and white pure wool. This was the sweater athletes at the Olympics at Grenoble wore as their uniform.



D-SIGN of Denmark designed the red wool jersey dress left. The design has an up-in-front down-at-the-back shirt-line.

KAISU HEIKKILA of Finland designed the evening dress above, made in a mixture of purple, lilac, white, and green wool.



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## AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

Slowly, Bunnie nodded.

"Describe him please."

While the others listened, a picture of D. O. Guerrero emerged. Bunnie Vorobioff proved herself a keen observer.

Weatherby wrote the description, incorporating it with a message for Flight 2 which he was drafting.

When Bunnie came to the part about D. O. Guerrero barely having enough money and no Italian money; the man's nervous tension, the fumbling with dimes and pennies; his excitement on discovering a five-dollar bill in an inside pocket, the district transportation manager looked up with a mixture of disgust and horror.

"And you still issued a policy. Are you people mad?"

"I thought . . ." Bunnie started to say.

"You thought! But you didn't do anything, did you?"

Her face drained and white, Bunnie Vorobioff shook her head.

"Bert, we're wasting time." Mel put in quietly.

"I know, I know! Just the same . . . It isn't just her, or even the people who employ her. It's us — the airlines; we're as much to blame. We agree with the pilots about airport flight insurance, but we won't say so . . ."

**M**EL said tersely to Customs Inspector Standish, "Harry, is there anything you'd add to the description of Guerrero?"

"No," Standish said. "I wasn't as near to him as this young lady, and she saw some things I didn't. But I did watch the way he held the case, and I'd say this: If what you think is in there really is, don't anyone try to grab that case away from him."

"So what do you suggest?"

The Customs man shook his head. "I guess you'd have to get it by some kind of trickery. If it's a bomb, it has to be self-contained in the case, and that means somewhere there's a trigger, and the chances are it'll be the kind of trigger he can get to quickly. He's possessive about the case now. If someone tried to take it away, he'd figure he was found out and that he had nothing to lose."

"Of course," Mel said, "we still don't know if the man's an ordinary eccentric, and all he's got in there are his pyjamas."

"If you're asking my opinion," the Customs Inspector said, "I don't think so. I wish I did, because I've got a niece on that flight."

Standish had been remembering his last sight of Judy; that sweet young girl, playing with the baby from the next seat. She had kissed him. Goodbye, Uncle Harry! Now, he wished desperately that he

had been more definite, had acted more responsibly, about the man with the attache case.

Well, Standish thought, though it might be late, at least he would be definite now.

"I'd like to say something else." The eyes of the others swung to him.

"I have to tell you this because we haven't time to waste on modesty: I'm a good judge of people, mostly on first sight, and usually I can smell the bad ones. It's an instinct, and don't ask me how it works because I couldn't tell you, except that in my job some of us get to be that way."

"I spotted that man tonight, and I said he was 'suspicious'; I used that word because I was thinking of smuggling, which is the way I'm trained. Now, knowing what we do — even little as it is — I'd make it stronger. The man Guerrero is dangerous."

Standish eyed the Trans America district transportation manager. "Mr. Weatherby — get that word 'dangerous' across to your people in the air."

"I intend to, Inspector."

A sharp knock sounded on the office door and a tall man with a seamed, weatherworn face and keen blue eyes came in from the ante-room. He nodded to Mel, but before either could speak, the district transportation manager cut in.

"Royce, thanks for coming quickly. We seem to have some trouble." He held out the note pad on which he had been writing.

Captain Kettering, the base chief pilot for Trans America, read the draft message carefully, his only reaction a tightening at the mouth as his eyes moved down the page.

The second telephone rang, cutting through the temporary silence. Mel answered it, then motioned to Ned Ordway, who took the receiver.

Captain Kettering finished reading. The district transportation manager asked, "Do you agree to sending that? We've dispatch standing by with a Selcal hookup."

Kettering nodded. "Yes, but I'd like you to add: 'Suggest return or alternate landing at Captain's discretion,' and have the dispatcher give them the latest weather."

"Of course," Weatherby pencilled in the extra words, then passed the pad to Tanya. She began dictating the message by tie line to Trans America's New York dispatcher.

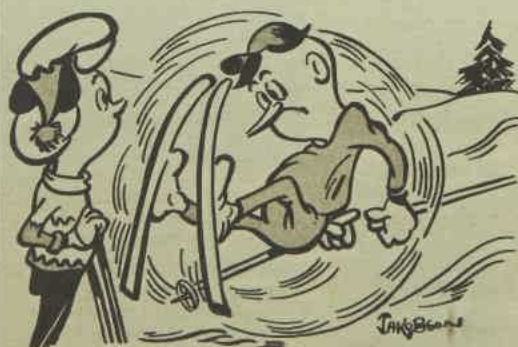
Captain Kettering glanced at the others in the room. "Is that everything we know?"

"Yes," Mel said. "It is, so far."

"We may know more soon," Lieutenant Ordway said. He had replaced the telephone.

To page 76

## MRS. H. WIFE



"If this is one of the basic steps, too, I quit."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 4, 1968





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- ☐ Loose hair in his comb
- ☐ Lifeless, lack-lustre hair
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- ☐ Excessive dandruff

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The protein treatment for hair health

Silvikrin Tonic Hair Dressing, Silvikrin Tonic Hair Cream and Silvikrin Shampoos, all contain a measured proportion of Pure Silvikrin.

## AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

"We just found Guerrero's wife."

Inez Guerrero was soon the pivot of attention among them. She occupied a chair in the room's centre to which she had been guided on arrival. Lieutenant Ordway faced her. The others were ranged about the room.

"Mrs. Guerrero," Ned Ordway said. "Why is your husband going to Rome?"

Inez stared back bleakly and didn't answer. The policeman's voice sharpened.

"Mrs. Guerrero, please listen to me carefully. There are some important questions I have to ask. I want you to help me by answering my questions. Will you? Please."

THE district transportation manager cut in urgently. "Lieutenant, we haven't got all night. That aeroplane is moving away from us at six hundred miles an hour. If we have to, let's get tough."

"Leave this to me, Mr. Weatherby," Ordway said sharply. "If we all start shouting, it'll take a lot more time to get a great deal less."

Weatherby continued to look impatient, but kept quiet.

"Inez," Ordway said, "... is it OK if I call you Inez?"

She nodded.

"Inez, why is your husband going to Rome?"

Her voice was strained, barely more than a whisper. "I don't know."

"Do you have friends there; relatives?"

"No... There is a distant cousin in Milan, but we have never seen him."

"Can you think of any reason why your husband would go to visit the cousin — suddenly?"

"There is no reason."

"What is your husband's business?"

"He is... was... a contractor." Slowly but perceptibly, Inez's grasp of things was coming back. "He built buildings, houses, developments."

"You said 'was.' Why isn't he a contractor now?"

"He... went bankrupt. We're penniless... in debt."

"Then where did he get money for his fare to Rome?"

"I think..." Inez started to say something about her ring which D.O. had pawned, then remembered the Trans America Airlines time-payment contract. She took the now-creased yellow sheet from her purse and gave it to Ordway who glanced over it. Weatherby joined him.

"It's made out to 'Buerrero'," Weatherby said. "Though the signature could be anything."

Ned Ordway shook his head. "It isn't important now, but it's an old trick if anyone has a bad credit rating. They use a wrong first letter so the bad rating won't show up in inquiry — at least not in a hurry. Later, if the mistake's discovered, it can be blamed on whoever filled out the form."

Ordway swung back to Inez, the yellow printed sheet in hand. "Why did you agree to this when you knew your husband was defrauding?"

She protested, "I didn't know."

"Then how is it you have this paper now?"

Haltingly, she related how she had found it earlier this evening, and had come to the airport, hoping to intercept her husband before departure.

"So until tonight you had no idea that he was going?"

Inez shook her head.

"Even now, can you think of any reason for him going?"

She looked bewildered. "No."

"Does your husband ever do irrational things?"

Inez hesitated. "Sometimes, lately..."

"Violent things?"

Reluctantly, Inez nodded.

"Your husband was carrying a case tonight," Ordway said quietly. "A small attache case, and he seemed specially cautious about it. Have you any idea what might be inside?"

"No, sir."

"Inez, you said your husband was a contractor — a building contractor. In the course of his work did he ever use explosives?"

"Oh, yes," Inez said. "Often." Suddenly there was a nervousness in her speech which had not been there before. "But... he handles them very carefully." Her eyes moved around the room.

"Please... what is this about?"

Ordway said softly, "You have an idea, Inez; haven't you?"

When she didn't answer, he asked, "Where are you living?"

She gave the address of the southside apartment. Ordway turned to Tanya. Without raising his voice, he asked, "Get a line open, please, to police headquarters downtown; this extension" — he scribbled a number on a pad. "Ask them to hold on."

Tanya went quickly to Mel's desk.

Ordway asked Inez, "Did your husband have any explosives in the apartment?"

"Yes. Some dynamite... and caps... They were left over."

"Where were the explosives kept?"

"In a drawer in the bedroom." An expression of sudden shock crossed Inez Guerrero's face. Ordway spotted it.

"You thought of something then! What was it?"

"Nothing!" Panic was in her eyes and voice.

"Yes, you did!" Ned Ordway leaned forward, his face aggressive. "Don't try holding back or lying! It won't work. Tell me what it was you thought."

"Tonight... I didn't think of it before... the dynamite and caps..." Inez swallowed and whispered, "They were gone!"

Tanya said quietly, "I have your call, Lieutenant. They're holding on."

Ordway nodded, his eyes still fixed on Inez. "Did you know that tonight, before your husband's flight took off, he insured himself very heavily naming you as beneficiary?"

"No, sir, I swear I don't know anything..."

"I believe you," Ordway said. He stopped, considering, and when he spoke again his voice grated harshly.

"Inez Guerrero, listen to me carefully. We believe your husband has those explosives with him tonight. We think he carried them on to that Rome flight, and, since there can be no other explanation for having them there, that he intends to destroy the aero-

plane, killing himself and everyone else aboard."

Ordway paused, and then said slowly, "Now, I've one more question, and before you answer, think carefully, and remember those other people — innocent people, including children — who are on that flight, too. Inez, you know your husband. Could he... for the insurance money; for you... could he do what I have just said?"

Tears streamed down Inez Guerrero's face. She seemed near collapse, but nodded slowly. "Yes, I think he could."

Ned Ordway turned away. He took the telephone from Tanya and began speaking rapidly in a low tone. Once he paused, swinging back to Inez Guerrero. "Your apartment is going to be searched, and we'll get a warrant if necessary. But it will be easier if you consent. Do you?"

Inez nodded and said dully, "Go ahead."

"OK," Ordway said into the telephone, "she agrees." A minute or so later he hung up, and turned back to the others. "We'll collect the evidence in the apartment, if there's any there," he said. "Apart from that, at the moment, there isn't a lot we can do."

The district transportation manager said grimly, "There isn't a lot any of us can do, except maybe pray." His face strained and grey, he began writing a new message for Flight 2.

The hot hors-d'oeuvre, which Captain Vernon Demerest had called for, had been served to the pilots of Flight 2. The appetising assortment on a tray, brought by one of the stewardesses from the first-class galley, was disappearing fast. Demerest grunted appreciatively as he bit into a lobster-and-mushroom tartlet that was garnished with parmesan cheese.

At that moment the Selcal call-chime sounded loudly in the cockpit and the radio panel warning light flashed on.

Anson Harris' eyebrows went up. A single call on Sel-

cal was out of the ordinary; two within less than an hour were exceptional.

Demerest reached out to switch radios. "I'll get it."

In a few moments, he was writing down the message that had been compiled in Mel's office:

Unconfirmed possibility exists that male tourist passenger D. O. Guerrero aboard your flight may have explosive device in his possession. Passenger with no luggage and apparently without funds insured self heavily before departure. Was observed behaving suspiciously with attache-type briefcase carried as hand baggage. Description follows.

As the wording progressed, Demerest's features tautened. At the end he acknowledged briefly and signed off without comment.

He handed the message pad to Anson Harris, who read it, and whistled softly. He passed the pad over his shoulder to Cy Jordan.

The Selcal message ended: Suggest return or alternate landing at Captain's discretion.

As both captains knew, there was a question of command to be decided. Although Anson Harris had been flying tonight as captain, with Demerest performing first officer duty, Vernon Demerest — as check pilot — had overriding authority if he chose to exercise it.

Now, in response to Harris' questioning glance, Demerest said brusquely, "You're in the left seat. What are we waiting for?"

Harris considered only briefly, then announced, "We'll turn back, but making a wide slow turn; that way, passengers shouldn't notice. Then we'll have Gwen Meighen locate this guy they're worried about, because it's a sure thing one of us can't show up in the cabin, or we'll alert him."

He shrugged. "After that, I guess we play it by ear."

"OK," Demerest assented. "You get us faced around; I'll handle the cabin end."

To page 77

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Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

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Skip Go on date! Lip Lotion's invisible barrier heals chafed, cracked and dry lips and cold sores. Buy purse-size Lip Lotion and you'll come up smiling!



from your chemist  
Another McGloin's quality product

## BLADDER IRRITATION HURTS WOMEN

Simple infections of the urinary tract are very common at all ages, and probably bother twice as many women as men. These infections by irritating the kidneys and bladder may cause frequent burning, itching urination, thus embarrassing you during the day and disturbing your sleep at night. Secondly, backache and muscular aches and pains may result. For quick, soothing relief of urinary tract symptoms try CYSTEX which has been sold and recommended by registered chemists throughout the free world for 30 years.

## AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

He depressed the stewardess call button, using a three-ring code to summon Gwen.

On a radio frequency he had been using earlier, Anson Harris called air-route control. He announced laconically, "This is Trans America 2. We seem to have a problem here. Request clearance back to Lincoln, and radar vector from present position to Lincoln."

Harris' swift reasoning had already ruled out landing at an alternate airport. Ottawa, Toronto, and Detroit were closed because of the storm. Besides, to deal with the man they were concerned about back in the cabin, the crew of Flight 2 needed time. Returning to Lincoln International Airport would provide it.

From Toronto Air Route Center, more than six miles below, a controller's voice responded. "You may begin a left turn now to heading two seven zero. Stand by for an altitude change."

"Roger, Toronto. We are commencing the turn. We'd like to make it wide and gradual."

The exchange was low key, but by the nature of Flight 2's request, the ground controller was instantly aware that an emergency existed.

**A**LREADY on the ground, procedural wheels were turning. Cleveland Center, which earlier had passed the flight to Toronto Center and now would receive it back, had been alerted. Chicago Center, which would take over from Cleveland, was being notified.

On Harris' orders, Second Officer Jordan was reporting to Trans America dispatch, by company radio, the decision to return.

The door from the forward cabin opened. Gwen Meighen came in.

"Listen," she said, "if it's more hors-d'oeuvre, I'm sorry, but you can't have them."

"I'll deal with the insubordination later," Demerest said. "Right now we've got a spot of bother. I want you to locate a passenger. He isn't to know that you're looking for him. We have a description here. You'd better read the whole thing." He handed her the pad with the Selcal message.

Her expression as she read was serious, but not dismayed; it reminded him of what he had admired so much earlier this evening — her strength in no way lessening her femininity.

In a swift, fleeting second he remembered that twice tonight Gwen had declared she loved him. He had wondered then: had he ever truly been in love? At this moment, instinct told him, his feeling about Gwen was the closest to loving he would ever know.

She handed the message pad back.

"What I want you to do," Demerest instructed her, "is go back and locate this man. See if there's any sign of the bag, and whether there's a good chance of getting it away from him. You realize that one of us from here can't go back — at least for now — in case we scare him."

"Yes," Gwen said. "I understand that. But I don't need to go, either. I know where he is already. In seat fourteen-A."

Half an hour or so ago, Gwen explained, after serving dinners in first class, she had gone aft into the tourist section to help out there. One of the passengers — in a window seat on the left — had been dozing. When Gwen spoke to him he awakened instantly. He was nursing a

small attache case on his knees, and Gwen suggested that she take it, or that he put it down, while having dinner.

The passenger refused. He continued to hold the case where it was, even using it to support his dinner tray. Accustomed to passengers' peculiarities, Gwen thought no more of it, though she remembered the man well. The description in the message fitted him exactly.

"Another reason I remember is that he's sitting right alongside the old lady stow-away."

"If he's in a window seat as you say, that makes it harder to reach across and grab," Demerest was remembering the portion of the message that warned:

*If supposition's true, likely that trigger for explosives will be on outside of case and easily reachable. Therefore use extreme caution in attempting to seize case forcibly.*

He guessed that Gwen, too, was thinking of that warning.

Anson Harris was easing out of a perfectly executed turn as gently as he had gone into it. They were now headed around completely.

The Selcal chime sounded again. Demerest motioned to Cy Jordan, who switched radios and answered, then began copying down a message.

Anson Harris was talking once more with Toronto Air Route Center.

"I wonder," Vernon Demerest said to Gwen, "if there's any chance of getting those other two passengers alongside Guerrero out of their seats. That way he'd be left there, in the three-seat section. Then maybe one of us could come from behind, lean over, and grab."

"He'd suspect," Gwen said emphatically. "He's edgy now. The moment we got those other people out, whatever excuse we used, he'd know something was wrong."

The second officer passed over the Selcal message he had been copying. Gwen and Demerest read it together.

New information indicates earlier possibility of explosive device in possession of passenger Guerrero is now strong probability repeat strong probability. Passenger believed mentally disturbed, desperate. Repeat previous warning to approach with extreme caution. Good luck.

For several seconds — apart from routine flight-deck sounds — there was silence.

"If there were some way," Demerest said slowly, "... some way we could trick him into letting go of that case. All we'd need would be a few seconds to have our hands on it, then get it clear away..." He stopped.

"Let's go over it again. There are two passengers between Guerrero and the aisle. One of them is a man; he has the aisle seat. In the middle is the old lady, Mrs. Quonsett. Then Guerrero."

"So Grandma's right alongside the case." Then Demerest said sharply, "You haven't said anything to her yet? She doesn't know we're on to her?"

"No. You told me not to."

Again they were silent. Vernon Demerest concentrated, weighing possibilities.

At length he said carefully, "I have an idea. It may not work, but at the moment it's the best we have. Now listen, while I tell you exactly what to do."

None of them wanted to think of what might happen if the idea did not work.

To be concluded

Boys who know all the tricks wear TOOTAL 'fixaform' shorts and come out on top!



Hardwearing Tootal Shorts in Terylene now have a brand new soil-release finish, "WASH KLEEN" built into them.

Now stains aren't so stubborn, whites stay white, and the dirt floats out in the wash.

Tootal's Fixaform Permanent Press means positively no ironing, too!

**TOOTAL**  
boys always come out on top

Fixaform and Terylene — Regd. Trade Marks. "Wash Kleen" — Trade Mark pending.

Q146



# Found—happiness



After months of discontent I have finally found happiness. It's wonderful to be 16. I love the quick pace, having a boyfriend and introducing him to Mum. I love clothes and people considering me old enough to have an opinion—and asking me for it. I love learning, reading books, and finding out about the world we live in. I love having lots of friends and having my time filled. I love gazing out of the window in class, not thinking about anything—except of all the beautiful things to happen in the future.

—“SIXTEEN AT LAST,” Nambucca Heads, N.S.W.

## Thanks-giving

IT'S a pity so many girls who have had quite a bit of money spent on them hardly say “thank you.” Some seem to think it is their right in life to have money spent on them, and that it need not be acknowledged. I don't mean to convey that boys wish the girls to go down on their knees in gratitude. But

some girls I have taken out over the past months don't even breathe a “thank you.” —O. Pickering, Kalinga, Qld.

## Bad language

ATTENDING a suburban football match, I was appalled by the number of so-called adults who swore incessantly as the game proceeded. The majority of these people — including several women — were well dressed and respectable in appearance, and many were accompanied by their young children. It seems to me that adults who can tolerate such language among themselves are in no position to criticise the younger generation for its language, as many of them frequently do. —J. Fielding, Gordon Park, Qld.

## Branded

YOUTHFUL foibles of startling hairstyles and dress tend to mellow with the passing years, but a tattoo of Bugs Bunny or a crude nude is there for ever. I think that the RAN should set an example by discouraging the practice. And I think, too, that it should be unlawful to tattoo a person under 18. I know of a bank manager who has to wear a specially made watchband because he has “I love ‘so-and-so’” tattooed around his wrist. —“Rena,” Albury, N.S.W.

## LETTERS

### Step forward

AT a recent party my mother critically remarked, “In my youth dancing was an art, not just a

## Family service

WHY do many teenagers think it's out-of-date to go to church? My friends and I all go to church regularly. We are not old-fashioned and we enjoy way-out fashions and teenage ideas. The boys and girls at the church are all great friends and really modern. Barbecues, dances, and outings are all part of our church social life. Today, many people respect those who stand up for what they believe is right. Church isn't just for mums and dads — it's for the teenagers, too. — Jenny Bone, Torrens, A.C.T.

## For teenagers

### Get the message?

AS a devotee of pop music, I am becoming very tired of hearing older people condemn it on the grounds that the lyrics of modern songs are incomprehensible and meaningless. Many tell stories, while others, such as protest songs, convey messages about human and social problems which it would do adults good to think about. Surely these are far more meaningful than quite a few of the sugary love songs of the past. — A. Bowden, Box Hill, Vic.

## GO-MANGO



ROUND  
ROBIN



Adair

## OF MICE AND MEN IN OFFICES

It's worth noting that employers fancy at least one type of animal in their places.

A boss no doubt would say that aardvark never hurt anyone.

And, of course, in a newspaper office we wouldn't like to have no animals at all.

We'd be stumped if ever there was the end of the gnus.

## Cried yesterday ...



## Smiles today ...

A photographer snapped this happy picture of Mary Jane today. “But yesterday,” says her mother, “she cried all day, wouldn't eat either. Then I thought of Laxettes. She's happy as a lark today, eating well, too.” It's normally Mother Nature's job to keep children regular. But when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes, the chocolate laxative, to restore your child's regularity overnight. Gently. Safely. Surely. No taste but the chocolate! Laxettes tonight, tomorrow, they're right. Only 40 cents

LAB96WW

## for healthy gums and clean teeth

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MEDICATED GUM MASSAGERS

“INTER-DENS” vitalise and harden the gums, clean surfaces not reached by an ordinary toothbrush and remove food particles which cause tooth decay. “INTER-DENS” refresh and sweeten the mouth.

## “Inter-dens”

NOW AVAILABLE IN TWO FORMS  
STANDARD

for tender gums and widely spaced teeth

FIRM

harder and thinner for closely spaced teeth



P287/N1208

FINISH WHAT THE TOOTHBRUSH LEAVES UNDONE  
RECOMMENDED BY DENTISTS  
A NICHOLAS N PRODUCT

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## ARE YOU TOO FAT TOO FAT TOO FAT

Gentle, natural Ford Pills help rid you of ugly surplus fat, restore your lithe, trim figure and bring back buoyant good health. Take Ford Pills regularly and follow the Ford Pills Diet Chart. Safe and gentle for all your family with never any unpleasant side effects.

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Permanent and Temporary work always available for secretaries, typists, accounting, calculating and punch card machine operators.  
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# BUTTERICK PATTERNS

4741.—Slightly A-line dress has contrast front yoke with oval neckline, self-tie belt. A-line coat has standing collar and martingale belt. Contrast cuffs. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 85c includes postage.



4741

4166.—Apron has square neckline and one-button closing at back. Sizes: Small, medium, large. Price 50c includes postage.



4166

4740



4740.—Semi-fitted A-line dress with princess seaming has pockets in side front seams. Purchased scarf through self-loop. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46in. bust. Price 75c includes postage.



4258

4258.—Slim, straight dress with jewel neckline has bias fold-over braid finishing at neckline and sleeve hem. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65c includes postage.

4304



4634.—Tent dress without side seams has jewel neckline with self-bias trim. Sizes: Small, medium, large. Price 75c includes postage.

4304.—A-line dress with oval neckline, cutaway armhole. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65c includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

WHILE Mandrake and Narda wonder how they will find the Baboos' spaceship and Nardraka, the little princess has already made her way to shore. NOW READ ON...

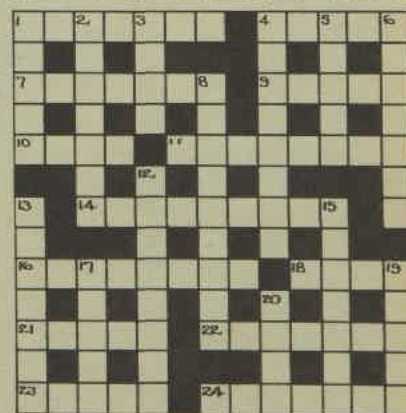


## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
1. A European feline is an animal whose smell is offensive (7).
  4. Meditates on the goddesses (5).
  7. Road-surface material for a Scot with a mother (7).
  9. The cool courage of a sinew (5).
  10. Dispatch Japanese and English money (4).
  11. Robs mice to make disease germs (8).
  14. A janitor who takes pains (9).
  16. Lean part (anagr., 8).
  18. Second-hand (4).
  21. Duck because is a fertile spot (5).
  22. Ornament of precious stones, beads, or metal (7).
  25. Color around it is gigantic (5).
  24. Considers to respond badly (7).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

- DOWN
1. Footwear raises water mechanically (5).
  2. Secular about study is expressed in few words (7).
  3. Fish a musical passage (4).
  4. A magician transposes a birdman (8).
  5. Scour a stunted tree (5).
  6. Treads on a relative (7).
  8. Armor drill for a mechanical letter-carrier (4-5).
  12. A \$1000 child for a relative (8).
  13. Back up and sip wine (7).
  15. Determine to repair a shoe about five (7).
  17. Receive stolen goods, but replace (5).
  19. Appointments for fruit (5).
  20. I pore over an image (4).





A MERRY GO-ROUND OF GOOD TASTE

# *There's an Arnott's Cream Biscuit to please everyone.*

What a parade of fresh-baked delight! Tangy, chocolatey, fruity, creamy, in individual packs or the Arnott's Assorted Cream selection. In the Arnott's biscuit bar at your food store.

SHORTBREAD CREAM. LEMON CRISP. CREAMY CHOCOLATE. ORANGE SLICE.  
DELTA CREAM. MONTE CARLO. CREAMY CRUNCH.



# Arnott's famous Biscuits

*There is no Substitute for Quality*



# The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion News



At left: Deliciously different look of black and white stripes allied with a neckline frill in a dress for all occasions. The fabric is crimp-lene. 31-36in. About \$22. (Available David Jones' Petite Fittings Dept., second floor.)

## PLAIN and STRIPED



At right: Now look in a sporty white gabardine dress, V-necked, belted at the hipline, and with two-color trim at neck and sleeves. White only with red and navy banding. By Thomas Wardle. XXSSW-SW. \$16. (Mark Foy's Young Look Shop.)



# YOUNG AND SWINGING

## FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

At right; Youthful gabardine dress has A-line skirt, a cross-over bodice with angled buttons. In grey with red stitching, bone with white, and white with navy stitching. XXSSW-SW. About \$14.50. (Available Mark Foy's Young Look Shop.)

At right; Cool and crisp white cotton pique tent-shift has imitation flap-pockets and slit neckline. Sizes 10-16. About \$20.50. (David Jones' Young Idea Shop, 2nd floor.)

At left; Little-nothing summer frock in cotton twill comes in lemon, pink, aqua, red, and white, all with cute navy-and-white spot bow. XXSSW-SW. \$15.99. (Katie's Fashion Stores, Pitt Street, Roselands, Parramatta, Bankstown, Wollongong, Canberra.)







Above: One of the new looks of the season in estocel-crepe style with a V-necked, long-line bodice and flared skirt. White with black only. XSSW-W. About \$29. (McDowells, Better Dresses Section.)

At right: Interesting design in a navy linen frock with inverted front pleat, a large white collar, and white inset on bodice. Trim is a red, white, and blue spotted bow. In yellow, also. 10-14. \$15. (Farmer's Young Sydney Shop, 1st Floor.)



Tailored skirt and snappy weskit in white canvas worn over a soft, silk-look rayon shirt with button-down collar. Weskit \$6, front fastened skirt \$11, both in white, pink, navy. By Kenneth Pirrie. Shirt in navy/white, red/navy, \$7.50. In range of sizes. (Available David Jones' Casual Things, 3rd floor, early September.)





# STRIPES

## Fashions in the shops

At left: Snappy little sleeveless orlon dress has a wide, leather-buckled belt. In brown and bone, black and white, sizes XXSSW-SW. About \$19.99. (Katie's Fashion Stores, Pitt Street, Roselands, Parramatta, Bankstown, Wollongong, Canberra.)



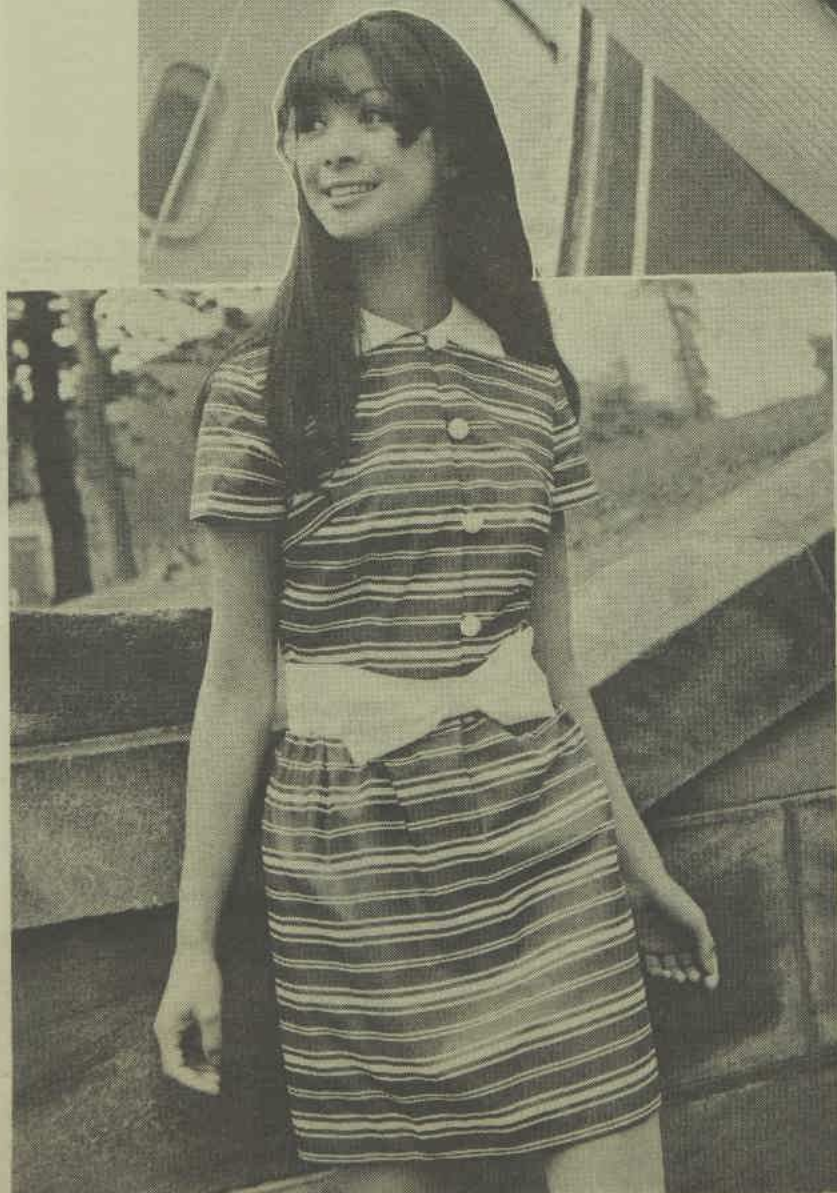
At left: Smart crimplene horizontally striped dress with stand-up mandarin collar, buttoned tab front, and tabbed gilt chain at hip level. In pink/green/blue, XSSW $\frac{1}{2}$ -XW $\frac{1}{2}$ . About \$22.50. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands Proportionate Fittings Depts.)

At right: Linen-and-silk mixture town dress in vertical stripes of bone/blue, bone/gold, with a rounded peak collar and contrast-striped yoke. The skirt has an inverted pleat. XSSW $\frac{1}{2}$ -XW $\frac{1}{2}$ . About \$24. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands Proportionate Fittings Depts., early Sept.)





At right: Crisp stripes of black and white or navy and white in a tailored-look crimplene dress with white collar and cuffs and a tailed-bow at neckline. 12-18. About \$23.99. (David Jones' New Yorker Under \$24 Shop, 2nd floor.)



At left: Cool little striped lawn dress with white collar and buttons and wide belt and bow at the waist. In navy/white, red/white, black/white. In range of sizes. About \$14. (David Jones' Young Idea Shop, 2nd floor.)

Above: New season co-ordinates in a very smart combination of black and flax. Tailored slacks have fine black stripe and belt, the textured cotton skinnyrib top has contrast bands of black at neck and sleeves. By Sportcraft. Slacks \$15.50, top \$8.50. (David Jones' Casual Things, 3rd floor, mid-September.)



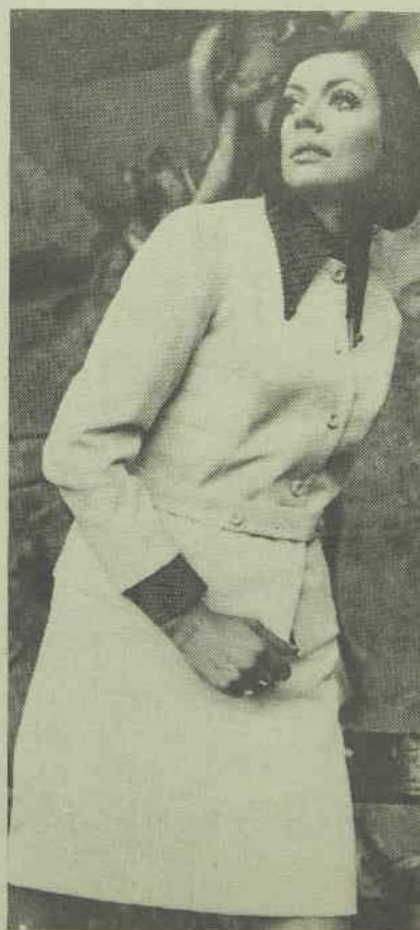


Above: Sharp white organza bow at the neckline adds to the appeal of this grey-and-white print dress with front-buttoned panel and narrow belt at the hip. 12-18. About \$16. (David Jones' Afternoon Dresses, 2nd floor.)

## FOR THE OLDER WOMAN



Above: Smart, sophisticated linen-look coat with contrast piping has a piped-back belt on the slightly raised waistline. In navy/white, black/white, bone, blue, lemon. By Ralex. 10-16. About \$24. (David Jones' Coat Dept., 2nd floor.)



At left: Cream gabardine suit with high-buttoned, belted jacket and a brown-and-cream spotted shirt with long, pointed collar. 10-16. About \$34. (Farmer's Young Sydney Shop, 1st floor.)



## FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

Below: Subtle chic in a spring into summer suit in Bruck / Marchioness Killarney fabric. Range of sizes. About \$24. (Mark Foy's and Waltons.)



Smooth-tailored, silk-look ensemble has an empire-line coat with a high-cut collar and tiny buttons. The matching dress is sleeveless. In pink, aqua. 14-18. About \$32. (David Jones' Afternoon Dress Shop.)

At right: Tailored lines in a double-breasted, black-and-white stripe court-telle suit. XSSW-W. About \$28. Straw hat with rose trim is a model. About \$40. (McDowells, Suit Dept.)



## FASHIONS in the SHOPS





Above: At the Art Gallery Ball Committee's Flea Market and auction of paintings, Lesley Manson wore a white leather coat with a black fur collar and matching hat (which she bought in Spain) over a white wool dress. Her escort, Count Francis Pongross, combined bone corded pants and bone kid shoes with a navy jacket, bone-and-brown checked waistcoat, and a yellow tie.



At right: Smart figure in black and white, Mrs. Judith Cobden chatted with Mr. Peter Adams at the Legacy party. Her beautifully tailored coatdress, which had white silk cuffs and lapels, was worn with a matching hairbow. Mr. Adams accented his dark suit with a navy-and-white spotted tie.

● Three parties in one night — an art auction, a charity parade, and a restaurant opening — showed that Sydney men as well as women are fashion-conscious.



Mini-skirted rajah's tunic for Marcelle Hoddle in a gleaming gold-figured satin with matching buttons at the Legacy party held at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Neville Hoddle, Bellevue Hill. The family dog, Tosca, enjoyed the fashion parade which followed cocktails.



# WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN SYDNEY



At left: Soft cream chiffon dress with a matching satin slip, worn by Mrs. William Heywood to the Legacy cocktail party, had minutely pleated ruffles at wrists and hemline, and cream crocheted insets.



At right: Edwardian-look frilled cream blouse, cocoa-brown skirt, and caramel velvet sash worn by Mrs. Walter Furlong to the opening of a new Paddington restaurant, D'Arcys. At the throat she pinned a beautiful Andrew Grima brooch of gold studded with diamonds, which the designer named "Stars in a Cloud."



At left: Informal look for Angela Bingham, in a black-and-white figured cotton culotte dress, at the opening of D'Arcys. Her escort, Geoffrey Martin, wore a pillar-box-red silk tie with his navy suit.

Below: At the Legacy party, Wendy Rowley, in a low-belted silver lame cocktail dress, Robert Hinchcliffe, who chose a paisley tie to wear with his grape - and - white round-collared shirt, and Jane Saunders, whose black velvet dress had a white guipure trim.







Actress Lauren Bacall, right, with her daughter, Leslie Bogart, and designer Yves St. Laurent after his fashion show in Paris. Mother and daughter wore identical white linen trouser-suits and black scarves. St. Laurent was in a corduroy velvet suit with outsize striped tie.



Swedish film star Britt Eklund with her daughter Victoria leaving the airport at London on their way to Rome. The actress wore wide-legged trousers with a cummerbund and long-sleeved white shirt. Victoria was in a cool little shift dress with a printed top, plain skirt, and side buttoning.



At right: This young lady is Kate, the ten-year-old daughter of actor Richard Burton and his former wife, Sybil. Kate, arriving at Heathrow Airport, London, to spend a holiday with her father, was right up-to-date with fashion trends in her safari-styled long-line suit.



At left: A brunette in white and a blonde in black is an eye-catching combination anywhere, but when the city is Paris and the girls are Marisa Mell and Ursula Andress, two of the most beautiful women of international cinema, they almost stopped the traffic. Marisa wore a white suit, checked and belted in black, and Ursula a black trouser-suit with gold buttons and long gold chains around her neck.



# What people are wearing OVERSEAS



Above: Sporting Mediterranean sun-tans, Rex Harrison and his wife (actress Rachel Roberts) arrived in London from Paris. Mrs. Harrison highlighted her tan with a white coatdress and white lace stockings, and her husband looked dapper in a business suit and tweed hat.



At right: Mrs. John Profumo at a ball at Grosvenor House, London, wore a long gown of silk, patterned in muted floral tonings, styled with a scooped neckline, a high Empire line finished with flat self-bows, and ruched sleeves.



Above: Beautiful French actress Irina Demick arriving in London in one of the newest cropped-jacket suits. It was in fine white wool, slim-skirted and belted, and highlighted with gold buttons on the front and sleeves. She added a wide black breton hat.



At left: American Helen Grayco with her husband, New York restaurant owner William Rosen, after their wedding in Las Vegas. The bride, the widow of bandleader Spike Jones, wore a gown of chantilly lace with a contrasting chiffon bow at the waistline.



It's big news this summer . . .

# ... DENIM



At left: Sleeveless denim dress has a wide-set collar above a front-buttoned panel. In navy with matching stitching, grey with red stitching and buttons. 10-16. \$14. (Available Farmer's Young Couture Shop, 2nd floor.)



At left: Relaxed A-line denim shift with raised neckband is sleeveless, has an eye-catching stitch pattern. In grey or navy with white stitching. 10-16. \$14. (Farmer's Young Couture Shop, 2nd floor.)

Two long-sleeved shirtwaist styles with contrasting high-set, flapped pockets come in either blue or grey denim with navy or white buttons and stitching. 10-16. \$16 each. (Farmer's Young Couture Shop.)



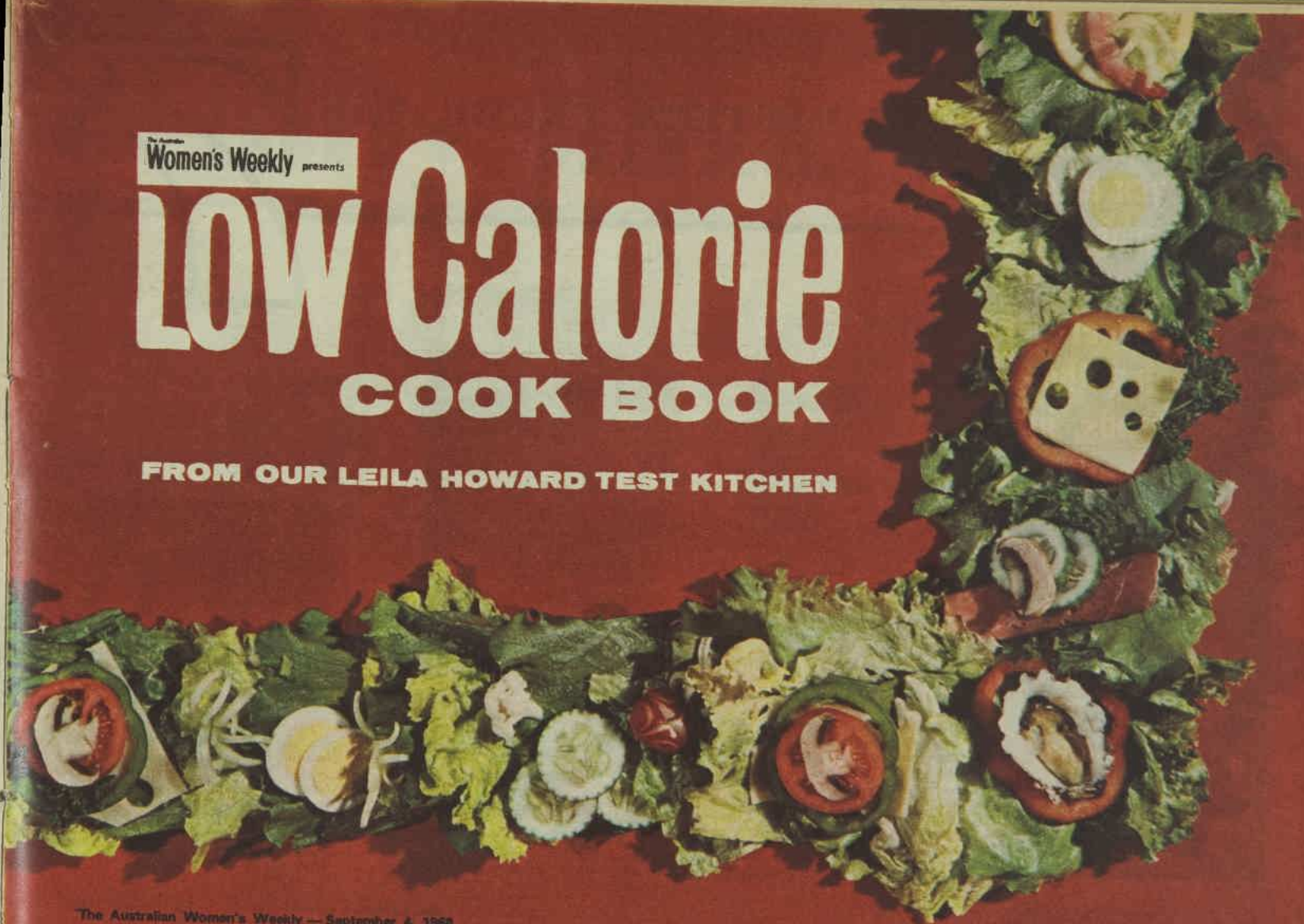


The Australian  
Women's Weekly presents

# Low Calorie

## COOK BOOK

FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



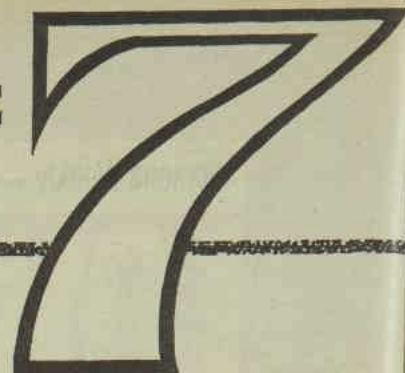
The Australian Women's Weekly — September 4, 1968

LOW CALORIE COOK BOOK — Page 1



To diet doesn't mean you have to go hungry—it's just a matter of choosing the right foods, in correct amounts. In this book we give low-calorie recipes for all occasions.

## FOR DIETERS THERE ARE



SOMEONE once said, or if they didn't I'm saying it now, that most women on a diet think that they can eat as much fattening food as they like and they won't put on any weight as long as nobody actually sees them eating it. This is why we are able to turn the limpid eyes of innocence on our doctors — or husbands, or whoever puts us on the diet — and say, "I can't think why I haven't lost weight." And we really think we are telling the truth!

Sticking to a diet means overcoming a series of hazards, and these are particularly strong for women who go out to work. True, those who stay at home all day find it gloomy, to say the least, to watch their families romping through second helpings of macaroni cheese while they toy moodily with a small portion of grilled fish. But at least they have some control over what's put on their plate.

Women who go out to work have to face up to calorie-collecting business lunches, jolly drinks, and sandwiches in the office. So I am detailing no less than Seven Deadly Hazards for the working girl on a diet so she can at least recognise them — if not deal with them.



### 1. The Hazard of: "Shall we have a drink before we go in?"

We can't very well say briskly, "No, don't let's." And in any case we probably need one. What we should have is a tomato juice (12 to 20 calories). What we will have is a dry martini (60-90 calories) . . . and, what is more, I suspect we'll be having more than one.



### 2. The Hazard of The Seductive Peanut.

What ever's that on the table just beside our drink? It's a dear little glass tray, with a pile of seductive peanuts, crying out to be eaten, alongside

smooth, luscious olives and crunchy crisps. Before we know it, we have eaten three olives, a handful of potato crisps, and goodness knows how many peanuts. That's nearly 500 calories so far, and we haven't even started lunch.

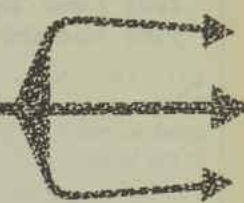


### 3. The Hazard of the Helpful Waiter.

He's the one who comes round with that basket of lovely crisp rolls. It's useless to protest. He hasn't time for our foibles. So a roll lands on our plate. Our eyes absentmindedly glaze . . . we squeeze the roll to see if it's as crisp as it looks. Minutes later we are astounded to find there's nothing left but a few crumbs. We have just nibbled away 110 calories without even tasting them.



# deadly hazards



## 4. The Hazard of the Gourmet Host.

You've only to mention that you must watch your weight and he will profess astonishment. "What? With your figure?" he will boom, rolling an admiring eye at what he can see of it. "What's that? Half a grapefruit followed by roast beef and salad? Nonsense! Now you take my advice. They do an excellent lobster cocktail here, and we'll follow that with roast duckling with green peas and roast potatoes — and we'll see how we feel after that." About 570 calories later, we feel guilty. Because not only did we clean our plate, we enjoyed it.



## 5. The Hazard of the Sweets Trolley.

Now this is where we're going to be really firm. There's not a thing on that trolley under 250 calories. But even while we are giving ourselves a brisk mental lecture our face takes an absentminded look. Because we've noticed, of all things, a Rhum Baba... swiftly we descend on the prey and the deed is done. And a Rhum Baba has so many calories it's not worth mentioning.



## 6. The Hazard of Lunch with a Tiny, Birdlike Girlfriend.

"I do hope," she says, as you settle at your table, "that you're not on a diet or anything, one gets so tired of hearing about nothing else these days. I wish I could put on weight!" She throws off her size eight coat and leans one frail elbow on the table. We decide to keep our coat on, after all, and gamely follow her through Spaghetti Bolognese, followed by veal in a rich cream sauce — and a second helping of those delicious new potatoes. At the end of the meal, she will dart out of the restaurant like a swan who has had a hard winter, while we, burdened by over 600 calories, lumber in her wake.



## 7. The Hazard of Monotony and Boredom.

There's little doubt that if we kept to lean, grilled steak accompanied by a lettuce leaf tossed in lemon juice we'd lose weight all right. But it wouldn't do us much good, and we'd lose all interest in our food, too. The odds are we'd be back to baked potatoes and thick apple pie inside three days. However, for the times the working girl does manage to eat at home, or gain control of what's put on her plate, and for the calorie-conscious, our Leila Howard Test Kitchen has prepared this booklet of low-calorie recipes.

— Angela Ince



## SUGAR SUBSTITUTES

### Your taste will tell how much you should use

SUGAR substitute is suggested as a sweetening agent in many of the recipes in this book.

Sugar substitutes do not make you lose weight, but, because they contain no calories, they do not increase weight. If you can't drink tea or coffee without sweetening, then the sugar substitutes are the low-calorie answer.

It is not possible to give a quantity guide for general use when substituting a sweetener for sugar in recipes, because they vary in their concentration of sweetness; however, sugar-comparison guides are generally printed on each package.

Because sugar substitutes have concentrated sweetness, it is wise to experiment with their use — add gradually until you have the degree of sweetness required.

Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure are used in the recipes in this book.

## Soups and salads low in calories

SOUP can form a complete meal in itself—particularly for luncheon; or, at dinner, it can take the edge off appetite and stop you being so hungry for the higher-caloried foods in the main course.

We've given recipes, too, for unusual salad dishes and for a french dressing which has practically no calories at all.

### VEAL AND VEGETABLE SOUP

2 small veal shanks	water
2 onions	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced green beans
bouquet garni	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced turnip
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced carrots	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced celery	salt, pepper

Have shanks chopped into pieces. Place them in saucepan with onions and bouquet garni; add cold water to cover. Cover pan, simmer very gently about 2 hours or until meat is very tender. Cool broth, remove shanks, pull meat from bones, chop finely. Skim stock, removing all surplus fat; strain, return to saucepan, add prepared vegetables. Simmer until vegetables are tender (25 to 30 minutes). Then add meat, parsley, and seasoning to taste. Simmer further 5 minutes, then serve immediately.

Serves 6; calories per serve, 155.

### CONSOMME

(Use canned consommé or stock cubes.)

Allow 1 cup (8oz.) per serving. Season the consommé to taste with salt and freshly ground pepper, and serve hot. Or chill in the refrigerator and serve icy-cold.

If desired, add a small spoonful of finely chopped parsley, chives, cucumber, or celery to each cup—or add a squeeze of lemon juice. Lots of extra flavor, no extra calories.

Serves 1; calories per serving, 20.

### CREAM OF CELERY SOUP

4 sticks celery	1 dessertspoon butter
1 onion	1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon chopped parsley	1 teaspoon salt
$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups skim milk	pepper

Wash and dice celery. Heat butter in saucepan, add chopped onion, cook until soft. Blend in flour, salt and pepper, gradually add 1 cup milk. Stir over medium heat until mixture boils and thickens. Stir in celery, parsley, and remaining milk. Bring to boil, stirring; reduce heat, simmer 5 to 8 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Serves 4; calories per serve, 115.

### CHICKEN WALDORF SALAD

2 red-skinned apples	1lb. diced cooked chicken
juice 2 lemons	low calorie french dressing
3 sticks celery	lettuce
$1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. chopped walnuts	tomato wedges

Core and dice apples, sprinkle with lemon juice. Add sliced celery, walnuts, and chicken. Toss together with just enough low calorie french dressing to coat all ingredients. Serve with lettuce leaves and tomato wedges.

Serves 4; calories per serve, 120.

### LEMON CONSOMME

3 cups chicken stock (made with 2 small stock cubes)	1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind	salt, pepper
	lemon slices
	chopped parsley

Bring stock to the boil. Add lemon rind and juice, season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour into consommé cups and garnish each with a thin slice of lemon, sprinkle with parsley.

Serves 3; calories per serving, 20.

### MINTED CUCUMBER SALAD

4 cucumbers	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried dill (if available)
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon salad oil
1 dessertspoon wine vinegar	1 tablespoon chopped mint
1 clove garlic	
1 cup yoghurt	

Peel cucumbers and cut into thin slices; place in small bowl. Sprinkle with salt, crushed garlic, and vinegar; stand 10 minutes, then strain, reserving liquid. Place yoghurt and dill in salad bowl, add reserved liquid from cucumbers. Stir until smoothly blended, add cucumber slices. Toss gently until cucumbers are evenly coated with dressing. Sprinkle with oil, garnish with chopped mint.

Serves 6; calories per serve, 65.

### LOW CALORIE FRENCH DRESSING

1 teaspoon gelatine	pinch dry mustard
1 dessertspoon cold water	$\frac{1}{2}$ clove crushed garlic
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water	1 teaspoon finely chopped onion
$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt	sugar substitute to taste
3 tablespoons lemon juice	
pinch pepper	

Soften gelatine in cold water, add hot water, stir to dissolve gelatine; cool. Combine lemon juice, salt, pepper, dry mustard, garlic, and onion. Add to gelatine, shake well. Add sugar substitute to taste. Cover and store in refrigerator. Remove from refrigerator and leave at room temperature at least 1 hour before serving. Shake well again. Makes about 1 cup dressing.

Calorie value, negligible.

• Color picture on page 1 by staff photographer Bill Payne



Salad vegetables at right — lettuce, radishes, carrots, brown or white onions, shallots, cucumber, celery, mushrooms — are negligible in calorie value. A medium-sized beetroot or tomato is about 30 calories. You can have a big helping of mixed salad, tossed with Low Calorie French Dressing (recipe on opposite page), for about 50 calories.

### SUNOMO

(Picture on page 8)

1lb. shelled prawns 16oz. can  
1 cucumber asparagus spears  
3 sticks celery or asparagus cuts

#### SAUCE

3 dessertspoons 1 teaspoon sugar  
vinegar pinch mono-  
1 dessertspoon soy sodium gluta-  
sauce mate

Peel cucumber, score with fork, then slice; chop celery. Arrange in serving bowl with prawns and asparagus. Mix together all ingredients in sauce and spoon over prawns and vegetables.  
Serves 4: calories per serve, 120.

### COLESLAW WITH BACON DRESSING

1 small head 2 tablespoons  
cabbage vinegar  
4 rashers bacon 1 teaspoon celery  
1 onion seed  
½ cup low calorie 1 teaspoon salt  
french dressing 1 green pepper  
½ teaspoon sugar ½ red pepper

Cut bacon rashers into small pieces, cook in heated pan with finely chopped onion until softened. Stir in dressing, vinegar, sugar, celery seed, and salt. Mix shredded cabbage and chopped peppers together in bowl, pour on the dressing; blend lightly. Serve at once, or chill and serve cold.

Serves 6; calories per serve, 64.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 4, 1968



### FRENCH ONION SOUP

1 dessertspoon 4 rounds Melba  
butter toast  
4 large onions ½ cup grated  
3 small beef stock parmesan  
cubes cheese  
4 cups hot water

Melt butter in heavy saucepan, add sliced onions, cook until soft and golden brown. Dissolve stock cubes in hot water; add to onions. Simmer 10 minutes, then pour into serving dishes. Top each with round of Melba toast and sprinkling of grated parmesan cheese. Serve immediately.

Makes 4 cups. Calories per cup of soup, approximately 75 calories.

### COOKED SALAD DRESSING

1 tablespoon 3 tablespoons  
flour vinegar  
1 teaspoon dry 2 eggs (slightly  
mustard beaten)  
1 cup water salt, pepper  
sugar substitute

Combine flour, mustard, salt, pepper,

and water in top of double saucepan. Cook over boiling water, stirring until slightly thickened. Gradually stir vinegar into beaten eggs, then slowly add this mixture to double saucepan, stirring constantly. Stir over hot (not boiling) water until thick. Add sugar substitute to taste. Cool, store in refrigerator.

One tablespoon has 25 calories.

### CUCUMBER ICE

2 cucumbers pepper  
3 dessertspoons 3 dessertspoons  
wine vinegar cold water  
1 teaspoon salt 4 medium-sized  
1 teaspoon gelatine tomatoes  
lettuce leaves

Quarter cucumbers, peel, remove seeds, and grate or puree in electric blender. Add vinegar, salt, and pepper. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water. Add to cucumber, freeze until firm. Transfer to chilled bowl, beat well; re-freeze. Slice tomatoes downward into 6 sections,

leaving them attached at base. Place each on lettuce leaf, place scoop of cucumber ice in centre.

Serves 4. Calories per serve, 50.

### JELLIED TOMATO CONSOMME

15oz. can tomato 1 bayleaf  
juice 1 dessertspoon  
1 chopped onion gelatine  
½ cup chopped ½ cup cold water  
celery 1 dessertspoon  
1 cup canned lemon juice  
consomme

Combine in saucepan the tomato juice, onion, celery, consomme, and bayleaf; bring to boil, then reduce heat and cook gently 10 minutes; strain. Soften gelatine in cold water, add to hot tomato mixture, stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add lemon juice, mix well; chill until firm. At serving time, break up the jellied consomme with fork, pile into chilled bowls. Serve with lemon wedges.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, 45.

LOW CALORIE COOK BOOK — Page 5



# Go ahead!...lose

# 2 lbs. a week.

Just imagine! You can eat three good meals a day, plus a between-meal snack, and still lose weight. Two pounds a week in fact!

Pure, dairy butter is part of this diet for a very good reason. It helps you to slim because butter lessens your desire to eat between meals, one of the main causes of overweight. This happens because butter contains wholesome butterfat which digests more slowly than other foods. A little butter provides concentrated energy over a longer time span.

Helps you stay on your diet.

Why not try the 1200 calorie diet? You've got nothing to lose...except 2 lbs. a week!

1. **STOP!** If you are more than a few pounds over weight, or if you are not in good health, you should consult your doctor before starting this slimming plan. He will advise what is best in your case.

2. **EAT 3 GOOD MEALS A DAY**—our plan also provides for one between-meal snack.

3. **YOU SHOULD LOSE ABOUT 2 LBS. A WEEK.** More rapid loss is not recommended except under medical supervision.

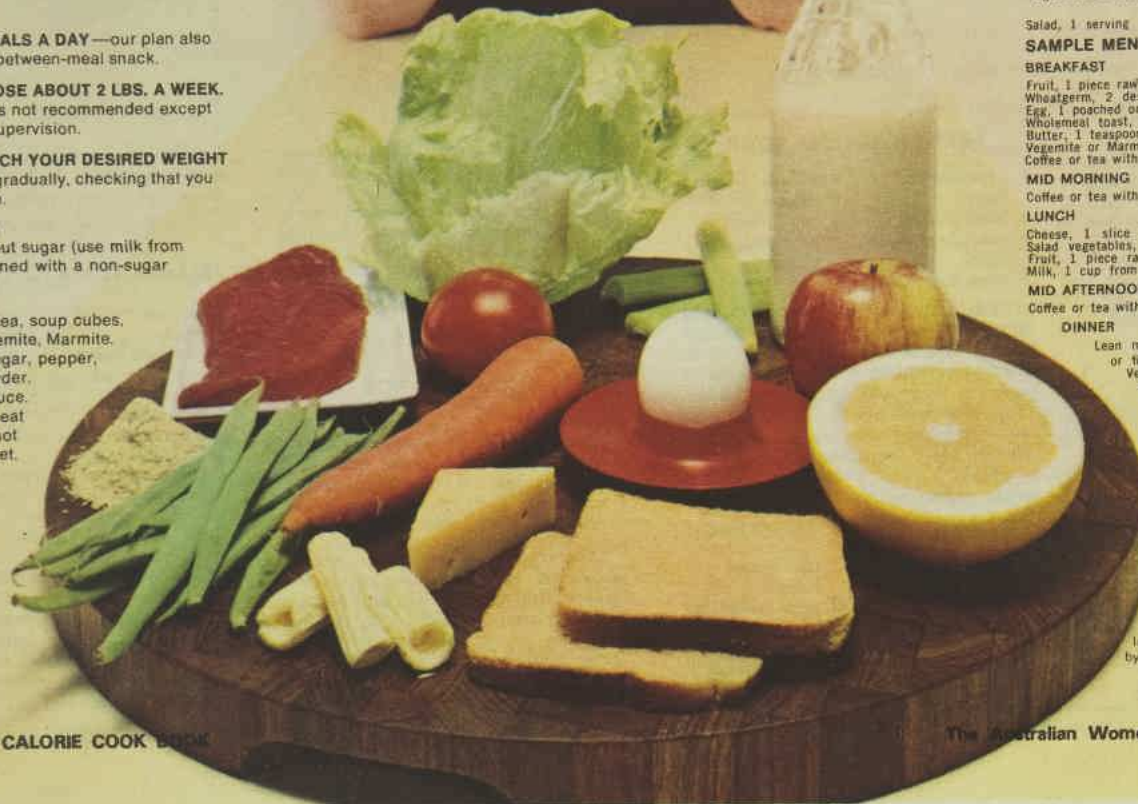
4. **WHEN YOU REACH YOUR DESIRED WEIGHT** add other foods gradually, checking that you don't start to gain.

#### EAT AS DESIRED:

Tea or coffee without sugar (use milk from allowance), sweetened with a non-sugar sweetener.

Soda water.  
Clear soups, beef tea, soup cubes.  
Bovril, Bonox, Vegemite, Marmite.  
Spices, herbs, vinegar, pepper,  
mustard, curry powder,  
Worcestershire sauce.

Apart from these, eat nothing which is not specified in the diet.



#### 1200 Calorie Diet

#### EAT DAILY

##### DAIRY FOODS

Milk, 2 pint to drink, as egg custard or junket  
Cheese, 1 oz. on bread or in cooking meat, fish or egg  
Butter, 2 oz.

##### MEAT, ETC.

Meat or fish, 1 serving lean meat, trim off all fat,  
Meat, add no flour, thickened gravy, etc.  
4 oz. raw—3 oz. cooked not fried or canned in oil,  
Fish, 5 oz. raw not fried.  
Egg, 1

##### CEREAL FOODS

Bread, 2 thin slices preferably wholemeal, 1 inch thick  
1 slice—3 vita wheat, 3 thin captain  
or 2 ryevita biscuits  
Wheatgerm, on fruit or with milk  
2 level dessertspoons

##### FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

Fruit, 2 servings a serving—1 piece or 1 cup stewed.  
Use sugar substitute for sweetening. NO bananas.  
Vegetables, 2 servings Each approx. 1 cup.  
NO potatoes, corn, broad beans, peas.  
Salad, 1 serving Approx. 1½ cups, mixed salad vegetables

#### SAMPLE MENU

##### BREAKFAST

Fruit, 1 piece raw or 1 cup stewed with non sugar sweetener	Weight
Wheatgerm, 2 dessertspoons	3 oz.
Egg, 1 poached or boiled	1 oz.
Wholemeal toast, 1 thin slice	1 oz.
Butter, 1 teaspoon	1 oz.
Vegemite or Marmite as desired	
Coffee or tea with milk from allowance.	

##### MID MORNING

Coffee or tea with milk from allowance

##### LUNCH

Cheese, 1 slice or stick	1 oz.
Salad vegetables, 1½ cups (lettuce, tomato, celery, etc.)	4 oz.
Fruit, 1 piece raw or cooked	3 oz.
Milk, 1 cup from allowance	8 oz.

##### MID AFTERNOON

Coffee or tea with milk from allowance

##### DINNER

Lean meat, 1 serving	4 oz. raw—3 oz. cooked
or fish 5 oz. raw	
Vegetables, 2 servings, each 1 cup	5oz.
Butter 1 teaspoon	1 oz.
on vegetable or to cook fish or meat.	
Milk dessert, 1 cup milk from allowance	4 oz.
made into junket or custard	
Coffee or tea with milk from allowance	

##### SUPPER SNACK

Wholemeal bread, 1 thin slice	1 oz.
Butter, 1 teaspoon	1 oz.
Coffee or tea with milk from allowance	

Inserted in the interests of better nutrition  
by the Australian Dairy Produce Board





## SAVORY DISHES

A sensible reducing diet for women provides 1200 to 1500 calories per day. The diet must include those foods that are essential for good health and nourishment.

**THESE** essential foods are milk, meat, cheese, eggs, fish, fruit, vegetables, wholemeal bread, butter. Recipes in this section take note of health requirements, and enable you to have satisfying meals — hearty enough for the family, but still low in calorie value. For those members of the family who are not dieting, you can add other foods — potatoes, a variety of vegetables, rice—to many dishes.

### LAMB SHANKS CASSEROLE

(Picture on page 8)

- |                                  |                        |
|----------------------------------|------------------------|
| 4 lamb shanks                    | 1 teaspoon             |
| 1 tablespoon                     | paprika                |
| butter                           | 1 teaspoon             |
| 2 sliced onions                  | ground ginger          |
| 2 sticks celery, sliced          | 1 teaspoon             |
| 1 carrot, sliced                 | salt                   |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato juice   | pepper                 |
|                                  | 1 cup chicken stock    |

Remove all fat from lamb shanks. Melt the butter in pan, brown the shanks well on all sides. Place them in a casserole. In the pan saute sliced onions; pour off excess fat, then add the white wine, tomato juice, paprika, ginger, salt, pepper, and chicken stock. Cook and stir a few minutes, then pour over lamb shanks in casserole. Cover, bake in slow oven 2 hours. Cool, refrigerate overnight. You will then be able to remove all fat which will settle at top of dish. Reheat gently, add carrots and celery. Return to moderate oven; cook, covered, further 1 hour or until tender.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, approx. 200.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 4, 1968

### DEVILLED EGGS

(Picture on this page)

- |                                 |  |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 4 hard-boiled eggs              | pinch curry powder to taste              |
| 1 teaspoon prepared mustard     | pepper, salt                             |
| 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce | paprika                                  |
|                                 | 1 tablespoon low calorie french dressing |

Shell the hard-boiled eggs, cut in halves lengthwise, and carefully remove the yolks. Place yolks into bowl with remaining ingredients, beat to a smooth paste. Pipe into the whites (or pile in with a spoon), sprinkle with paprika.

Each half egg has 40 calories.

### CHICKEN LIVERS WITH MUSHROOMS

- |                        |                                |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon butter    | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint beef stock  |
| 1 crushed clove garlic | $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms    |
| 1 lb. chicken livers   | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry red wine |
| salt, pepper           | 1 dessertspoon cornflour       |
| pinch ground cloves    | 2 tablespoons cold water       |

Melt butter in heavy frying pan or saucepan, add garlic and cleaned and halved livers. Cook slowly until no red juice runs from livers. Add salt, pepper, cloves, stock, and sliced mushrooms. Cover, simmer 10 minutes. Add wine, simmer further 5 minutes. Mix cornflour to a paste with cold water, add to pan; cook, stirring, 5 minutes. Serve immediately.

Serves 6: Calories per serve, 165.



### SAVORY VEAL CURRY

- |                                  |                                 |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 lb. veal steak                 | 1 clove garlic                  |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour | 1 tablespoon brown sugar        |
| 1 teaspoon salt                  | 1 tablespoon raisins            |
| 3 teaspoons curry powder         | 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce |
| 1 tablespoon butter              | $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water       |
| 2 onions                         | hot cooked rice                 |
| 2 apples                         |                                 |

Cut veal into 1 in. cubes. Combine flour, salt, and curry powder; use to coat veal thickly on all sides. Heat butter in large pan, add veal and the sliced onions; brown well. Stir in any remaining flour mixture, the peeled, cored, and sliced apples, crushed garlic, brown sugar, raisins, sauce, and water. Simmer, covered, about 45 minutes or until veal is tender. Serve spooned over hot rice.

Serves 6: Calories per serve, 335, plus 100 extra calories for each  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of cooked rice.

DEVILLED EGGS make an excellent first course for a luncheon. And they're low in calories.

### STEAKS

A piece of grilled steak 4oz. in weight has 340 calories; it's a good source of protein, and a sensible food to include in a low-calorie diet.

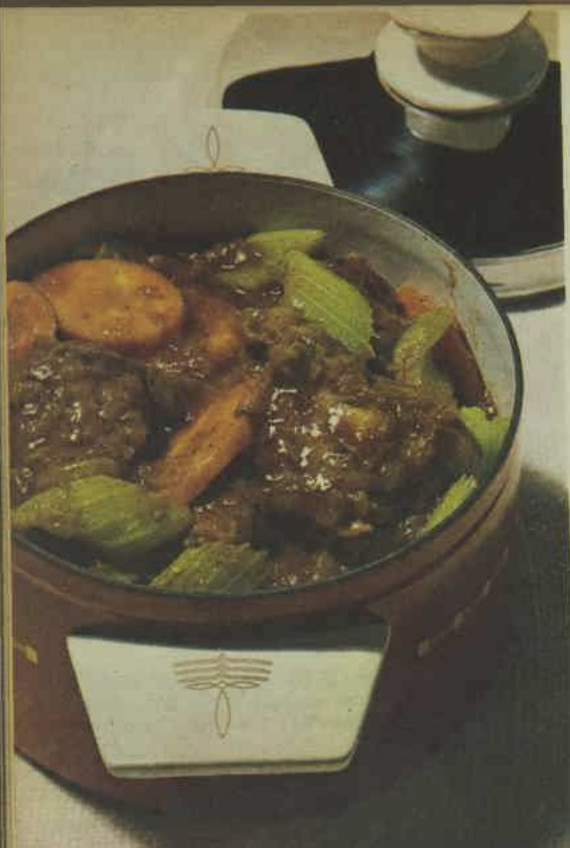
However, a 4oz. piece of steak doesn't look very big; here's how to make it seem larger.

Buy an 8oz. piece of steak (fillet steak cuts into good 8oz.-sized pieces); cut it in half horizontally. This will provide steak for two meals, or give servings for two people at one meal. Serve with a hearty tossed salad with Low Calorie French Dressing; allow about 50 calories for the salad.

Continued on page 10

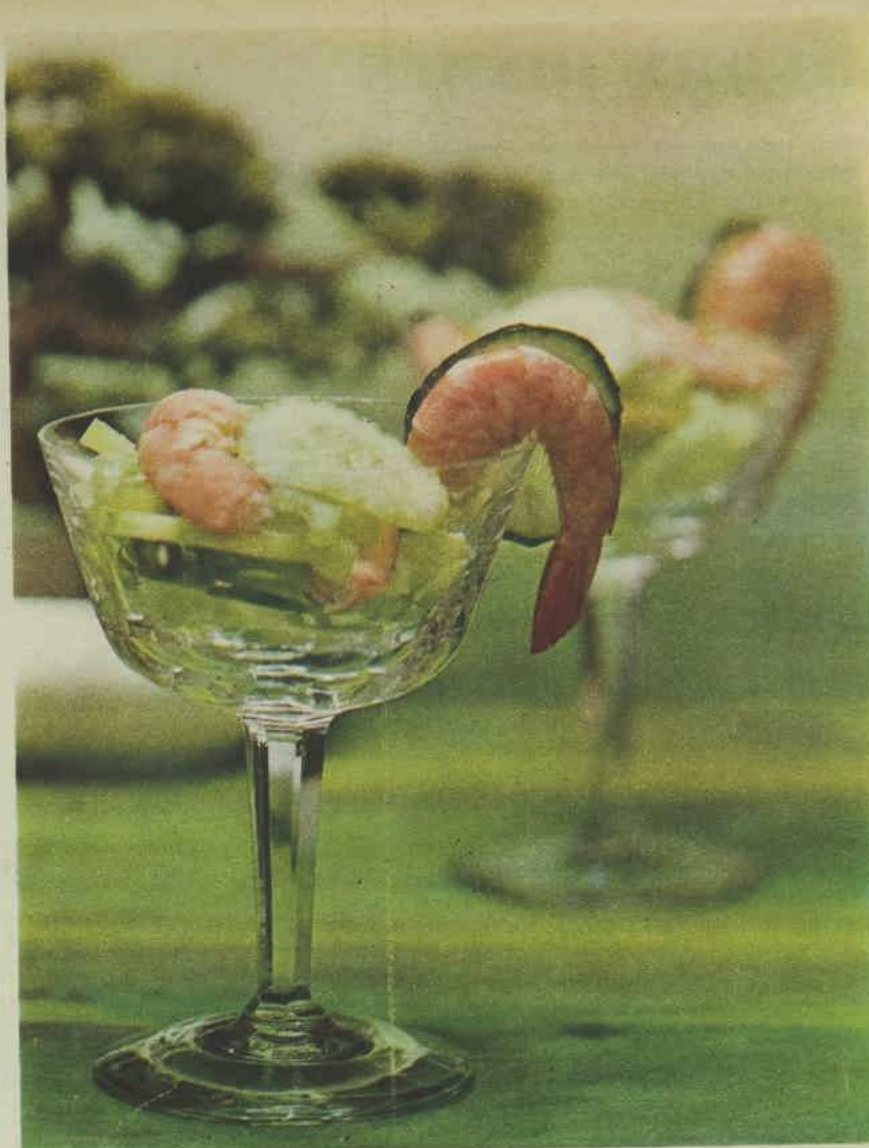
LOW CALORIE COOK BOOK — Page 7





LAMB SHANKS CASSER-  
OLE with wine, a light  
touch of ginger for added  
flavor. Recipe on page 7.

SUNOMO, a delightful salad  
from Japan, has prawns,  
asparagus, and celery.  
The recipe is on page 5.





**Lots of flavor but  
very few calories**

**SUBSTANTIAL DINNER** (below)  
of grilled steak, salad, and melon  
with Lemon Ice-Cream (recipe  
on page 12) totals 475 calories.



**A CHOICE** of French  
Chicken Soup or a  
Jellied Loaf from one  
recipe (see page 10).



## SAVORY DISHES . . . continued

### LOW CALORIE SUKIYAKI

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 tablespoon soy sauce                      | 2 cups spinach leaves                     |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each stock and dry sherry | 1 cup shallots (chopped)                  |
| 1 cup mushrooms (sliced)                    | 1 medium-sized can bamboo shoots          |
| 1 can bean sprouts                          | 1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rump or round steak |
| 1 cup celery (chopped)                      | pepper, salt                              |

Pound steak with steak mallet, then slice wafer-thin.

Heat soy sauce, sherry, and stock in large frying pan or electric fry-pan. Add mushrooms, cover, cook 2 minutes; push aside, add drained bean sprouts, celery, spinach, shallots. Cook until spinach is wilted, turning vegetables so they cook evenly. Add drained bamboo shoots, heat through. Add meat to pan, cook until done to taste (a few minutes should be sufficient). Check seasoning, serve immediately.

Serves 6: Calories per serve, approx. 250.

### VEAL PARMESAN

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. lean veal (cut into 4 slices) | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons grated parmesan cheese |
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter              | 2 teaspoons paprika                                |
| 1 clove garlic                                  | salt, pepper                                       |

Pound veal slices until very thin. Combine cheese, paprika, salt and pepper. Heat butter in heavy frying pan, add chopped garlic, cook slowly 5 minutes. Put in veal slices, sprinkle over half the cheese mixture. Cook 5 minutes, then turn, sprinkle with remaining cheese. Cook further 5 minutes. Serve immediately.

Nice with broccoli or green salad. Serves 4: Calories per serve, 222.

### PRAWNS BORDELAISE

- |                             |                              |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 small onion               | 1 cup red wine               |
| 1 carrot                    | 1 tablespoon tomato paste    |
| 1 tablespoon chopped chives | salt, pepper                 |
| 1 tablespoon butter         | 1 tablespoon chopped parsley |
| 1 lb. prawns                |                              |

Cook chopped onion, finely chopped carrot and chives in butter until onion

is tender. Add prawns, wine, tomato paste, and seasoning. Cover and simmer 10 minutes. Transfer prawns to heated serving dish. Reduce sauce to half quantity by fast boiling over high heat; spoon over prawns. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, 226.

### HERBED CHICKEN

- |                                      |                                    |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chicken pieces   | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley      |
| 1 tablespoon butter                  | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried thyme |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small whole onions | $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms |
| 2 chopped carrots                    | 1 bayleaf                          |
| 1 crushed clove garlic               | 2 sticks celery, sliced            |
|                                      | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups stock         |

Melt butter in pan, brown chicken pieces well. Remove from pan and place in casserole. To remaining butter in pan add all remaining ingredients. Heat, scraping all brown pieces from pan; pour over chicken. Cover, bake in moderate oven until chicken is tender (approximately 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours). Remove bayleaf.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, 370.

### HEARTY BEEF STEW

(Picture on this page)

- |                                 |                                   |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chuck steak | pepper                            |
| 1 cup sliced celery             | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon marjoram   |
| 1 large chopped onion           | 3 cups water                      |
| 1 teaspoon salt                 | 6 small whole onions              |
| 1 teaspoon garlic salt          | 1 lb. small carrots               |
|                                 | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped parsley |

Remove all fat from meat and chop the meat into 1 in. cubes.

Heat the pan and rub over some of the fat cut from meat to grease the surface lightly. Add meat, brown

HEARTY BEEF STEW will serve four as a main dish, has 375 calories in each serving.

well. Add celery, chopped onion, seasonings, and water. Bring to boil. Cover, simmer 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours or until meat is tender. Add peeled whole onions and scraped carrots (cut in diagonal slices, if large), cover, and simmer further 15 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Add parsley, and cook further 5 minutes. Taste, adjust seasoning, if necessary.

Four serves: Calories per serve, 375.  
Six Serves: Calories per serve, 250.

### FRENCH CHICKEN AND VEGETABLE SOUP

(Picture on page 9)

- |                                  |                               |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 3 lb. chicken                    | 1 bayleaf                     |
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints cold water | pinch saffron                 |
| 3 small carrots                  | 1 onion                       |
| 2-3 sticks celery                | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley |
|                                  | salt, pepper                  |

Joint chicken; slice scraped carrots, chop onion and celery. Place all ingredients into large saucepan, cover and simmer gently until chicken is cooked (approximately 30 to 40 minutes). Remove chicken meat from bones and return to soup. Remove bayleaf, taste, and adjust seasonings. Serve hot with chopped parsley.

Serves 5: Calories per serve, 375.

### JELLIED CHICKEN LOAF

Prepare chicken as for French Chicken and Vegetable Soup. When chicken is cooked, cut the chicken meat into small cubes.

Arrange cooked vegetables decoratively in base of 8 in. x 4 in. oiled loaf tin. Place chopped chicken on top with any remaining vegetables. Soften 1 tablespoon gelatine in a little cold water, then dissolve in 2 cups of the hot strained chicken stock. Gently pour gelatine mixture over meat and vegetables, refrigerate until firm.

Unmould on to a bed of shredded lettuce, serve with a mixed vegetable salad tossed with Low Calorie French Dressing (see page 12). Add rings of canned pineapple for non-dieters.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, 375.



Page 10 — LOW CALORIE COOKING



#### TOMATO BAKED FLOUNDER

2 fillets flounder (approx. 4oz. each)  
 1 large tomato  
 salt  
 freshly ground black pepper  
 1 pint fish stock or water  
 1 teaspoon chopped parsley  
 juice ½ lemon  
 1 small onion

Wash fillets, pat dry, and place in ovenproof dish. Combine stock and peeled, chopped tomato, lemon juice, chopped onion, salt, and pepper; simmer 5 minutes. Spoon over fish, cover, and cook in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Remove fish to serving dish, spoon over sauce. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Serves 1: Calories per serve, 280.

#### POACHED EGGS MORNAY

2 eggs  
 salt, pepper  
 1 small packet squeeze of lemon  
 frozen chopped juice  
 spinach 1 teaspoon butter  
 1oz. grated cheese

Cook spinach as directed on packet, drain and season with salt, pepper, lemon juice. Stir in ½oz. of cheese, spoon mixture into small casserole. Top with poached, well-drained eggs, sprinkle over remaining cheese and dot with butter. Brown under heated grill; serve immediately.

Serves 1: Calories per serve, 360.

#### FILLETS OF FLOUNDER WITH MUSHROOMS

1lb. flounder  
 2 tablespoons lemon juice  
 fillets  
 1lb. mushrooms 1 tablespoon  
 1 tablespoon chopped  
 butter parsley  
 ½ cup dry white ½ teaspoon dry  
 wine mustard  
 2 tablespoons salt, pepper  
 water

Wipe fish with clean damp cloth. (If using frozen fish thaw as directed on package.) Clean and slice mushrooms, saute in the heated butter until lightly browned and tender. Place fish fillets in greased casserole, spoon over mushrooms. Combine remaining ingredients, pour over fish. Cover, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until fish flakes. Serve immediately.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, 192.

#### DEVILLED CHICKEN CASSEROLE

2½lb. chicken 1 dessertspoon  
 1 onion dry mustard  
 1 teaspoon 1 green pepper  
 paprika salt, pepper  
 ½ pint hot water chopped parsley  
 2 tomatoes

Joint chicken, rub pieces all over with mustard. Place in casserole with peeled, chopped tomatoes, chopped green pepper, and onion. Add paprika, salt, and pepper to hot water, pour over chicken. Cover, cook in very moderate oven until chicken is tender. When cooked, remove from oven, sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve very hot.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, 270.

#### SOLE VERONIQUE

1½lb. fillets of 1 cup dry white  
 sole or flounder wine  
 1 onion ½lb. white grapes  
 few peppercorns chopped parsley

Wipe fish fillets, pack into ovenproof dish with sliced onion and peppercorns. Pour over white wine, cover with piece of buttered paper, cook in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until fish is done. Meanwhile, skin grapes, remove pips. Transfer fish to serving-dish, decorate with grapes; keep warm. Pour pan juices into small saucepan, reduce over high heat; spoon over fish, sprinkle with parsley.

Serves 6: Calories per serve, 154.

#### LAMB'S FRY WITH ONIONS

1 onion 1 teaspoon  
 ½ cup beef stock worcestershire  
 (use stock cube) sauce  
 1lb. lamb's fry salt, pepper  
 (sliced) chopped parsley

Peel and slice onion. Put into frying pan or shallow saucepan with stock and worcestershire sauce; season to taste. Cover, cook until onion is transparent and almost tender. Wipe slices of fry with damp cloth. Remove onion slices from sauce, set aside. Put in fry, simmer about 2 minutes. Turn pieces, top with onion slices; cook further few minutes until fry is tender. Transfer to deep serving dish, spoon sauce over, sprinkle with parsley.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, 125.



THIS LOVELY DESSERT, creamy in texture and low in calories, is Coffee Mousse, served with Whipped Cream Topping. Recipes are overleaf.



## Desserts to end the meal

Conscience won't bother you when you end a meal with one of these delicious desserts. They are all within the dieter's calorie range.

**A SWEET** tooth and too much weight often go hand in hand; now you can indulge the one without having to worry about the other. These tempting recipes range from 35 to 125 calories for one serve.

### COFFEE MOUSSE

(Picture on page 11)

1 tablespoon gelatine  
½ cup cold water  
1 large can evaporated milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 dessertspoon instant coffee powder  
sugar substitute to taste

Place cold water in small saucepan, sprinkle over the gelatine. Stir over moderate heat until gelatine is dissolved. Stir in 1 cup of the evaporated milk, instant coffee, and vanilla. Add sugar substitute to taste. Chill mixture until it reaches consistency of unbeaten egg-white. Meanwhile, pour remaining milk into refrigerator tray and freeze until ice crystals form round edges. Beat until thick; beat into gelatine mixture. Pour into serving dish, chill until firm.

Serves 6: Calories per serve, 85.

### WHIPPED CREAM TOPPING

2-3rd cup skim milk powder  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
2-3rd cup water  
sugar substitute to taste  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine all ingredients in mixing bowl, beat with electric mixer 10 minutes or until mixture is the consistency of whipped cream. Spoon a tablespoon or more over fresh fruits for dessert. Or freeze the mixture and use as ice-cream.

This whipped cream topping will keep, covered, in the refrigerator several days. If a skin forms on top, whip mixture again.

Makes 3 cups: Calories per cup, 80.

### LEMON TAPIOCA

1 egg  
1 pint skim milk  
3 tablespoons tapioca  
pinch salt  
½ teaspoon vanilla  
grated rind 1 lemon  
sugar substitute to taste

Beat egg with milk in saucepan. Stir in tapioca and salt; allow to stand 15 minutes. Cook, stirring constantly, 8 to 10 minutes or until tapioca is thoroughly cooked; remove from heat. Stir in vanilla, lemon rind, and sugar substitute. Spoon into serving dishes, refrigerate.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, 100.

### LEMON ICE-CREAM

(Picture on page 9)

1½ cups skim milk  
2 eggs  
1 teaspoon gelatine  
rind 1 lemon  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
sugar substitute to taste

Scald ¾ cup milk. Pour over beaten egg-yolks. Sprinkle gelatine over the remaining milk. Combine the 2 mixtures, stirring until the gelatine is dissolved. Add lemon rind and juice, and sugar substitute to taste; cool. Pour into freezing trays, freeze until firm. Remove from tray to chilled bowl, beat until smooth and free from lumps. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Return to freezer tray and freeze until firm.

Serves 6: Calories per serve, 50.

### SPANISH CREAM

2 teaspoons gelatine  
2 cups skim milk  
2 eggs (separated)  
pinch salt  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
sugar substitute to taste

Combine gelatine and cold milk, let stand 5 minutes. Place in double sauce-

pan, add salt, cook over boiling water, stirring, until gelatine dissolves. Remove from heat, slowly pour on beaten egg-yolks. Return to double saucepan, cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add sugar substitute to taste. Remove from heat, cool mixture until it just starts to set. Fold in vanilla and stiffly beaten egg-whites, pour into individual serving dishes. Chill until firm. Serve with sliced fresh fruit.

Serves 6: Calories per serve (without fruit), 35.

### LEMON SOUFFLE

2 tablespoons butter  
2 tablespoons plain flour  
½ teaspoon salt  
½ cup water  
½ cup lemon juice  
4 eggs (separated)  
1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind  
sugar substitute to taste

Melt butter in saucepan. Stir in flour and salt, add water and lemon juice; stir over medium heat until thickened. Blend in egg-yolks and lemon rind; mix well. Beat egg-whites with sugar substitute to taste until stiff, fold gently into egg mixture. Turn into souffle dish, place in baking dish with 1 in. of water; bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes or until golden brown. Serve immediately with lemon sauce.

### LEMON SAUCE

1 tablespoon arrowroot  
1 cup cold water  
1-3rd cup lemon juice  
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind  
1 egg (slightly beaten)  
sugar substitute to taste

Combine all ingredients in top of double saucepan. Blend well, stir over hot water until thickened and clear.

Serves 6: Calories per serve (with sauce), 120.

### SKIM MILK JUNKET

¾ cup skim milk powder  
½ cup cold water  
warm water  
sugar substitute to taste  
1 junket tablet  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 tablespoon water extra

Mix skim milk powder to a smooth paste with cold water. Add sufficient warm water to make mixture up to 1 pint. Add sugar substitute to taste. Crush junket tablet, mix with extra cold water and vanilla. Add milk mixture to junket tablet and allow to set.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, 50.

### LOW CALORIE CHEESECAKE

1 tablespoon wholemeal biscuit crumbs  
pinch cinnamon  
pinch nutmeg  
1 dessertspoon gelatine  
sugar substitute to taste  
pinch salt  
1 egg  
½ cup skim milk  
12oz. cottage cheese  
vanilla  
½ cup skim milk powder  
½ cup iced water  
1 tablespoon sugar  
rind and juice 1 large lemon

Combine biscuit crumbs, cinnamon, and nutmeg, sprinkle over base of greased 7 in. springform pan. Mix together gelatine and salt. Separate egg, beat yolk with reconstituted skim milk. Add gelatine mixture, stir over low heat until gelatine dissolves. Remove from heat, add lemon rind; cool. Sieve cream cheese, add gelatine mixture, lemon juice, and vanilla; refrigerate, stirring occasionally, until mixture begins to thicken. Beat together milk powder and iced water until frothy, fold into cheese mixture. Beat egg-white until stiff, gradually beat in sugar until sugar is dissolved. Fold into cheese mixture. Add sugar substitute to taste. Spoon into prepared tin and refrigerate until firm. Serve sprinkled with cinnamon or nutmeg.

Serves 8: Calories per serve, 100.



## Vegetable accompaniments

DISHES made entirely of vegetables add interest, color, and extra good flavor to low-calorie meals. Some can be served as a complete meal in themselves.

INDIVIDUAL vegetables vary greatly in caloric value, so dieters should be careful which vegetables they eat. Below are caloric values of the most commonly used vegetables.

**Under 10 calories per serve:** The majority of salad vegetables—lettuce, shallots, mushrooms, onions, grated carrot, celery, cucumber, watercress—are negligible in caloric value, less than 10 calories per serve; so, too, is marrow.

**20 to 30 calories for 2 to 3oz.:** Cabbage, whole carrots, beetroot, asparagus, french beans, cauliflower, peppers, spinach, white turnips, broccoli, brussels sprouts, choko, beetroot. A medium tomato is about 30 calories.

**About 50 calories for 3 to 4oz.:** Parsnips, peas, pumpkin.

**80 to 100 calories for 3 to 4oz.:** These are the starchy vegetables—broad beans, potatoes (add 100 extra calories if fried, or roasted in fat), sweet corn, lima and haricot beans, sweet potato.

### FRENCH BEANS WITH MUSHROOMS

1 tablespoon butter	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 lb. sliced mushrooms	1 lb. french beans
	boiling water

Slice beans thinly, cover with boiling water, let stand 10 minutes. Melt butter in saucepan, stir in sliced mushrooms and salt. Cover, simmer slowly about 10 minutes or until there is a quantity of mushroom liquid in pan. Drain beans, add to pan and cook, stirring occasionally, until beans are tender. Serve with pan juices poured over.

Serves 6: Calories per serve, 70.

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### TOMATO RISOTTO

2 small tomatoes	1 1/2 cups chicken stock (made with stock cubes)
1/2 cup long-grain rice	freshly ground pepper
2 shallots, including green tops	
1/2 teaspoon each basil and salt	

Combine peeled, diced tomatoes, rice, chopped shallots, basil, salt and pepper in casserole. Heat chicken stock to boiling point, pour over rice. Cover, bake in moderately hot oven 20 to 25 minutes or until rice is cooked. Stir occasionally.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, 100.

### RATATOUILLE

2 onions	2oz. mushrooms
1 eggplant	1 clove garlic (crushed)
salt, pepper	1 tablespoon salad oil
1 red pepper	
1 green pepper	
4 tomatoes	

Cut peppers into rings, chop onions, peel and chop tomatoes; cut eggplant into large dice. Blanch peppers, combine with remaining vegetables. Heat oil in heavy pan, put in vegetables, season well, cover and cook gently 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove lid, cook further 20 minutes. If too much liquid has formed, drain it off before serving.

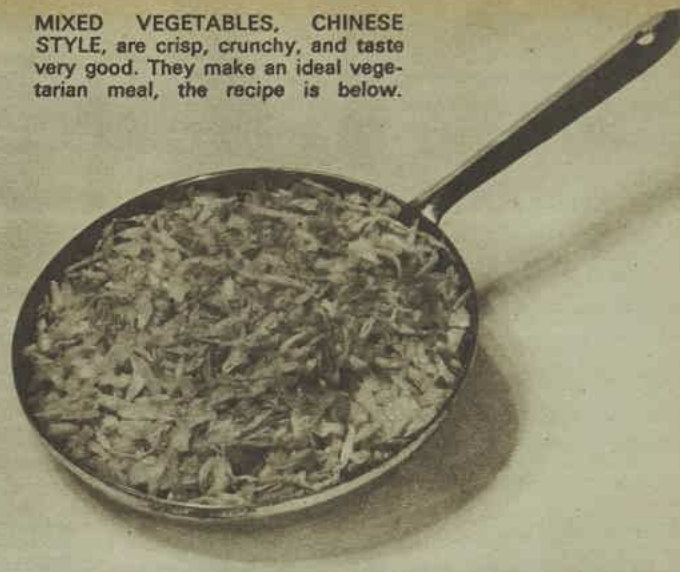
Serves 4: Calories per serve, 120.

### RED CABBAGE WITH APPLES

1 red cabbage	2 apples
1 onion	good pinch sugar
salt, pepper	1 dessertspoon butter
3 tablespoons vinegar	1 dessertspoon flour
3 tablespoons water	

Shred cabbage finely, place in heavy saucepan with the chopped onion. Season well, add vinegar and water. Cover, cook gently 2 hours. After 1 hour's cooking, add the peeled, sliced apples and sugar. Just before end of

MIXED VEGETABLES, CHINESE STYLE, are crisp, crunchy, and taste very good. They make an ideal vegetarian meal, the recipe is below.



cooking time, blend together the flour and butter; add to cabbage in small pieces, stirring in well. Bring to boil, stirring; reduce heat and simmer until sauce thickens.

Serves 6: Calories per serve approx. 75.

### CELERY VICTOR

1/2 head celery	low caloric french dressing
hot chicken stock	salad vegetables
pepper	

Wash celery well. Trim off top, cut sticks in half lengthwise; if large, cut in half again crosswise. Place in saucepan with hot chicken stock to cover, cook until tender. Drain well, place in shallow dish to cool.

Pour over sufficient Low Calorie French Dressing (see page 4) to moisten well. Refrigerate until cold, turning pieces occasionally. Sprinkle with pepper. Arrange on bed of shredded lettuce, decorate with tomato wedges.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, approx. 25.

### MIXED VEGETABLES, CHINESE STYLE

(Picture on this page)

1 teaspoon butter	1 tablespoon cold water
1 chopped onion	salt, pepper
1 grated carrot	2 tablespoons grated cheese
1 grated parsnip	
3 cups shredded cabbage	

Melt butter in frying pan, saute onion until lightly browned. Add carrot, parsnip, cabbage, water, salt and pepper to taste. Cover, cook over low heat, shaking pan occasionally, for 3 to 4 minutes. Add grated cheese and mix through lightly.

Besides being a colorful and crisp accompaniment to low calorie meals, this, in itself, makes an ideal vegetarian meal.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, 100.

LOW CALORIE COOK BOOK—Page 13



## HEALTHFUL DRINKS

Some of these drinks are substantial enough to make a light lunch or a quick breakfast.

**M**ANY are true health drinks, light yet sustaining, and full of vitamins. Some of them, particularly the Vegetable Tomato Juice, which has lots of crunchy vegetable pieces, are best eaten with a spoon.

### VEGETABLE TOMATO JUICE

- |                     |                                 |
|---------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 stick celery      | 1 tablespoon lemon juice        |
| 1 carrot            | 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce |
| 3 sprigs parsley    | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt     |
| 2 cups tomato juice |                                 |

Chop vegetables roughly and combine in blender with all other ingredients. Blend on high speed 30 seconds. Pour into glasses and garnish with lemon slices.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, 25.

### CUCUMBER HEALTH DRINK

- |                            |  |
|----------------------------|--|
| 1 medium-sized cucumber    | 2 teaspoons lemon juice                |
| 1 slice onion              | salt                                   |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper | 2 cups chicken stock (use stock cubes) |
| 4 sticks celery            |  |

Peel cucumber thinly, string celery. Combine sliced vegetables and lemon juice in blender and blend on high speed 20 seconds. Add stock, blend on high speed further 10 seconds. Add salt to taste.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, 20.

This is a delightfully versatile recipe. It makes a refreshing savory drink or, chilled, is a perfect soup for hot summer days.

It also makes an unusual Frozen Cucumber Appetiser.

**Frozen Cucumber Appetiser:** Prepare exactly as above, but omit the chicken stock. Pour into refrigerator ice trays, freeze until mushy. Fork into small glasses.

### SEASONED TOMATO JUICE

- |                              |                                     |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 cup stock (use stock cube) | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon curry powder |
| 1 cup tomato juice           | ice cubes lemon slices              |

Mix together stock, tomato juice, and curry powder. Pour over ice cubes in small glasses and garnish with lemon slices.

Serves 4: Calories each serve, 15.

### HONEYED APPLE DRINK

- |                            |   |
|----------------------------|---|
| 2 apples                   | 2 cups canned unsweetened apple juice (chilled) |
| juice $\frac{1}{4}$ orange |   |
| 1 teaspoon honey           |   |
| 1 teaspoon lemon juice     |   |

Peel, core, and slice apples. Combine in blender with all other ingredients. Blend on high speed for about 20 seconds.

Serves 4: Calories per serve, 95.

### COFFEE NOG

- |                              |                        |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 cup strong milk            | pinch cinnamon         |
| coffee (made with skim milk) | 1 egg sugar substitute |

Chill coffee thoroughly. Beat egg-yolk. Stir in cinnamon, pour on chilled coffee. Add sugar substitute to taste. Just before serving, beat egg-white stiffly, fold into coffee. This can be a complete breakfast or luncheon.

Serves 1: Calories per serve, 155.

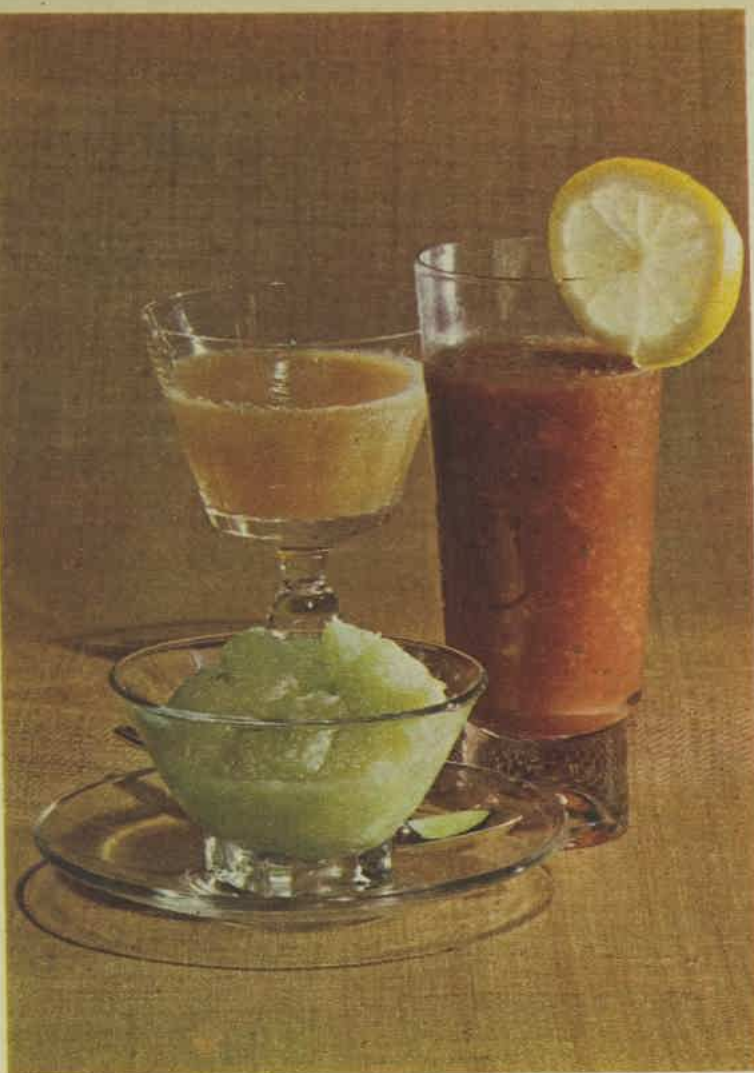
### LOW CALORIE LEMON DRINK

- |                   |                                |
|-------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 pint iced water | 1 large lemon sugar substitute |
|-------------------|--------------------------------|

Wash the lemon, cut off thick pithy ends, then cut lemon into 8 pieces. Put lemon and water into blender, blend until lemon is finely shredded. Sweeten to taste. Strain, chill, and serve. Makes 1 pint.

Calories, negligible.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 4, 1968



VEGETABLE TOMATO JUICE and Honeyed Apple Drink are two sustaining health drinks. In front is a cool Frozen Cucumber Appetiser.



## Lunch at the office

**LOW CALORIE LUNCHEON** for girls at work. Sandwiches are made of cucumber, lightly seasoned with salt and a sprinkling of vinegar or Low Calorie French Dressing (see page 4), with a filling of liverwurst ( $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. liverwurst is 35 calories). Lettuce, tomato, celery curls, and hard-boiled egg are added, with an apple for dessert. Total calorie count is around 250. You could add two low calorie crispbread biscuits for an extra 50 calories.

## Yoghurt specials

**MANY** housewives now follow the practical example of working girls on a low calorie diet — a carton of yoghurt for lunch.

An 8oz. carton of plain yoghurt has only 200 calories. You can eat it straight from the carton or spooned over fresh fruits.

Yoghurt can take the place of cream or custard with most desserts. It goes particularly well with berry fruits, and is delicious with stewed rhubarb.

If tasting yoghurt for the first time, you may find it mildly acid, a little like buttermilk in flavor. Drizzle a teaspoon of honey over the top if you prefer it slightly sweetened. Confirmed

yoghurt addicts say they find the slightly tart taste refreshing, particularly in summertime.

Yoghurt can also be used to make a low calorie cottage-type cheese, and is a delicious ingredient in many recipes.

### YOGHURT CHEESE

1 pint yoghurt (2 cartons)      2 cups cold water, salt

Pour yoghurt into bowl, stir in the cold water. Mix until well blended. Pour into clean cloth bag, teatowel, or piece of muslin. Hang over sink or basin and let it drip 6 to 8 hours or overnight. The longer it is allowed to hang, the firmer it becomes. Scrape cheese

into bowl, beat till smooth, adding a few grains of salt to taste.

This quantity makes approx. 8oz. Calories per oz., 50.

### YOGHURT SOUP

2 cucumbers      1 small clove  
1 pint yoghurt      garlic  
salt, pepper      chopped parsley

Peel cucumbers, chop finely. Sprinkle with 2 teaspoons salt, refrigerate 30 minutes. Mix yoghurt, crushed garlic, and seasoning. Drain cucumbers, add them to the yoghurt mixture. Serve chilled, and sprinkle with chopped parsley. (For non-dieters, a sprinkling of chopped walnuts is unusual and delightful.)

Serves 6: Calories per serve, 75.

### YOGHURT FRUIT DRINKS

A number of refreshing summer drinks can be prepared by adding to yoghurt an equal amount of fruit juice; either fresh or canned fruit juice can be used, but the canned will be higher in calories, as it has already been sweetened.

### YOGHURT SALAD DRESSING

Yoghurt as a salad dressing tastes rather like high calorie sour cream. All you do is stir the yoghurt, season it lightly with salt and pepper, and serve it plain with a salad.

Chopped cucumber, capers, chives, onion, parsley, green or red pepper, mint or celery can be mixed in for extra flavor.





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